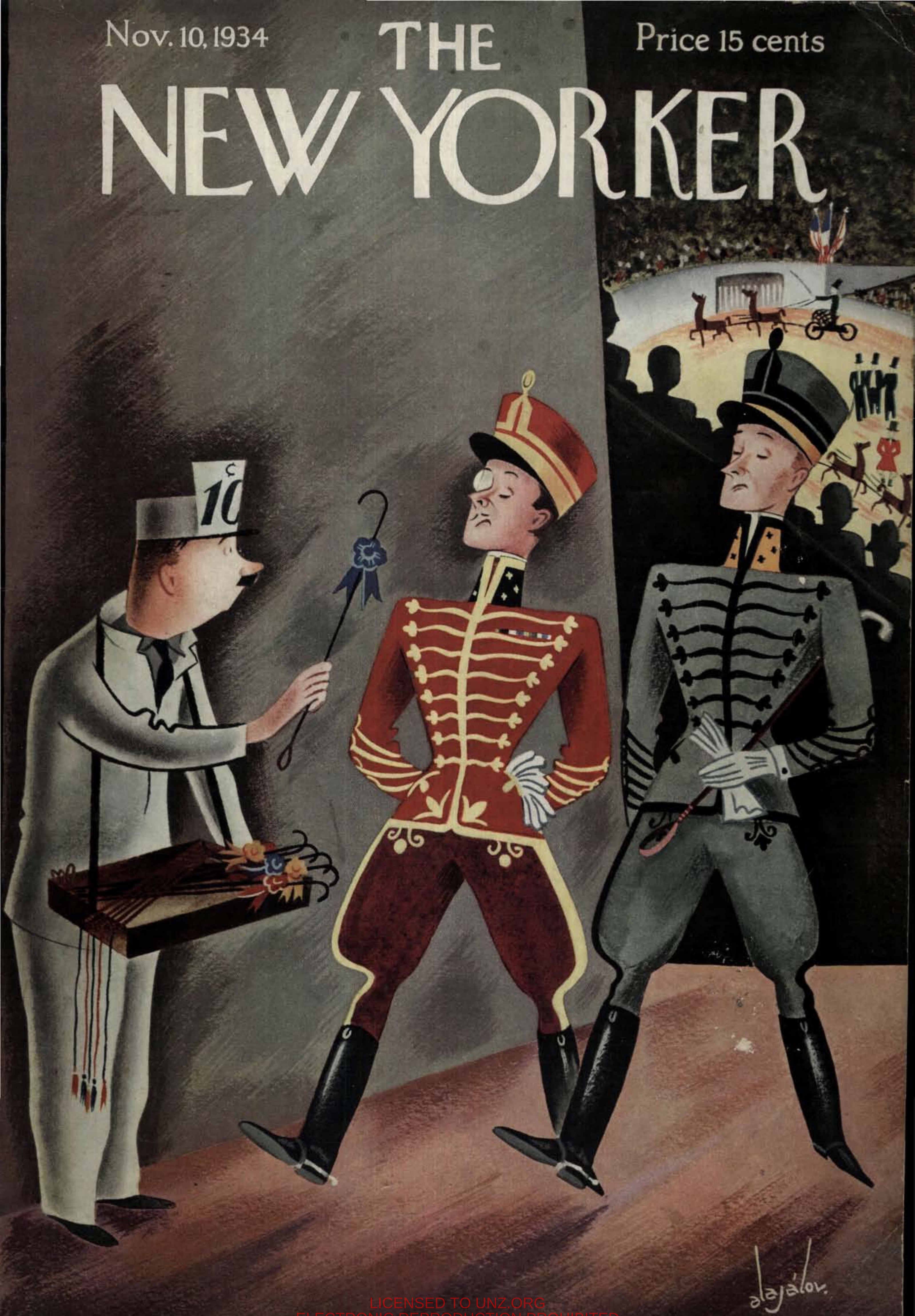
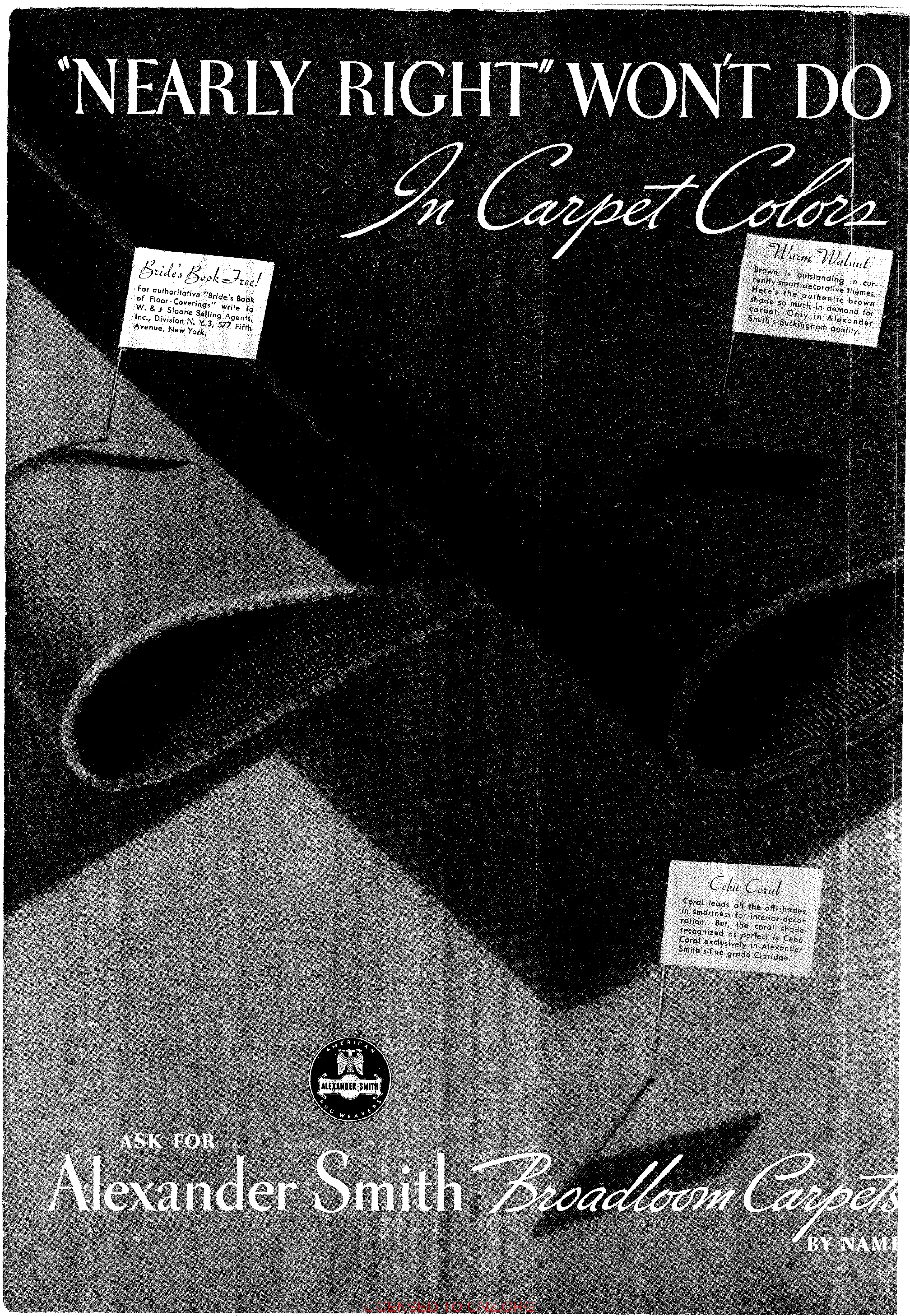
Nov. 10, 1934

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents


¢
10
alajálov



# "NEARLY RIGHT" WON'T DO

## *In Carpet Colors*

*Bride's Book Free!*

For authoritative "Bride's Book of Floor-Coverings" write to W. & J. Sloane Selling Agents, Inc., Division N. Y. 3, 577 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*Warm Walnut*

Brown is outstanding in currently smart decorative themes. Here's the authentic brown shade so much in demand for carpet. Only in Alexander Smith's Buckingham quality.

*Cebu Coral*

Coral leads all the off-shades in smartness for interior decoration. But, the coral shade recognized as perfect is Cebu Coral exclusively in Alexander Smith's fine grade Claridge.

ASK FOR

## Alexander Smith *Broadloom Carpets*

BY NAME

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

*Fine Jewelry*
*Dependable Quality*

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK
PARIS LONDON

**Wetzel**

*Established 1874*

*2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street*
*NEW YORK*

*We are pleased*

*to provide for our customers*

*upon request*

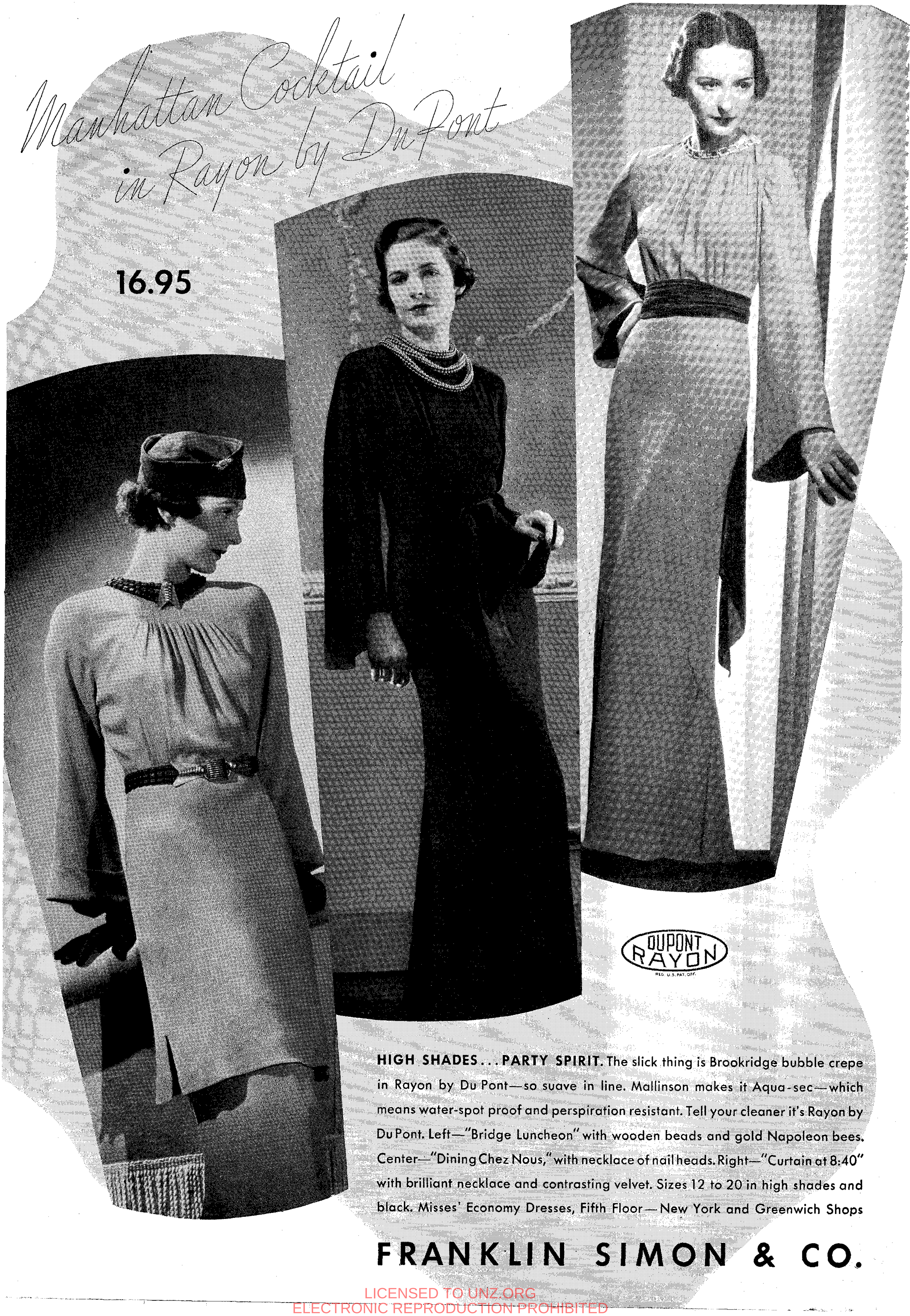
*Trousers tailored with*

*Talon*

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. X, No. 39, November 10, 1934. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

# *Manhattan Cocktail in Rayon by Du Pont*

**16.95**

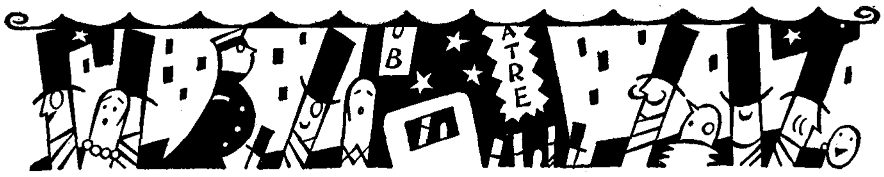


DUPONT RAYON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**HIGH SHADES . . . PARTY SPIRIT.** The slick thing is Brookridge bubble crepe in Rayon by Du Pont—so suave in line. Mallinson makes it Aqua-sec—which means water-spot proof and perspiration resistant. Tell your cleaner it's Rayon by Du Pont. Left—"Bridge Luncheon" with wooden beads and gold Napoleon bees. Center—"Dining Chez Nous," with necklace of nail heads. Right—"Curtain at 8:40" with brilliant necklace and contrasting velvet. Sizes 12 to 20 in high shades and black. Misses' Economy Dresses, Fifth Floor—New York and Greenwich Shops

## FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.]

## *THE THEATRE*

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinées will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

### *PLAYS*

The Distaff Side—Sybil Thorndike moving and gracious as the sympathetic mother in John van Druten's play about a girl who can't make up her mind. Not too eventful, but intelligently written and beautifully played. With Estelle Winwood, Viola Keats, and Clifford Evans. (Booth, 45, W.)

Dodsworth—Sidney Howard's excellent dramatization of the Sinclair Lewis novel, with Walter Huston giving a fine performance as the American businessman who takes in Europe, and vice versa. (Shubert, 44, W. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

The Farmer Takes a Wife—The old Erie Canal as the scene for about as nice a play of American types as you could wish to see. June Walker is just right in a sunbonnet and Herb Williams (of "Spot-li-i-ight!" fame) furnishes something new in legitimate comedy. (46th Street, 46, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Judgment Day—Elmer Rice's propaganda play about the Nazis, which somehow also makes a fast and exciting melodrama. Josephine Victor, Walter Greaza, Fania Marinoff, and Lee Baker in a cast that on the whole might be better. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

Ladies' Money—One of those four-apartment dramas, interesting if you are interested in four apartments. Pretty good anyway. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

L'Aiglon — Clemence Dane's adaptation of the Rostand play, with music by Richard Addinsell. Eva Le Gallienne plays the Duke of Reichstadt, and Ethel Barrymore has the rôle of the Empress Marie-Louise. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Merrily We Roll Along—Success versus integrity in a play by George Kaufman and Moss Hart which goes backward over eighteen years. An interesting, if not completely successful, experiment, helped immeasurably by the authors' wit and by the performances of Mary Philips, Cecilia Loftus, Jessie Royce Landis, Kenneth MacKenna, and Walter Abel. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

Personal Appearance—Miss Gladys George gives us a speaking likeness of a movie star slightly out of her element but still game for a wisecrack. The first show of the year to click solely on laughs. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

Sailor, Beware!—The collision between an irresistible sailor and an immovable lady. Now in its second year on Broadway and just as funny and indelicate as ever. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

A Sleeping Clergyman — Three generations of high-steppers, settling down at last to what purports to be a blessing to Mankind. Murder, seduction, and, oh, lots of things, especially Ruth Gordon. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Nov. 10.)

Small Miracle—A very neat little melodrama, all taking place in a theatre lobby, with Joseph Spurin-Calleia practically perfect as the murderer in the telephone booth. (Golden, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Moves to 48th Street, 48, E. on Mon., Nov. 12.)

Stevedore—Race riots on the docks made into an exciting show without reference to whatever propaganda it may contain. An almost all-Negro cast may account for some of this. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Tues.)

Tobacco Road—Some of the lower forms of life in the back sections of Georgia, from Erskine Caldwell's novel, and worth seeing for James Barton's performance alone. (Forrest, 49, W.)

Within the Gates—An impressively staged and beautifully conceived pageant of characters in Hyde Park, London, in which Sean O'Casey gives us a general idea of how he thinks Life is going. Difficult to recommend and impossible not to recommend. Lillian Gish, Bramwell Fletcher, and Moffat Johnston in the leading rôles. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

### *WITH MUSIC*

Conversation Piece—A delightful bit of Georgian romance, with music, all by Noel Coward. Yvonne Printemps is the chief cause for joy, but everything blends in a colorful, if not particularly fast-moving, theatrical delicacy. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—Superbly performed by the D'Oyly Carte Company from London. "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance": Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 8-10. "The Mikado": Mon. through Wed., Nov. 12-14. "Cox and Box" and "Pinafore": Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 15-17. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:15 P.M. Mats. 2:15 P.M.)

The Great Waltz—Strauss music and lovely singing and dancing, but all, unfortunately, magnified to ten times their natural size. Watch the orchestra that marches on its stomach. With Marion Claire, Guy Robertson, Marie Burke, and others. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49.)

Life Begins at 8:40—A better-than-average revue in spite of a great many things in it you've seen before. With Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Luella Gear, and Frances Williams. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

### *OPENINGS OF NOTE*

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

Say When—A musical comedy by Jack McGowan, Ray Henderson, and Ted Koehler, with Harry Richman, Bob Hope, Linda Watkins, Charles Collins, Cora Witherspoon, Dennie Moore, and others. Opens Thurs., Nov. 8. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Abbey Theatre Irish Players — The brilliant company from Dublin again visits New York in a repertoire of Irish plays. "The Plough and the Stars," by Sean O'Casey: Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 12 and 15. "The New Gossoon," by George Shiels: Tues. Eve. and Sat. Mat., Nov. 13 and 17. "The Far-Off Hills," by Lennox Robinson: Wed. Mat., Nov. 14. "Drama at Inish," by Lennox Robinson: Wed. Eve., Nov. 14. "Look at the Heffernans," by Brinsley MacNamara: Fri. Eve., Nov. 16. Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen" and "The Playboy": Sat. Eve., Nov. 17. (Golden, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Brittle Heaven—The play about Emily Dickinson by Vincent York and Frederick J. Pohl, based on Josephine Pollitt's book. Dorothy Gish heads the cast. Opens Tues., Nov. 13. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

The following were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dark Victory—Tallulah Bankhead in a play by George Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch, with Earle Larimore and Ann Andrews. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Jayhawker—Fred Stone in a play by Sinclair Lewis and Lloyd Lewis, with Carol Stone, Walter C. Kelly, Edward J. McNamara, and others. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

●

Continental Varieties—Songs by Lucienne Boyer, dances by Vicente Escudero, and other divertissements, with Balieff as master of ceremonies. (Little, 44, W. Nightly at 9. Mat. Sat. at 3.)

The Drunkard—For a pleasant evening of *Gemütlichkeit,* sitting around at tables and quaffing beer and coffee on the management while P. T. Barnum's old-time temperance play unfolds on the stage. (American Music Hall, 139 E. 55. Nightly at 8:45. Closes Sat., Nov. 17.)

Sunday Nights at Nine—Third season opens Sun. Eve., Nov. 11. An informal revue, with Sigmund Spaeth, Shirley Booth, Marion Chase, Nina Tarasova, Sam Wren, and others. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

Dance Recital — First recital this season of Martha Graham and her group: Sun. Eve., Nov. 11. (Guild, 52, W. 8:45 P.M.)

### *FOR CHILDREN*

Charlotte Lund Opera Company—"Haensel and Gretel": Sat. Aft., Nov. 17, at 2:30. (The Music Hall, 21 Bank St.)

Children's Entertainment—An indoor circus, with performing animals, clowns, acrobats, etc.: Sat. Aft., Nov. 10, at 2:30. Te Ata, in dances and songs of the American Indians; and David Guion, interpreter of cowboy songs: Sat. Morn., Nov. 17, at 11. (Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave. at 57.)

Children's Theatre of New York—The Clare Tree Major Company in "Under the Lilacs": Sat. Morn., Nov. 17, at 10:30. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

## *AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT*

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Le Bijou, 2 E. 56 (Plaza 3-4282)—A small and attractive room, with songs by Frances Maddux, dances by Elise Lord and Peter Marshall, and music by Morton Dennis.*

Biltmore Supper Room, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Where you will find Paul Whiteman, his orchestra, and his group of entertainers.*

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra, with songs by the inimitable Marion Chase.*

Chapeau Rouge, 159 W. 49 (Columbus 5-9096)—Peppy De Albrew's supper club. Songs by Mlle. Sandra Swenska, dances by Medrano and Donna, and music by Dick Gasparre, José Rodriguez, and the Havana Tipica rumba band.*

Colonnades, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra play for supper dancing.*

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (Plaza 3-8887)—A smart and handsomely decorated after-theatre rendezvous, with Joe La Porte providing the dance music and entertainment by the Coq Rouge Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769)—This popular East Side spot has Jean Sargent, Irving Rose's orchestra, and Rafael Gomez's rumba band.*

LaRue, 480 Park at 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—Dwight Fiske and Walker O'Neill's orchestra have recently opened here.*

Park Lane, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Supper dancing in the Round the World Bar. Max Bergère's orchestra.*

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Shep Fields and his orchestra play in the recently opened Corinthian Room.*

Place Piquale, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—Harry Rosenthal leads the orchestra at this gay after-theatre spot. Songs by Phil Harris, Leah Ray, and Eve Symington; dances by Dario and Louise Brooks. Dress.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (Plaza 3-1740)—Emil Coleman and his orchestra play in the Persian Room. Dances by the DeMarcos. Dress.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 7-5312)—Lucienne Boyer, Jolly Coburn's orchestra, a color organ, and a revolving dance floor are some of the features of this showplace sixty-five stories above the town. Dress.

St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk.

(Continued on page 6)

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

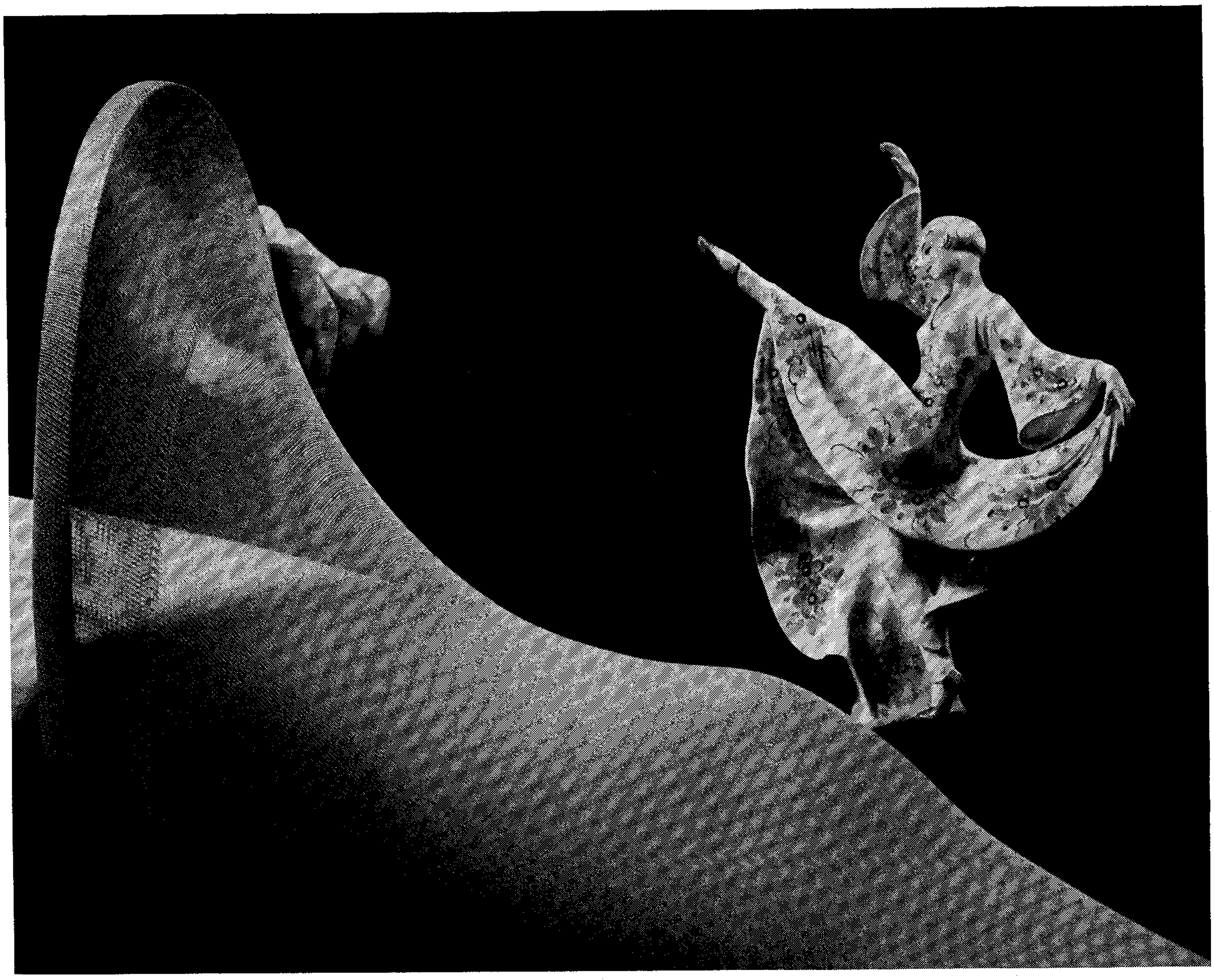
Page
OF ALL THINGS 22
PROFILES 24
THE THEATRE 30
COURT GAMES 34
SHOUTS AND MURMURS 38
THE ART GALLERIES 52
PARIS LETTER 61
MUSICAL EVENTS 68
  POPULAR RECORDS 72
A REPORTER AT LARGE 77
FOOTBALL 85
THE RACE TRACK 87
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS 89
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  PARIS FASHIONS CABLE 90
  FEMININE FASHIONS 90
  MARKETS AND MENUS 94
  CHRISTMAS GIFTS 97
THE CURRENT CINEMA 105
BOOKS 109

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Copyright, 1934, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

*Get a kick out of Freedom!*

✱



Wendell Mac Rae

Fit-All-Top* hosiery! It's made for freedom. Designed for comfort. Dance in it! Walk, sit, and bend in it. It's Kayser's famous specially knitted flexible stocking-top with the 2-way stretch. Ask for it in Kayser's ringless Mir-O-Kleer* New shades. **1.15** & up.

**KAYSER**

**AT SMART SHOPS AND KAYSER STORES**

*TRADE-MARK—U. S. PATS. NOS. 1,890,299 AND 1,969,307

**473 Fifth Ave. at 41st St.** • **545 Fifth Ave., near 45th St.** • **584 Madison Ave., at 57th St.** • **31 Nassau St., near Liberty St.**

(Continued from page 4)

S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Willard Robison's music, with entertainment by George Givot, Minor and Root, and Gipsy Nina.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Freddy Martin's orchestra plays for supper in this favorite room-with-a-view, now called the Tropical Garden.*

Sherry's, 300 Park (Plaza 3-0200)—Joseph C. Smith and his orchestra play for supper. Maurice and Cordoba dance.*

Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, supplemented by Xavier Cugat's tango orchestra. Dress.

Weylin, Madison at 54 (Plaza 3-9100)—Enric Madriguera plays for supper dancing in the Caprice Room. Dances by Helen Knott and Chester Towne, and songs by Teddy Lynch. Dress.

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Hal Kemp plays in Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Del Campo is at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46.* . . . Joe Haymes provides the music at the McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . You'll find Jack Little at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Harry Salter is at the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Ozzie Nelson plays at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Felix Ferdinando is at the Casino Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Archie Bleyer plays in the Commodore English Grill, Lexington at 42. . . . Anthony Trini is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Jack Berger plays in the Orangerie at the Astor, B'way at 44. . . . Michel Gorner plays in the new Salon Madrid, Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Eddie Lane plays at the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights.

●

Notes—The Café Lounge at the Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58, designed by Elsie de Wolfe, is worth visiting. . . . Mayfair House, Park at 65, has a smart new bar. . . . The Sherry-Netherland, 5 Ave. at 59, has recently opened its Netherland Restaurant and Bar. . . . Other places which have recently blossomed forth with new bars are: One Fifth Avenue, 5 Ave. at 8; 70 Park Avenue, Park at 38; Hotel Des Artistes, Central Pk. W. at 67; Martinique, B'way at 32; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33.

Gene Fosdick's band plays at Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (Eldorado 5-9696). . . . Maurice Shaw provides the music at the Surf Club, 42 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9467). . . . The Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52 (Murray Hill 2-9717), has Allan Cole's orchestra and songs by Jerry Goff and Jack Kerr. . . . Charley White plays his accordion and sings at the Continental Café, 10 E. 52 (Wickersham 2-8953). . . . Zelli's, 128 E. 58 (Eldorado 5-8339), offers dance music by Don Costello and Neil Litt. . . . Max Dolin leads the orchestra at Maison Lafitte, 144 W. 55 (Circle 7-9340), and the Musical Rogues sing in the upstairs bar. . . . Maison Voyante, 324 E. 57 (Eldorado 5-8476) has Arthur Valentino's orchestra and songs by Florence Herbert. . . . Tony, formerly of E. 53 St., has an attractive new place called the Trouville, 112 E. 52.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—Casino de Paree, 254 W. 54 (Circle 7-1590), has an elaborate show featuring Milton Berle, Gracie Barrie, Al Bernie, Peggy Taylor, Georgie Tapps, Mark Plant, and others. The two orchestras are led by Charles Drury and Leon Belasco. . . . The Billy Rose Music Hall, B'way at 53 (Circle 7-4822), offers Benny Goodman's and Jerry Arlen's orchestras, a revue, movies, singing waiters, Barbary Coast bar, etc. . . . Palais Royal, B'way at 48, has reopened with Morton Downey, Dan Healy, and a new show.

Other places, with plenty of undressed floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), with Will Osborn's band; and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), Charlie Davis's orchestra.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), has Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . Dick Mansfield and his orchestra are at Le Chat Noir, 557 West B'way (Algonquin 4-9271). . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), has a good show and Mills's Blue Rhythm band.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Cubanacan, Lenox Ave. at 114 (Monument 2-8272), with a real rumba band and dances by Rodrigo and Lila, and Ofelia and Pimento. . . . Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (Circle 7-6435). . . . Russian: The Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (Vanderbilt 3-9189). . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (Circle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646); El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836); and El Toreador, 7 W. 10 (University 4-8644).

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.]

## *MOTION PICTURES*

The Affairs of Cellini—"The Firebrand" done over for the screen, with Frank Morgan being quite funny and Fredric March and Constance Bennett a little put out. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Belle of the Nineties—Miss West seems to have the last say after all. It will probably make you laugh. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 9-12; continuous from 1 P.M.)

British Agent—A fair version of the young British consul's memoirs, lifted considerably by Leslie Howard's performance. (72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; and 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 9-12; continuous from 1 P.M.)

The First World War—Laurence Stallings' synopsis of events (1914-1918), which serves to remind us if not to warn us how the world goes. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 10 A.M.)

The Merry Widow—For the most part bright, light, and gay in the best Lubitsch fashion. With Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:50 P.M., and Sat. at midnight.)

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Pauline Lord's screen début, in a film which is just a bit too persistently quaint. W. C. Fields provides some refreshing moments, however. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Thurs., Nov. 8, last day; continuous from 11 A.M.)

One Night of Love—Opera as Hollywood thinks it should be, with Grace Moore's voice well preserved. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 8 and 9; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Our Daily Bread—Our Western farmers and how they manage. A film rather in the Russian manner, well handled by King Vidor. (72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Note—You can see an hour's program of animated cartoons, by Walt Disney and others, at the Bijou, 45, W. of B'way; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Norma Shearer and Fredric March in a sensible screen version of the play, distinguished by the fine performance of Charles Laughton; "The Count of Monte Cristo," a faithful, but slow-moving, version of the great romance; "Little Friend," a story of divorce and the effect it has on a sensitive daughter, especially notable for Nova Pilbeam's performance; "Man of Aran," Robert Flaherty's picture of those islands off the west coast of Ireland that Synge wrote about; "Power," the courts and ghettos of old-time Germany, with Conrad Veidt; "What Every Woman Knows," Helen Hayes in the screen version of the Barrie play, the whole thing nicely done, with Brian Aherne.

## *ART*

Americans—Water colors and gouaches by Burliuk, Dirk, Lonergan, and Liberte: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Borie—Memorial exhibition of a Philadelphia artist who died this year: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 2 to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Corot—Large exhibition of paintings borrowed from important collections here and abroad: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., starting Mon., Nov. 12.

Degas—Early paintings while under the influence of Ingres and the Academy: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

French—Water colors and drawings by fifty French artists, 1800-1900: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 14.

Green—Exhibition for the benefit of the Heckscher Foundation, in which the ripest artists, from Renoir to Orozco, will be shown only by canvases in which green predominates: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Industrial Art—Annual exhibition of contemporary Americans, arranged by Mr. Richard Bach: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Irish Art—Opening exhibition, including paintings by Orpen, A. E., and Jack Yeats: Museum of Irish Art, 7th floor, Ritz Tower, Park at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Luks—Memorial show of works by an important contemporary of Robert Henri: Newark Museum, Washington Park, Newark, N. J. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 12 noon to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Maurer—Extraordinary memorial exhibition of a modernist who was the first to bring back modernism to America at a time when an interest in Cézanne was equivalent to being certified for insanity: Uptown, 249 West End Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Marin—New oil paintings, water colors, and drawings by a painter who should need no introduction: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Mattson—One of the best painters of feeling, whose sombre palette and deep humanness belong, without imitativeness, to the school of Ryder: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Picabia—Twenty recent paintings: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

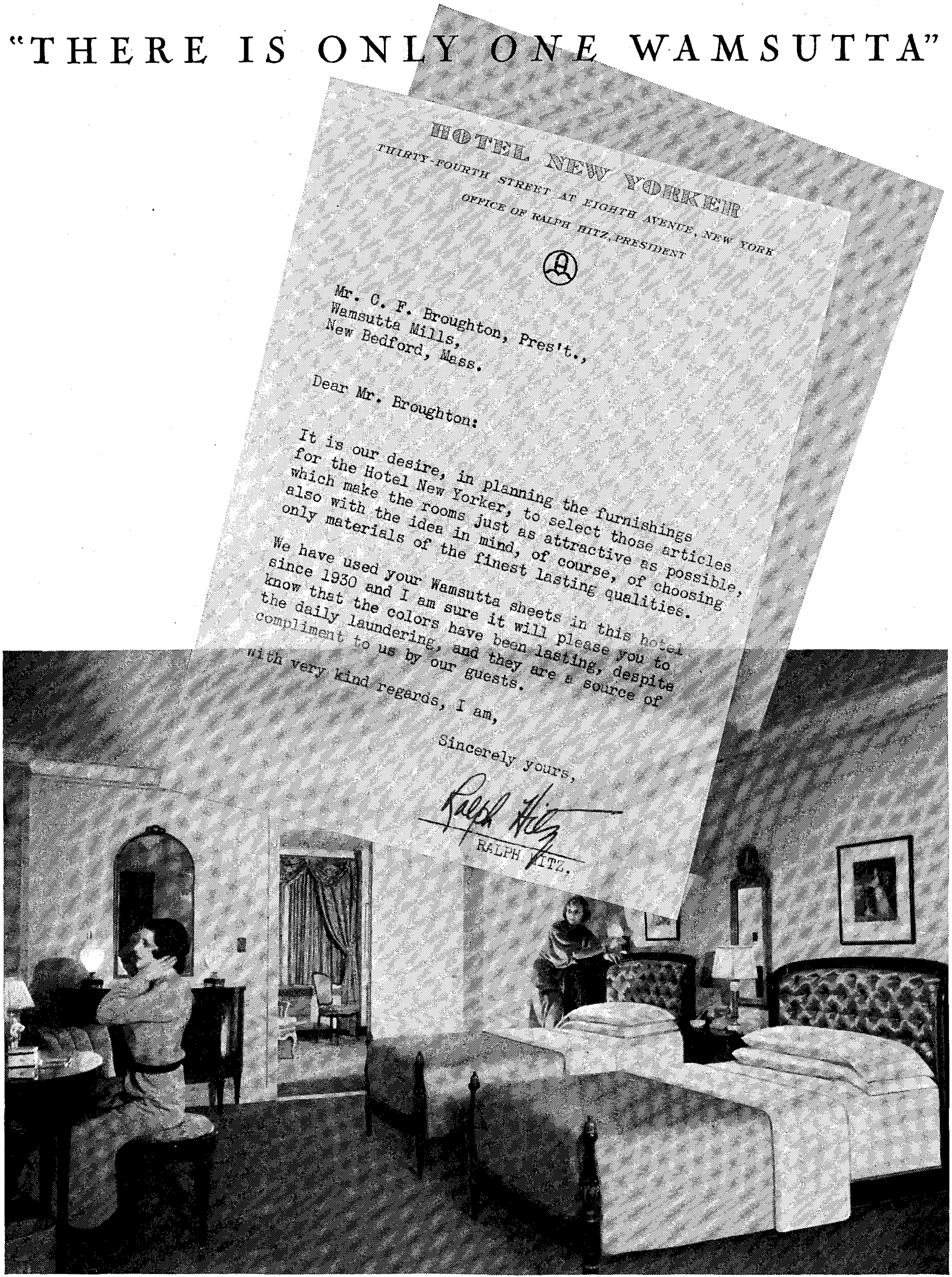
Photography—New York, by Berenice Abbott: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103. Open weekdays (except Tues.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . Early apparatus and early daguerreotypes: B. Westermann, 13 W. 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17. . . . Prints of fifty years ago and those of today: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.

Regional—Paintings and prints by a group of Philadelphia artists: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 2 to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Strater—New paintings by Henry Strater: Mon-

(Continued on page 8)

# "THERE IS ONLY *ONE* WAMSUTTA"



HOTEL NEW YORKER
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
OFFICE OF RALPH HITZ, PRESIDENT

Mr. C. F. Broughton, Pres't.,
Wamsutta Mills,
New Bedford, Mass.

Dear Mr. Broughton:

It is our desire, in planning the furnishings for the Hotel New Yorker, to select those articles which make the rooms just as attractive as possible, also with the idea in mind, of course, of choosing only materials of the finest lasting qualities.

We have used your Wamsutta sheets in this hotel since 1930 and I am sure it will please you to know that the colors have been lasting, despite the daily laundering, and they are a source of compliment to us by our guests.

With very kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

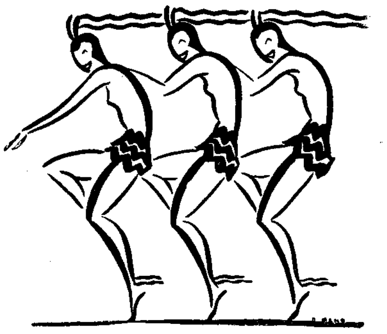
Ralph Hitz

RALPH HITZ.

# WAMSUTTA SHEETS

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
*THE FINEST OF COTTONS*

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.]

(Continued from page 6)

tross, 785 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Water Colors—Annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Whistler—One hundred etchings, dry points, and lithographs: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. —Original water-color drawings by Rowlandson: Arthur U. Newton, 11 E. 57; through Nov. 10. . . . Paintings by the master Impressionists: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57; through Nov. 10. . . . Paintings by Rockwell Kent: Macbeth, 15 E. 57. . . . New work by Arnold Friedman: Contempora Art Circle, 509 Madison. . . . Paintings by George Lohr, and landscapes in pastel by Norman Raeben (through Nov. 10): Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . Paintings by Cordray Simmons: Grant, 9 E. 57; through Nov. 10. . . . Paintings by Anthony Thieme: Grand Central, 5 Ave. at 51; through Nov. 17. . . . Modern Persian paintings: Roerich Museum, Riverside Dr. at 103. . . . Decorative sculpture by Enid Bell: Arden, 460 Park; through Nov. 19. . . . Paintings by Sidney Laufman: Milch, 108 W. 57. . . . Paintings by Serge Férat: Passedoit, 485 Madison, at 52. . . . New paintings and drawings by Frederic Taubes: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. . . . Paintings, etchings, and mezzotints by Clara Tice: Schwartz, 507 Madison; through Nov. 10. . . . Oceanic art, textiles, and sculptures: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57; through Nov. 17. . . . Small oils by Orr and masks by Bufano: Ten Dollar Gallery, 152 E. 35 (open 2 to 5:30 P.M.); through Nov. 15. . . . Paintings by Corinna De Berri: Julien Levy, 602 Madison; through Nov. 17. . . . Fine Arts Exposition: Forum, Rockefeller Center, 6 Ave. at 50.

## MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

### RECITALS

John Charles Thomas—Singing this time for the Town Hall Endowment Fund: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8.

Dorothy Gordon—All kinds of folk songs for all kinds of children: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 10.

Brahms Quartet—Four ladies who join voices for many sorts of music, including perhaps that of Brahms: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 11.

Musical Art Quartet—Chamber music by one of the most accomplished resident groups: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 13.

José Iturbi and Olin Downes—Mr. Iturbi plays the piano and Mr. Downes tells you about it: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tues. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:15.

Walter Damrosch — This evening he explains "Die Walküre," illustrating informally at the piano: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 14.

Roland Hayes—Classics, romantics, and spirituals by a distinguished tenor: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 16.

Te Ata and David Guion—Unusual program by an American Indian singer and the eminent pianist-composer from Texas: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 17, at 11.

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Return of a major pianist: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 17.

### ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony — Janssen conducting: Carnegie Hall: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:45; Fri. Afts., Nov. 9 and 16, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 11; Wed. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 14 and 17, at 8:45.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Nov. 13.

Boston Symphony — Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:45; and Sat. Aft., Nov. 17, at 2:30. Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Nov. 16.

### OPERA

Cosmopolitan Opera Association—At the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43, 8:15 P.M.—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8; "Faust," Fri. Eve., Nov. 9; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Nov. 10, at 2:30; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Nov. 10; "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., Nov. 11.

## ON THE AIR

N.B.C. Music Guild—Soloists and instrumental ensembles in a series of programs presenting the less familiar works of great composers: Thurs. and Mon. Afts. at 1:45, WJZ; Fri. Aft. at 4, WEAF; and Tues. Aft. at 1:30, WEAF.

Laurence Stallings—Discussing the qualifications of a good movie: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 8, at 6, WJZ.

National Horse Show—Description of some of the feature events: Thurs., Sat., and Tues. Eves., Nov. 8, 10, and 13, at 9, WMCA.

Ramsay MacDonald—The British Prime Minister's address at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in London: Fri. Aft., Nov. 9, at 4:10, WABC and WEAF.

Football—Sat. Aft., Nov. 10, Navy vs. Notre Dame, at 2:30, WABC.

Ernest Truex and June Walker—In a radio version of "The Nervous Wreck": Sun. Aft., Nov. 11, at 2:30, WJZ.

Sherlock Holmes—The popular radio dramatizations of A. Conan Doyle's stories return to the air: Sun. Aft. (starting Nov. 11) at 4, WJZ.

The Family of Nations—Special Armistice Day program, with speakers from seven nations: Sun. Aft., Nov. 11, at 4:15, WABC.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt—The first of a new series of broadcasts on child education, entitled "Americans of Tomorrow": Sun. Eve., Nov. 11, at 7:45, WABC.

Jascha Heifetz and Fritz Reiner—Soloist and conductor of this week's General Motors Concert: Sun. Eve., Nov. 11, at 8, WJZ.

Gertrude Stein—Making her American radio début. You'd better listen in: Mon. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8:30, WJZ.

Some Weekly Features—Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Captain Henry's Show Boat: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . Walter O'Keefe: Thurs. at 9, Tues. at 10, WABC. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Thurs. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Paul Whiteman: Thurs. at 10, Sat. at 11:30, WEAF. . . . 45 Minutes in Hollywood: Thurs. at 10, WABC. . . . Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. at 11 A.M., WEAF-WJZ. . . . Dwight Fiske and Jane Froman: Fri. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . The March of Time: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Thornton Fisher: Sat. at 6:45, WEAF. . . . Art in America: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Sigmund Romberg and William Lyon Phelps: Sat. at 8, WEAF. . . . Grete Stueckgold: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Rose Bampton: Sat. at 9, WEAF. . . . The Gibson Family: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Janssen conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . George Gershwin: Sun. at 6, WABC. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Queena Mario: Sun. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Ford Symphony, Kolar conducting: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8, WEAF. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Sun. at 9, WABC. . . . Harry Hershfield: Sun. at 9; Mon. through Thurs. at 7:45, WMCA. . . . Walter Winchell: Sun. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Will Rogers: Sun. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Mme. Schumann-Heink: Sun. at 10, WJZ. . . . Harry Hansen: Mon. at 3:30, WEAF. . . . Cleveland Orchestra, Radzinski conducting: Mon. at 4, WEAF. . . . Gladys Swarthout: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Rosa Ponselle: Mon. at 9, WABC. . . . Joe Cook: Mon. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Understanding Music: Tues. at 6, WABC. . . . Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Ben Bernie: Tues. at 9, WEAF. . . . Ed Wynn: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . The Beauty Box Theatre: Tues. at 10, WEAF. . . . Mary Pickford: Wed. at 8, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Nino Martini: Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. . . . John Charles Thomas: Wed. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Byrd Antarctic Expedition: Wed. at 10, WABC. . . . Guy Lombardo: Wed. at 10, WEAF. . . . Dennis King: Wed. at 10, WJZ. . . . Harry Richman: Wed. at 10:30, WJZ. (Times are P.M.)

## SPORTS

College Football—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 10, 2 P.M.—Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge. . . . Yale vs. Georgia, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Lehigh, Princeton. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Franklin Field, Philadelphia. . . . Columbia vs. Brown, Baker Field. . . . Fordham vs. West Virginia, Polo Grounds. . . . N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y., Ohio Field. . . . Colgate vs. Tulane, Yankee Stadium. . . . Manhattan vs. Holy Cross, Ebbets Field.

Sat., Nov. 17, 2 P.M.—Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton. . . . Harvard vs. New Hampshire, Cambridge. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Franklin Field, Philadelphia. . . . Fordham vs. Purdue, Polo Grounds. . . . Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca. . . . Manhattan vs. Villanova, Ebbets Field. . . . Navy vs. Pittsburgh, Annapolis. . . . Army vs. The Citadel, West Point.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Polo grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181: take East Side subway to 180 St. . . . Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: take B.-M.T.-Brighton subway to Prospect Pk.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games leave: for Boston, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11 A.M. and 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:05 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

Professional Football—New York vs. Green Bay Packers: Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Nov. 11, at 2:15. (For directions to field see above.)

Hockey—Season opens at Madison Square Garden: Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:45.

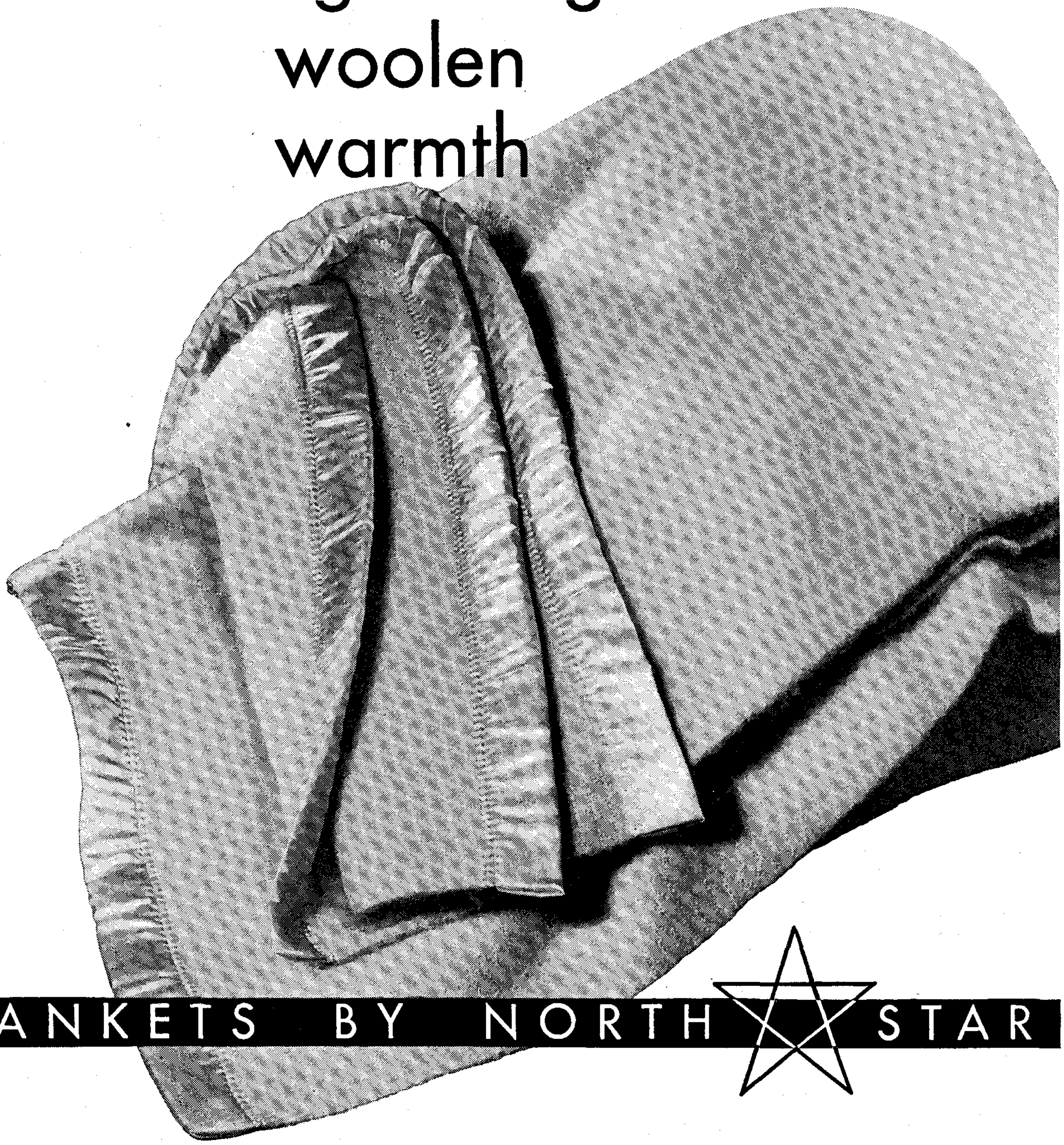
## OTHER EVENTS

Horse Show—The National Horse Show: Madison Square Garden, daily through Tues., Nov. 13; performances weekdays at 2 and 8 P.M.; Sun. at 8 P.M.

Public Balls—British Great War Veterans of America Armistice Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Nov. 9. . . . The Victory Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Nov. 10. . . . National Horse Show Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., Nov. 12. . . . Costume Theatre Ball, for the benefit of the Theatre Union: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Nov. 16.

Flower Show—Annual fall show of the Horticultural Society of New York: Museum of Natural History, Fri. through Sun., Nov. 9-11. Open Fri. and Sat., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—American furniture and decorations, 1700-1820, the collection of Edward A. Crowninshield, with pieces from the collection of Mabel Choate: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 8-10, at 2:15. . . . The Frank H. Bresler collection of etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and other early masters: Tues. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:15.



**THE LAST WORD IN . . .**

light-weight woolen warmth

BLANKETS BY NORTH STAR

Strong, springy wool is woven in a subtle pattern and bound with matching silk satin to make these soft blankets the last word in luxurious loveliness and warmth. In lovely boudoir shades of rose blue, gold, green, orchid, peach, cedar. Size 72 x 84 inches, (*Illustrated*) . . . . . . . . each **10.00**

BLANKETS—FOURTH FLOOR

**STERN**
**BROTHERS**
FORTY SECOND STREET WEST

A pair of North Star all-wool blankets cut separately and bound with charmeuse sateen. Can be used singly or doubly. In solid shades of rose, blue, gold, green, orchid, peach, cedar, or large block plaids. Size 72 x 84 inches . . . pair **13.50**

Carolyn

REPEATS AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS

*with fashions of Mallinson's*

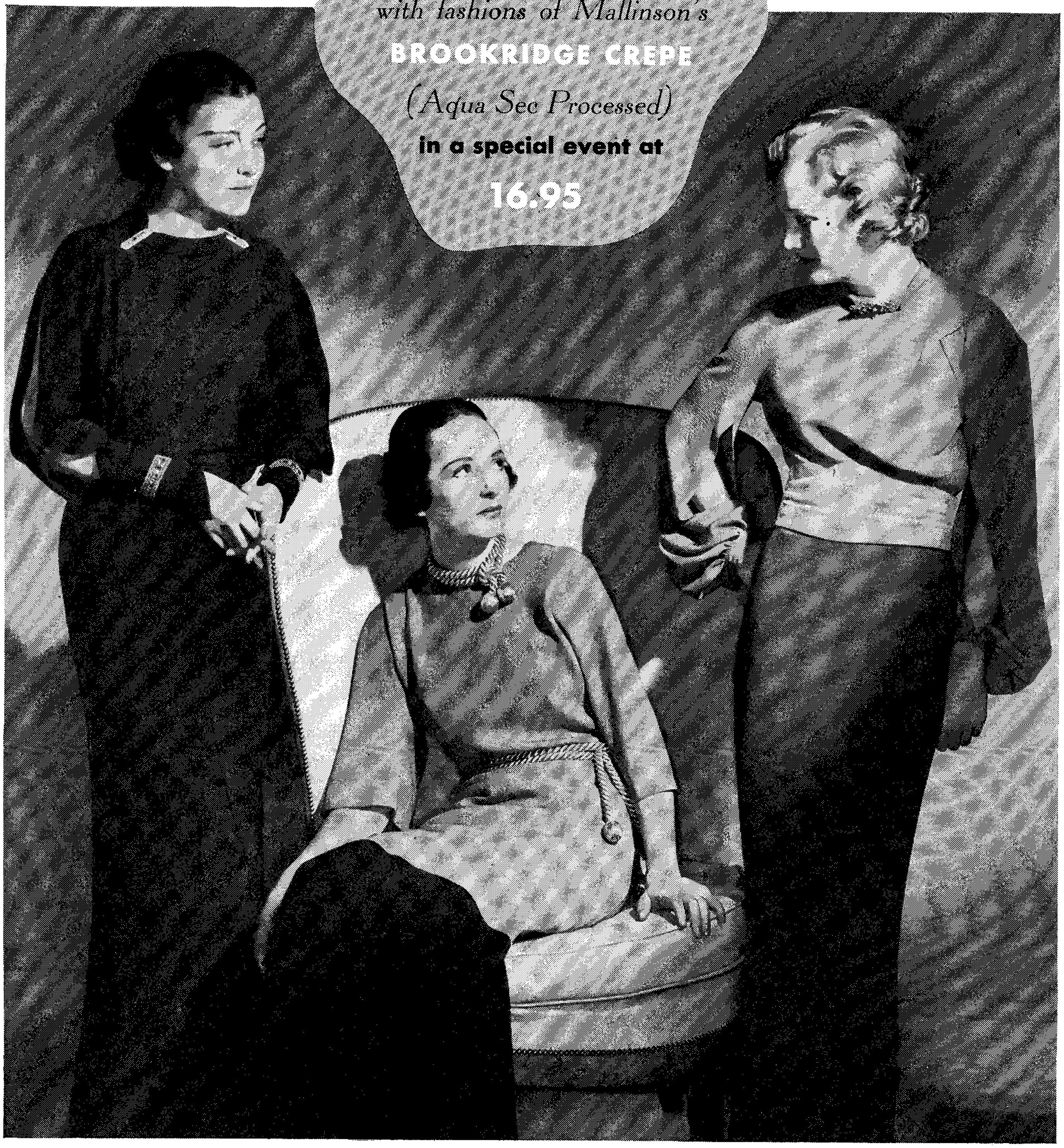
BROOKRIDGE CREPE

*(Aqua Sec Processed)*

**in a special event at**

**16.95**

● Rich new color blends . . . Carolyn's latest idea . . . expressed in Mallinson's Brookridge Crepe of Du Pont Rayon . . . sweeping slimly to ankle length . . . accenting smart lines with Chanel's jewels and ecclesiastical cords. Don't splash water on them deliberately, but if you should, there'll be no spot to show. The Aqua Sec process keeps this fabric safe, even from perspiration marks. These are the extra things you get when you buy under the Carolyn label.



*Carolyn Garments are Sold Exclusively in :*

New York, **Arnold Constable;** Houston, **Foley Bros.;** San Francisco, **Hale Bros.;** Washington, **The Hecht Co.;** Oklahoma City, **John A. Brown Co.;** Birmingham, **Burger-Phillips;** Seattle, **Best's;** Columbus, **The Fashion;** Baltimore, **Schleisner Co.;** Pittsburgh, **The Rosenbaum Co.;** **and by one store in each one of 62 cities. For the name of the store in your city, write**

**NATIONAL MODES, INC. • 128 WEST 31st STREET • NEW YORK CITY**

# B. ALTMAN & CO., SAYS:

# *"Pamper these baby clothes in pure Ivory Flakes"*

**1** **WE GO A-VISITING** in this pink crêpe de chine coat, complacently aware that every stitch of its hand-embroidery and hand-hemstitching whispers "France." The coat is silk-lined and has a captivating little bonnet to match . . . Both are washable in Ivory Flakes. Set, $14.95.

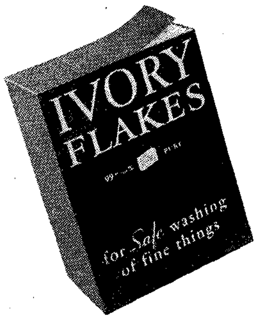
**2** **GET THE HEIR** off to a good masculine start in life—in this English hand-knit suit. Its soft zephyr wool will keep fluffy through countless tubbings—*if* you use pure Ivory Flakes. Comes in white, edged with pastels . . $6.95

**3** **BABY SISTER** does her formal entertaining in this French creation—fine white batiste, trimmed with real Val lace, attached in turc point, and dainty hand-embroidery . . Ivory Flakes will protect it . . . . . . . . $22.50
Infants' Department, Second Floor.

When the Little Dear sits up to receive his doting relatives, he'll win ooh's and aah's aplenty if you dress him in these hand-made luxuries from B. Altman & Co.

Every one of them as washable in pure Ivory as baby's pink-and-white skin itself. (You knew, of course, that doctors advise Ivory Soap for babies' tender skins because Ivory is so *pure?*)

Ivory Flakes are wispy-weight *curls* of the babies' pure Ivory Soap, made especially to dissolve in lukewarm water. What a break for woolens, which shrink at the mere mention of too-hot water! Fine batiste frivolities and silk bibs all respond happily to Ivory treatments. It all adds up to one Golden Rule—"For babies' clothes use the babies' pure soap"—

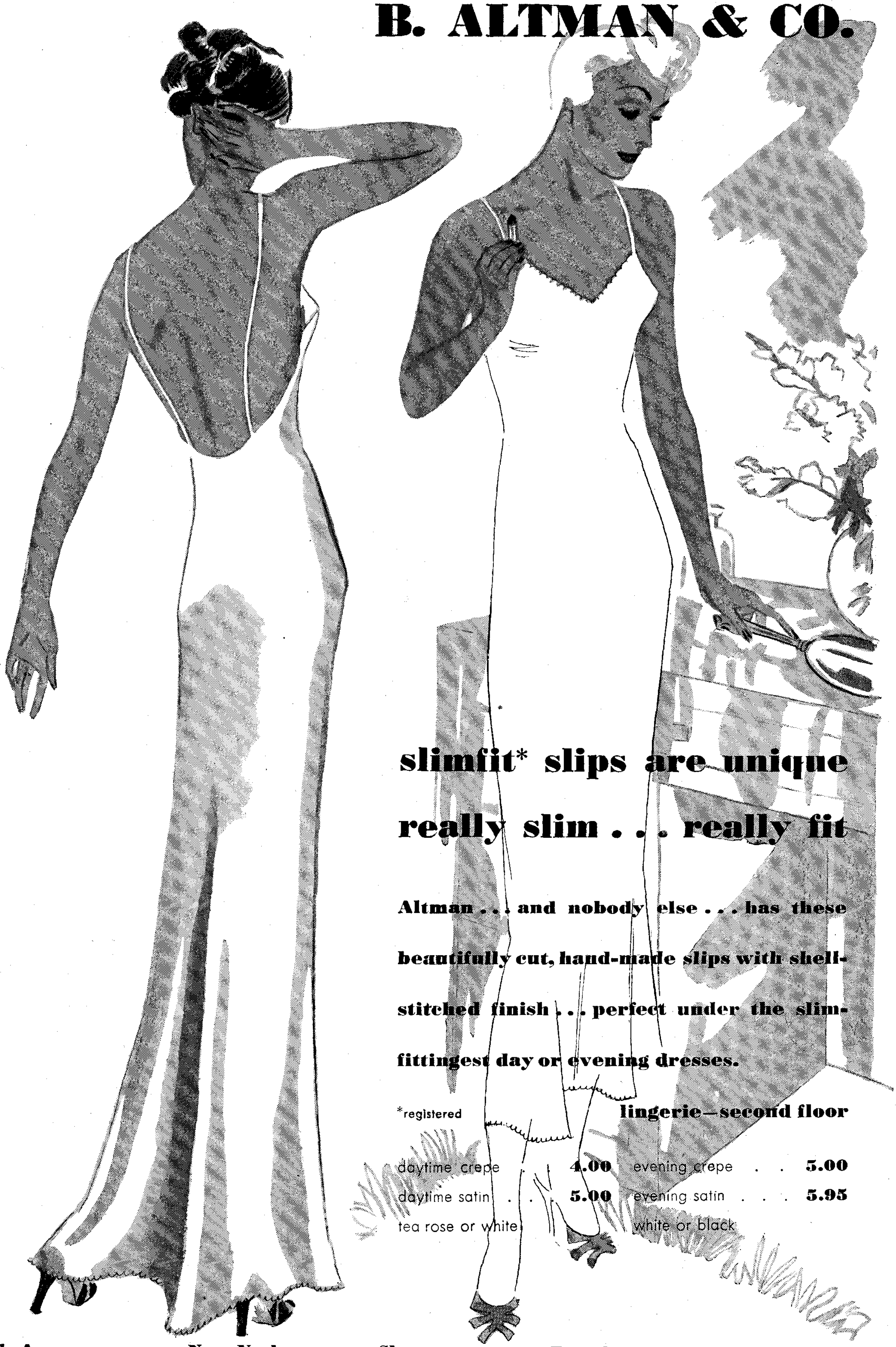


**IVORY FLAKES**

99 44/100 % PURE

**Fifth Avenue . . . . New York . . . . Shops at . . . . East Orange . . . . White Plains**

# B. ALTMAN & CO.



## slimfit* slips are unique really slim . . . really fit

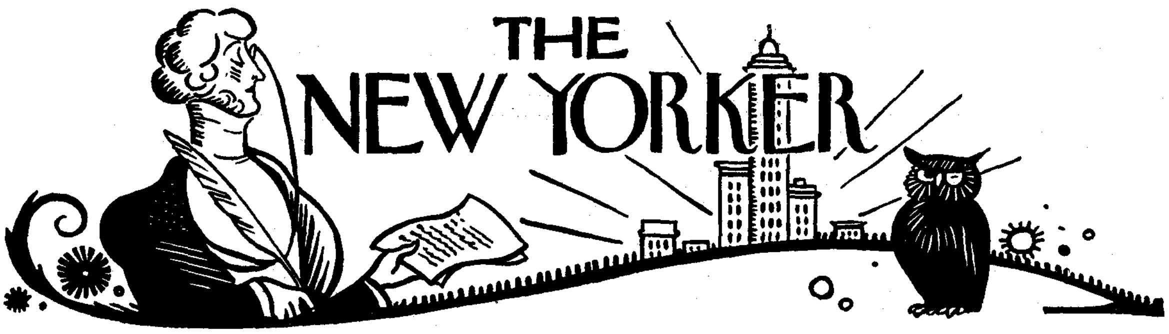
**Altman . . . and nobody else . . . has these beautifully cut, hand-made slips with shell-stitched finish . . . perfect under the slim-fittingest day or evening dresses.**

*registered

**lingerie—second floor**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| daytime crepe . . | **4.00** | evening crepe . . | **5.00** |
| daytime satin . . | **5.00** | evening satin . . . | **5.95** |
| tea rose or white | | white or black | |

**Fifth Avenue . . . . New York . . . . Shops at . . . . East Orange . . . . White Plains**



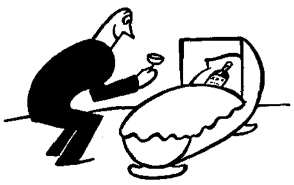
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

PISCA-RACIAL NOTE: A truck (licence number 408-924) of the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, Inc., which may be seen in the early-morning hours making deliveries to restaurants, carries on its rear door the legend: NORDIC FISH.

TO our way of thinking, the brightest spot on the radio horizon is the small town in Westphalia, Germany, where an acquaintance of ours dropped into a café for the regular afternoon coffee and cake. There was a small radio in the establishment playing a musical program. It came to an end, and the announcer said: "The next ten minutes are devoted to the news of the day. Since there is no news, there will be an equal period of silence." And there was.

REPEAL, being almost a year old, is beginning to walk, but we still enjoy a lot of its baby tricks. We loved it when a lady from out of town leaned over impressively to a waiter the other day, after ordering a Martini, and commanded: "Tell the bartender, please, no vermouth!" And we liked the way the waiter didn't argue.



At Childs we never tire of watching pretty little office girls twittering over their Bacardi - and - wheatcake lunch. At Schrafft's, where the management's belief in both sexes amounts almost to a passion, we always read avidly about the new special Daiquiri cocktail, "smooth enough for a lady, strong enough for a man." On trains going to football games, we haunt the bar cars and watch the dispensation of ready-mixed drinks from individual bottles—each as individual as a tiny cake of hotel soap. These are cute tricks which we shall always remember about repeal's babyhood, along with our undying memory of the suburban birthday party at which the butler transferred the champagne to a silver cocktail-shaker before pouring it—to give the occasion a little class.

MOST of our mealy reflections on life and manners strike a virulently unresponsive note in the hearts of our readers, but once in a while, by simple accident, we mention something that seems to concern vitally everybody in the United States. It is always the least likely item. Last summer in an unguarded moment we happened to mention that we had been looking around the midtown section for a soap-bubble pipe and had failed to find one. Well, that was a red rag to our readers. Letters still come in, telling us where to go and what to do. One lady rushed in, bearing clay pipes made by a gentleman exiled in Prince Edward County, Virginia. Habitués of Keen's Chop House stormed through the mail. Letters came signed "A Bubble Blowing Father;" letters beginning, "I have read your damn paper for years and . . . ;" wholesome letters directing us to East 138th Street, to Peekskill, to Eighth Avenue, to the 5-and-10, to Cortlandt Street, to the pipe hospital at 1386 Second Avenue, to Liberty Street, to Church Street, to Barclay Street, to Cape Cod; and one brilliantly colored picture postcard from someone on the Enchanted Island, Chicago World's Fair, upbraiding us for bothering with a pipe at all when we could as well use a common spool. It'll be a long day before we mention a bubble pipe again.

We've been trying to account for the amazing response to that small and casual item. We can't believe the country's attention is focussed, right now, on clay pipes for blowing bubbles. It might be that the paragraph, in admitting our own ignorance, gave the reader a momentary feeling of knowing more than we did (which is palpably absurd); but more likely the allusion to childhood and to the taste of soap coming back into the mouth broke down everybody's reserve and made it possible, for the moment, to do anything—even write letters to a magazine.

A BLUEBIRD feather of an unbecoming shade of blue should be sewn in the cap of the *World-Telegram* for its story about the death of James Hannon, 45, a homeless man who died of exposure after sleeping in a vacant lot. The *Telegram*, hesitating to bring so disturbing a human experience before its readers without some mitigating cheer, simply headed the story: "FOOTBALL WEATHER ASSURED FOR TODAY."

WORLD-TELEGRAM

"The chill snap," the story began, "brought perfect football weather for the fans today, but it brought death to James Hannon, 45." Then followed the account of the death of James Hannon. "Tomorrow," the story concluded, "will be partly cloudy, followed by rain."

"IF I should gaze into another person's eyes," writes a Western

Union messenger boy to us, "the light rays from my pupils will pass along the same course at the same time as the light from his pupils. If this is kept up for any length of time, hypnotism will result. It must be that my light in passing through the other light has undergone some change. All this has been preying upon my mind for a long time."

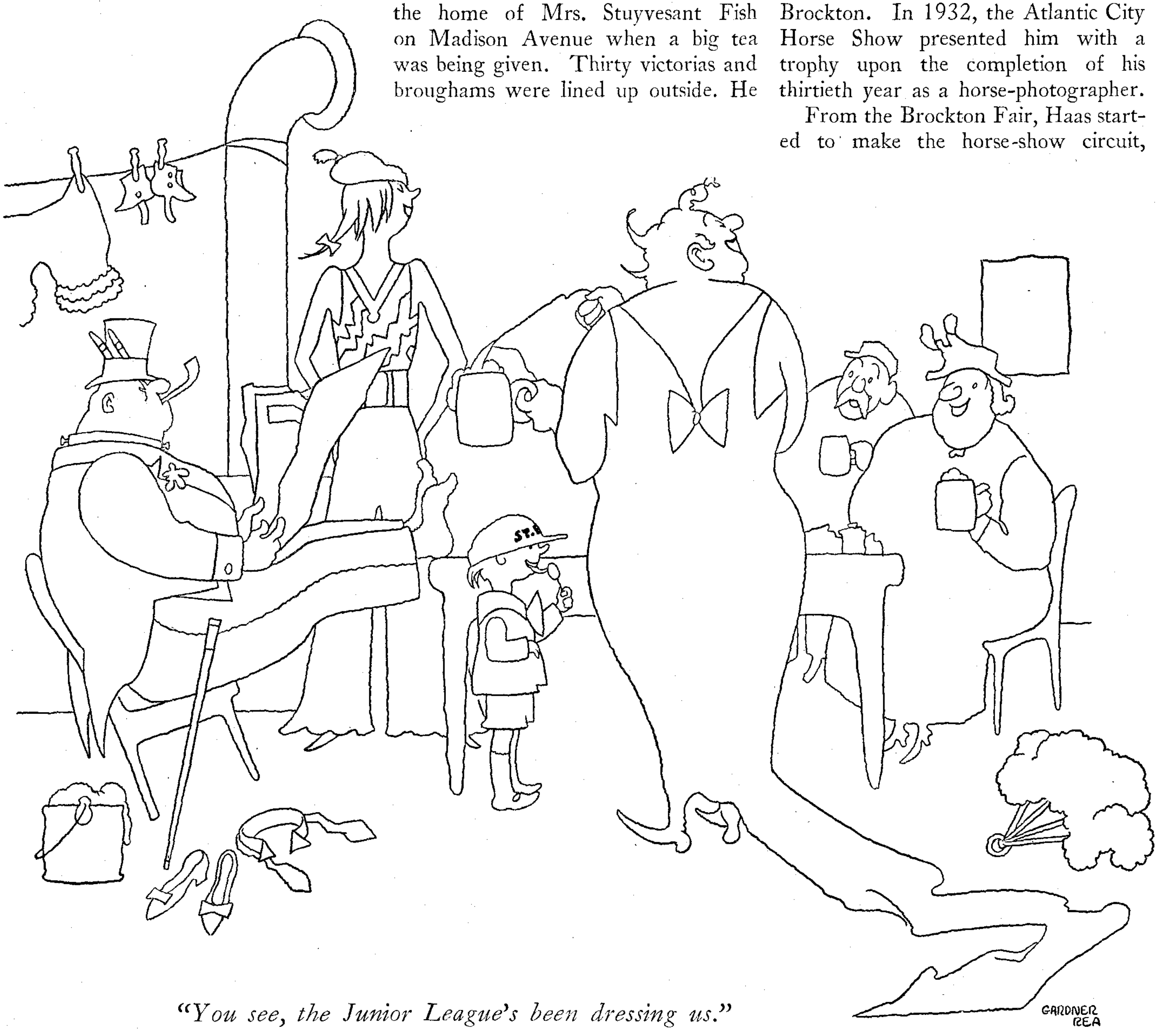
To us the upsetting quality in this extraordinary note is not its Einsteinian implications but the intolerable assurance that Western Union boys go around with something preying on their minds. We had never thought of them in quite that way.

## *Horse-Snapper*

THE champion horse-show attender of the world is probably Mr. Herman Haas. He estimates he's been to a thousand shows, and he has the distinction, too, of probably having photographed more horses than any other person who ever lived. He figures he's taken about two hundred and fifty thousand pictures of horses. He has a booth at the National show this week, displaying his pictures as usual, but he regards this as more of a social event than a business one. He's taking orders for pictures and maybe collecting a few old bills, but mostly he's just shaking hands with friends. He's been at about twenty-five National shows, fifteen of them in the old Garden, where he used to show his pictures to splendid advantage in the café.

Haas got to photographing horses in 1902, when he was in his late twenties. He'd been puttering around at one thing and another for years when he got the idea from a sidewalk snapshot artist that there must be money in free-lance picture-taking. He borrowed a camera and set up on the sidewalk; made thirty-five dollars the first week. Shortly thereafter, he one day passed the home of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish on Madison Avenue when a big tea was being given. Thirty victorias and broughams were lined up outside. He photographed every groom individually, with his turnout. Next day he went around to the various stables and sold a picture at every one of them. The grooms mentioned that they'd be off to Newport shortly, with their employers. Haas went to Newport for the season and cleaned up thirty-five hundred dollars. He made mostly portraits, but Mrs. Burke Roche told him his portraits weren't really very good and that he ought to specialize in horse photography. She gave him some pointers on it, and next year he started off at the Brockton Fair. They wouldn't let him in the ring, but he managed to get an action picture of Eben D. Jordan's famous tandem team, Hildred and The Baron, and that led to his being made official photographer for the fair. He had that honor up to the discontinuance of the horse show at the fair this year. In 1927, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his becoming a photographer, he was ceremoniously honored by Brockton. In 1932, the Atlantic City Horse Show presented him with a trophy upon the completion of his thirtieth year as a horse-photographer.

From the Brockton Fair, Haas started to make the horse-show circuit,



*"You see, the Junior League's been dressing us."*

which carried him all over the country. He became the official photographer of many shows. He began with a double-decker camera weighing twenty-five pounds and looking like a wardrobe trunk, which was a joke with photographers until they saw the results. Strenuous work, considering he weighed only a hundred and twenty-five himself. Until 1929 he averaged about a show a week. His best records were a hundred and eighty plates shot in ninety minutes at the Newport show of 1918 and two hundred and twenty plates in six hours at Sewickley, Pennsylvania, in 1925. In 1914 the Japanese army bought five hundred prints of his show horses in action for their equitation school, and in the same year the Shah of Persia invited him to visit his country and photograph two hundred of his horses. The war killed that, though. One of Haas's best photographs is of a nine-horse hitch of Belgian draught horses displayed at the Rochester show in 1916. For three days he studied this hitch, figuring out how to make the exposure. In the end he got on a platform seven feet high and, by listening to the thuds of eighteen hooves landing simultaneously on the ground, was able to catch the hitch with the horses' nigh knees all at the same height. Being elevated, he got all nine horses in. Haas won't photograph a horse indoors, but he takes pictures of dogs and brides in his studio, on Fifth Avenue, posing them with incredible patience and frequently getting unusual expressions by playing records on a phonograph. "Bird Warblings" for dogs, mostly, and the "Wedding March" for brides. He thinks the greatest thrill of his career was photographing Rin-Tin-Tin in 1926. There was a dog!

## *Reassurance*

MR. RUDD, unmarried, of Sutton Place South, had servant difficulties last week and, on the recommendation of a feminine friend to whom he appealed, hired an ancient charlady as domestic staff, *pro tem.* It was arranged that she was to come every afternoon for a while and do the cleaning and tidying. Mr. Rudd didn't get home in time to see her for three or four days, but one afternoon he made it in time. Before he saw her, he saw a little note fastened to the door of his apartment with a thumbtack: "Mr. Rudd," it read, "I am in the apartment, don't be afraid. Mrs. Barrett." Mrs. Barrett, Mr. Rudd says, is at least seventy, and a quite tiny old lady.

## *War Birds*

THIS department's special correspondent on pigeons spent last weekend at Camp Monmouth, New Jersey, the headquarters of the pigeon branch of the U. S. Signal Corps, mostly visiting with Mocker and Spike, whom, he said, we should write up for Armistice Day. They are both a good deal older than a pigeon's allotted span of eight or nine years, Mocker being seventeen and Spike sixteen and a half. They both have citations from the War Department for heroic work in France, honorary sealed scrolls with their names printed on them in gilt. They're both as high as a pigeon can go in the army. Mocker, who's a small bird, the smallest male at the camp, in fact, weighing only fourteen ounces, was born in the United States in the fall of 1917 and went to war when only a few months old. He got his citation "for services above and beyond the call of duty" in carrying a message back from the French town of Beaumont on the morning of September 12th, 1918. It told the location of an enemy heavy-artillery battery. One of his eyes was destroyed by shrapnel on the way, but he arrived with the message, his head a welter of clotted blood. Spike, a big eighteen-ounce bird, was born in France of American stock early in 1918. Later that year he carried fifty-two messages back from the front, more than any other bird in the American army. He operated in the Meuse-Argonne sector and came through unwounded and ungassed.

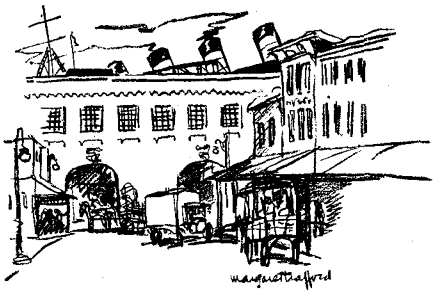
Both Mocker and Spike live in the ordinary lofts at Camp Monmouth and eat the usual diet of an enlisted pigeon—white Canada peas, brown maple peas, small yellow corn, vetches, millet seed, and a grit composed of oyster shells, granite chips, and charcoal. No soft mash. They're both in fine health, our correspondent reports. Spike shows his age a little, walking slowly with a rather portly air, but he can still fly perfectly well. Mocker has become cranky and belligerent, cocking his one eye at pigeons a tenth his age and twice his size, and picking a fight. He always gets licked. He always did, he's so tiny. Both birds have hundreds of descendants, at least ten generations of them. Two years ago, when they were last mated, they hatched out three squabs between them. With the aid of their mates, of course. The male pigeon is amazingly coöperative in the matter of offspring. He sits on the eggs all day, alternating with the female, who sits nights. Then, after hatching, he helps nurse the young. Pigeons are the only birds our correspondent ever heard of that feed their young on milk. This comes from a gland near the crop of both female and male birds. The nestlings are fed milk for their first seven days.

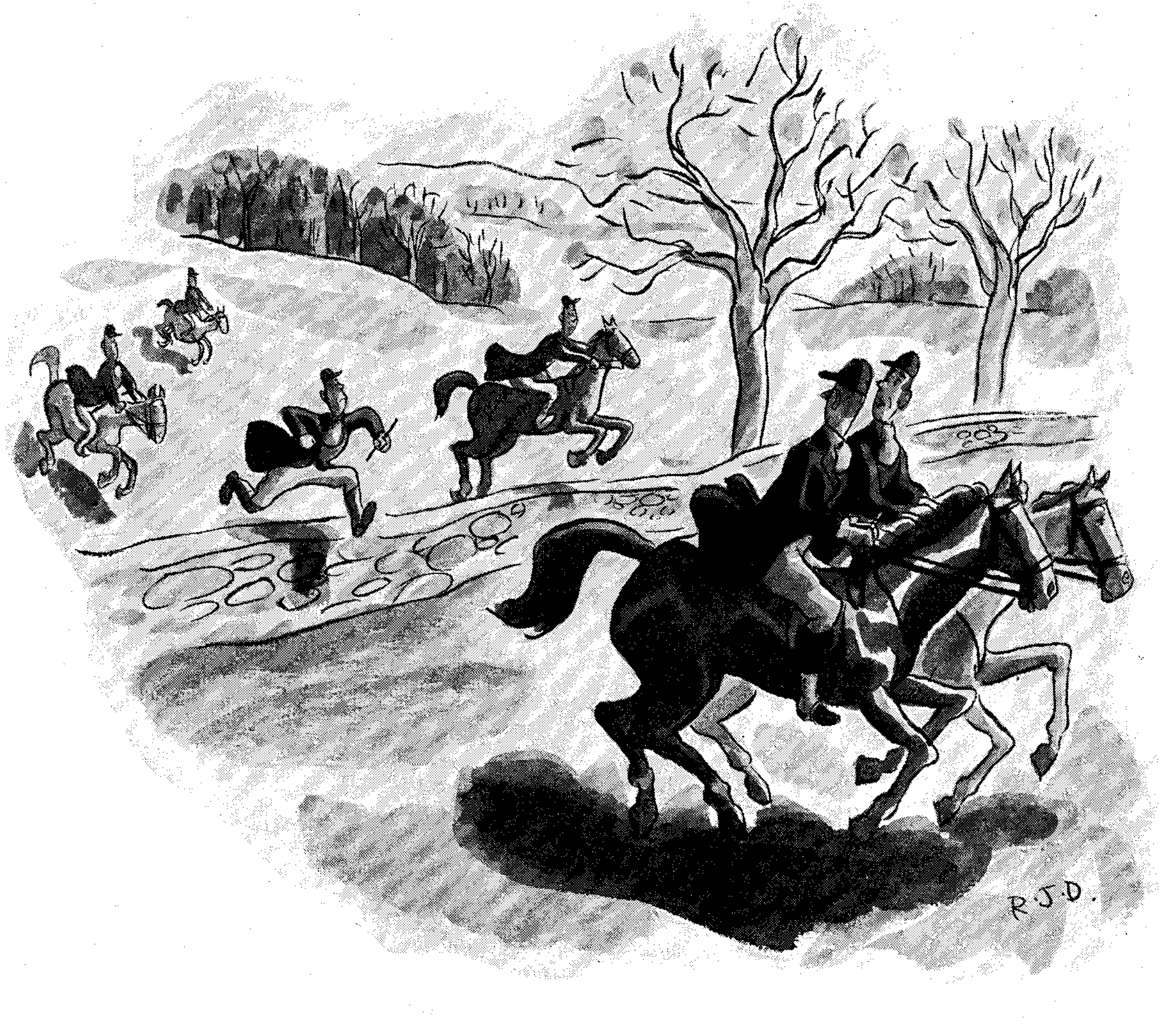
It is the intention of the Signal Corps to stuff Mocker and Spike when they die and send them to the Smithsonian Institution Museum, which is the Valhalla of famous army pigeons. Two are there already: President Wilson, who lost a leg in France and died at Camp Monmouth a couple of years ago, and Cher Ami, probably the most famous pigeon in the war. Cher Ami flew forty kilometres in the Argonne in October, 1918, with one leg shot off and a hole in his breast, carrying a message from Major Whittlesey's Lost Battalion, which was being shelled by its own artillery. He died in 1919.

The highest official speed for a pigeon is a mile and a half a minute, averaged over a distance of three hundred miles.

## *Pas Heureux*

WE are told of a bad day in the lives of a couple who engaged a car for a day's motoring in the Dolomites last summer. The chauffeur was named Poli and he was evidently straight out of Maeterlinck. Troubles began at the first difficult pass. The car turned out to be so long that it had to back and fill to get around the sharp curves. Then they suffered a blowout, and Poli had to change wheels while practically hanging over a precipice. Next the gas feed broke down, and it took Poli almost an hour to fix it. Finally, soon after starting up, another tire went flat. Up till now





*"Poor Bidwell! His creditors have taken his horse again."*

• •

Poli had met each hindrance with great patience and dignity, saying merely, "Tch, tchk!" But this time he got out, marched around the car, opened the door, and stuck his head in, and said, "By God, I be not happy today."

## *Justice*

JOHN F. CAREW, the Hugo Eckenerish-looking Supreme Court Justice who attended to the Vanderbilt-Whitney matters, is fifty-eight years old, and he's always had a certain decisiveness, his associates say. In 1926, while on a Congressional trip to the Philippines, he left a dinner at which he was a guest of honor "in a rage" when the Vice-Governor blamed the Democratic party for misrule in the islands. During the war, he caused something of a stir by the stand he took on the question of Americans travelling on armed merchant ships. "I think that an American citizen who travels on one of such ships is guilty of treasonable disregard of the supreme patriotic duty which every man owes to his country, never to imperil her peace and happiness," he wrote. Also, one December day after he'd become a Justice, he adjourned court for the day because of the lack of heat and threatened not to sit again until the courtroom was properly heated. He has held public office since 1903, when he was elected to the State Assembly. He was an Assemblyman until 1913, and then went to Congress from the 18th District, which includes Yorkville. He was reëlected Congressman eight times, and served in Washington until Franklin Roosevelt, then Governor, called him up and told him he'd appointed him to the New York Supreme Court. He's quite a cook, they say, taking great pride in some of his dishes, and was, in fact, in the middle of broiling a batch of fish the night Roosevelt telephoned him about the judgeship.

In Washington, Carew lived with John J. O'Connor, the brother of the President's former law partner, Basil O'Connor, and two of his best friends were Nicholas Longworth and John Nance Garner; they were seen together constantly and were generally known as The Triumvirate. He took practically no part in floor debate in the House, but was active in committees, especially Ways and Means. He was for modification of prohibition. Weekends he always spent with his wife and five children in a small flat on East Sixty-eighth Street. His constituents were invited to call on him any time. In the capital he rarely went out socially, although he always attended the annual dinner of the New York delegation, acting as toastmaster and leading the singing. He likes group singing. On the bench his manner is dignified and forbidding, but a lot of his former constituents will tell you he's the most democratic man they ever met. He must have a lighter side, for some of his old friends call him The Commodore and he's never got mad at them. He got this nickname as a result of something that happened one evening toward the end of a waterways inspection tour put on by the Long Island Chamber of Commerce. Carew, the story is, took over the wheel from the captain, remarking that he knew this navigation business like his political catechism. "You just pick out a charted light or landmark and steer toward it," he said. "Quite simple." The destination of the boat was supposed to be Port Jefferson, but Carew picked up the wrong light—or, some say, a firefly—and got half-way to Connecticut before anybody told him he was going in the wrong direction.

## *Information*

A MR. GREEN telephoned the Remington Arms Company's offices on Fifth Avenue last Monday to inquire how he should go about having his shotgun, which was of their make, inspected and tested. The lady who answered told him to hold the wire a minute, and then advised him that if he called the Remington warehouse on Warren Street, they could tell him where to send the gun. Mr. Green thought this was strange, and remarked flatly that there ought to be *someone* in the offices who could tell him. "I'm sorry," the lady said, "but you see we're all executives here."

## *The Old Farmer's*

NEXT Thursday, the 15th, will be an important day in New England because it's the publication date of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, that little yellow-covered pamphlet of "new, useful, and entertaining matter" which was founded by Mr. Robert B. Thomas in 1793 and has since assumed an almost Biblical rôle in New England life. The new issue will look just like the hundred and forty-two which have preceded it. The cover will still carry the words "by Robert B. Thomas," although Mr. Thomas died in 1846. Its elaborately bescrolled borders will still bear his portrait, that of Benjamin Franklin, and four allegorical pictures of the seasons. The contents, too, will be much as they have always been. President Roosevelt, as have many of his predecessors, will extend greetings to New England, and Mr. Thomas, from the grave, will write his customary note "to patrons and correspondents." Then will come the monthly astronomical and tide tables and weather forecasts, the "Farmer's Calendar," the fish and game laws, and so on, "Poetry, Anecdotes and Pleasantries," and the page of charades which has made the almanac the life of many New England parties.

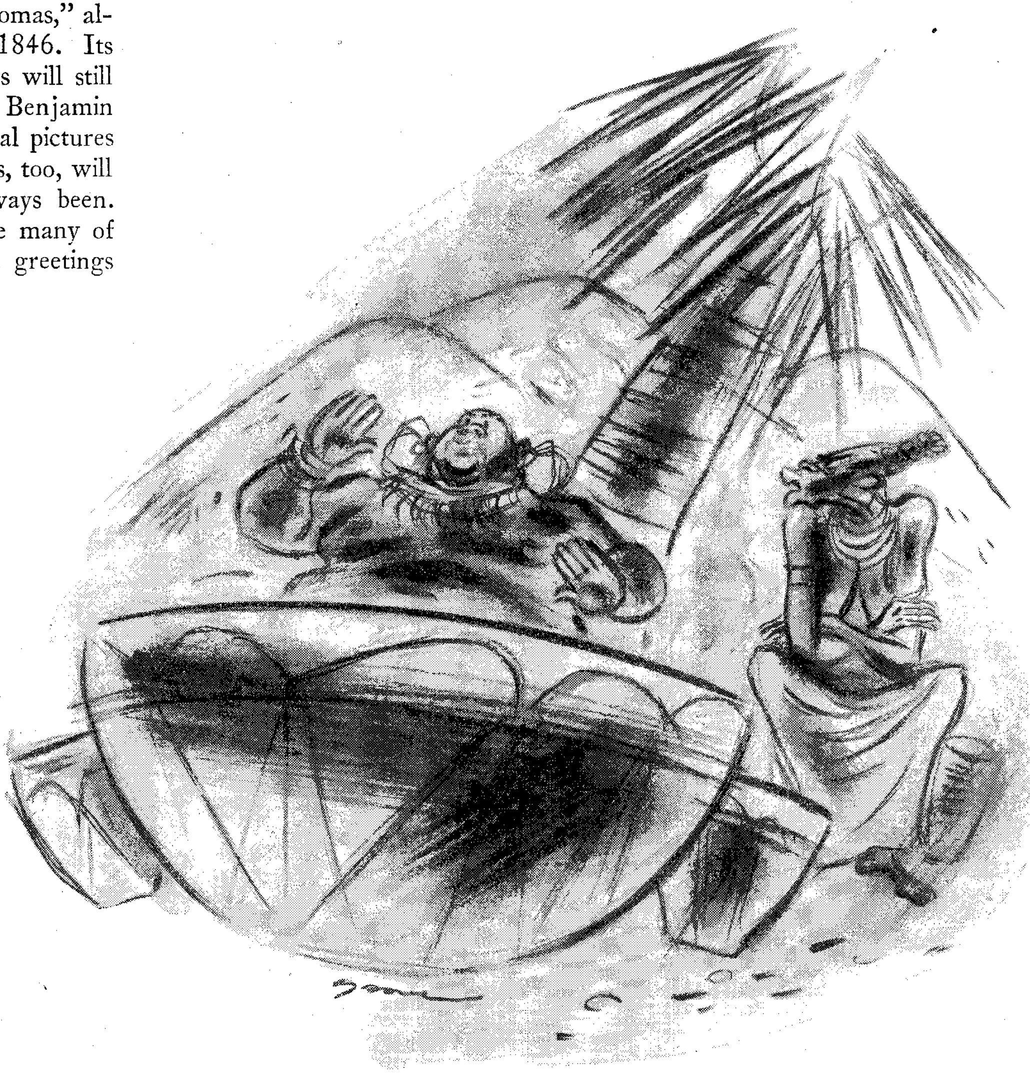
It was the *Old Farmer's Almanac* that Abraham Lincoln used when he won that famous murder case by proving that the moon was not full on a certain night. All kinds of people have found it handy. It's prescribed reading for astronomy students at Harvard, Smith, and Mount Holyoke. Several railroad and steamship companies, and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, use it for meteorological references. New England public utilities turn street lights on and off by its tables. Back in 1904, Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard wrote a three-hundred-and-sixty-page book about it, and nowadays N.B.C. quotes it five times a day over the New England air.

Colonel Carroll Swan, a Harvard man, is the present publisher of the almanac. He bought it from the widow of its fourth owner in 1932, when the circulation had dropped to 77,000 (from 150,000 in 1880), and he's done pretty well with it—the 1935 edition will run to 400,000 copies, at fifteen cents. Colonel Swan has made no changes in the traditional format, God forbid. He understands the value of these things, and the advertisement of Arm & Hammer soda is still on the inside back cover, where it's been for the last fifty-five years. He has, however, made a big innovation this year: he is issuing a special Atlantic edition, with data and forecasts for the states as far south as Maryland. Heretofore the almanac has stuck strictly to New England.

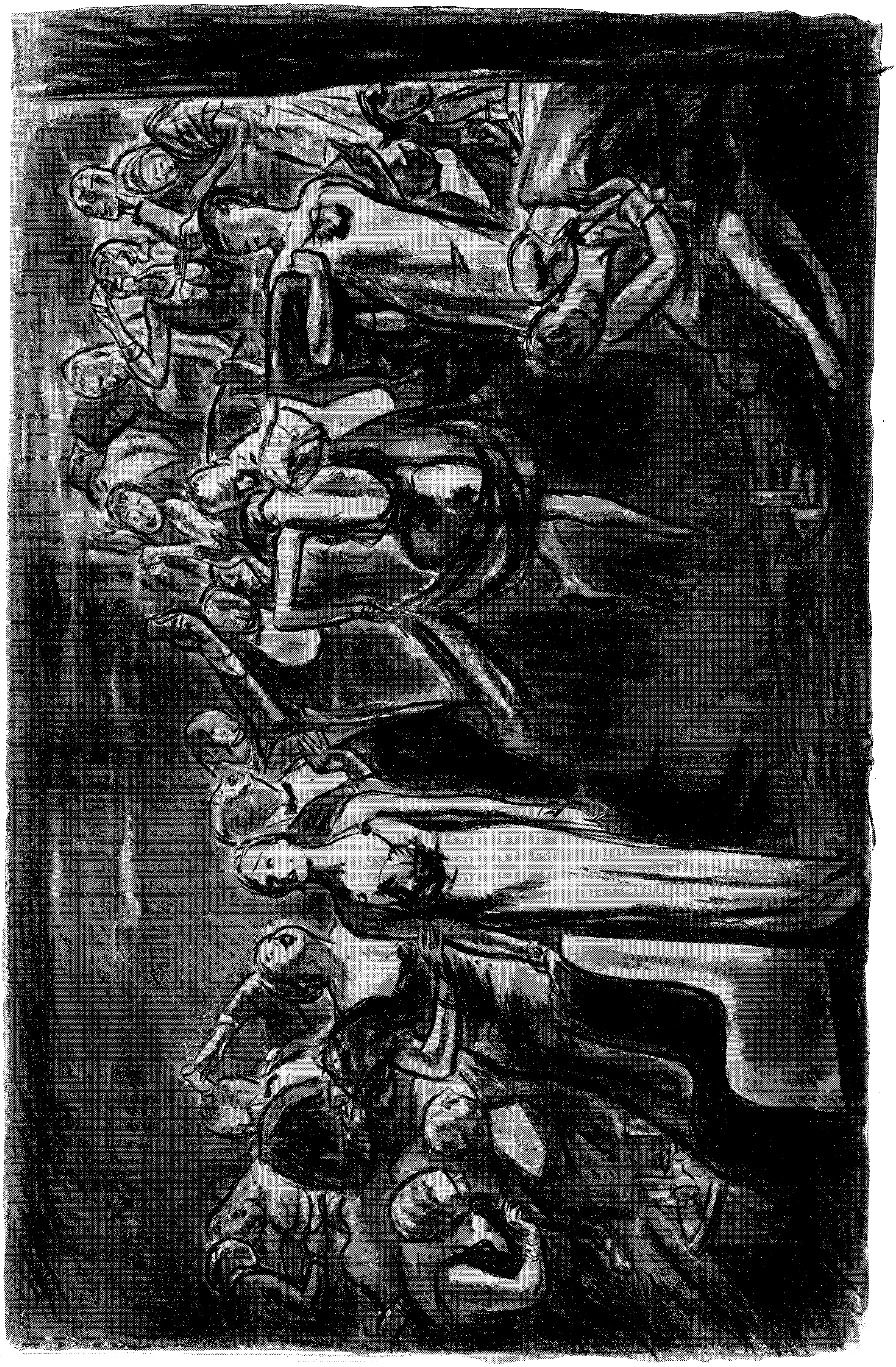
Lots of the more serious parts of the almanac are written by professors in New England colleges. Its weather prophet, however, whose predictions are said to have been eighty-per-cent correct for the last twenty years, is a lady, and her identity is a secret. She lives somewhere in New England, but that's about all anyone knows of her. She comes right out and says that there will be a thaw on February 11th and thunder showers on July 5th and 6th. And this year she's going to predict the weather clear down to Maryland.

Just to show how deeply New England readers feel about their almanac, we quote a letter written in a few years ago by a farmer of Nashua, New Hampshire:

> DEAR SIR:
> I have read the *Old Farmer's Almanac* for the last seventy-five years and I wish the damned fool that changed the heading of the Moon's place column had died before he done it.
>
> Yours respectfully,
> F. C. CRAWFORD



*"Oh, you and your damn drum!"*



"You New Yorkers didn't know we were so sophisticated in Detroit, did you?"

# A PORTRAIT OF AUNT IDA

MY mother's Aunt Ida Clemmens died the other day out West. She was ninety-one years old. I remember her clearly, although I haven't thought about her in a long time and never saw her after I was twenty. I remember how dearly she loved catastrophes, especially those of a national or international importance. The sinking of the Titanic was perhaps the most important tragedy of the years in which I knew her. She never saw in such things, as her older sisters, Emma and Clara, did, the vengeance of a Deity outraged by Man's lust for speed and gaiety; she looked for the causes deep down in the dark heart of the corporate interests. You could never make her believe that the Titanic hit an iceberg. Whoever *heard* of such a thing! It was simply a flimsy prevarication devised to cover up the real cause. The real cause she could not, or would not, make plain, but somewhere in its black core was a monstrous secret of treachery and corrupt goings-on—men were like that. She came later on to doubt the courage of the brave gentlemen on the sinking ship who at the last waved goodbye smilingly and smoked cigarettes. It was her growing conviction that most of them had to be shot by the ship's officers in order to prevent them from crowding into the lifeboats ahead of the older and less attractive women passengers. Eminence and wealth in men Aunt Ida persistently attributed to deceit, trickery, and impiety. I think the only famous person she ever trusted in her time was President McKinley.

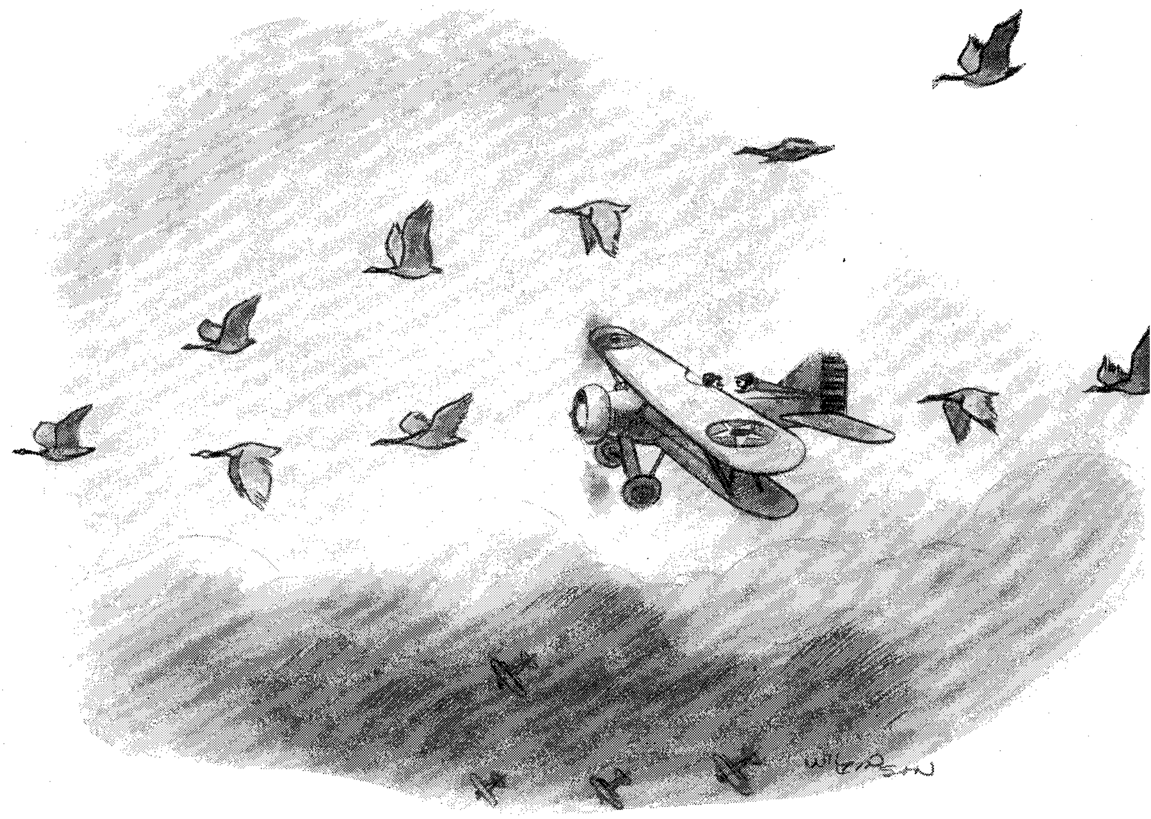
The disappearance of Judge Crater, the Hall-Mills murder, the Starr Faithfull case, and similar mysteries must have made Aunt Ida's last years happy. She loved the unsolvable and the unsolved. Mysteries that were never cleared up were brought about, in her opinion, by the workings of some strange force in the world which we do not thoroughly understand and which God does not intend that we ever shall understand. An invisible power, a power akin to electricity and radio (both of which she must have regarded as somehow or other blasphemous), but never to be isolated or channelled. Out of this power came murder, disappearances, and supernatural phenomena. All persons connected in any way whatever with celebrated cases were tainted in Aunt Ida's sight—and that went for prosecuting attorneys, too (always "tricky" men). But she would, I'm sure, rather have had a look at Willie Stevens than at President Roosevelt, at Jafsie than at the King of England, just as she would rather have gone through the old Wendel house than the White House.

SURGICAL operations and post-mortems were among Aunt Ida's special interests, although she did not believe that any operation was ever necessary and she was convinced that post-mortems were conducted to cover up something rather than to find something out. It was her conviction that doctors were in the habit of trying to obfuscate or distort the true facts about illness and death. She believed that many of her friends and relatives had been laid away without the real causes of their deaths being entered on the "city books." She was fond of telling a long and involved story about the death of one of her first cousins, a married woman who had passed away at twenty-five. Aunt Ida for thirty years contended that there was something "behind it." She believed that a certain physician, a gentleman of the highest reputation, would some day "tell the truth about Ruth," perhaps on his deathbed. When he died (without confessing, of course), she said after reading the account in the newspaper that she had dreamed of him a few nights before. It seemed that he had called to her and wanted to tell her something but couldn't.

Aunt Ida believed that she was terribly psychic. She had warnings, premonitions, and "feelings." They were invariably intimations of approaching misfortune, sickness, or death. She never had a premonition that everything was going to be all right. It was always that Grace So-and-So was not going to marry the man she was engaged to, or that Mr. Hollowell, who was down in South America on business, would never return, or that old Mrs. Hutchins would not last out the year (she missed on old Mrs. Hutchins for twenty-two years but finally made it). Most all of Aunt Ida's forewarnings of financial ruin and marital tragedy came in the daytime while she was marketing or sitting hulling peas; most all of her intimations of death appeared to her in dreams. Dreams of Ohio women of Aunt Ida's generation were never Freudian; they were purely prophetic. They dealt with black hearses and white hearses rolling soundlessly along through the night, and with coffins being carried out of houses, and with tombstones bearing names and dates, and with tall, faceless women in black veils and gloves. Most of Aunt Ida's dreams foretold the fate of women, for what happened to women was of much greater importance to Aunt Ida than what happened to men. Men usually "brought things on themselves;" women, on the other hand, were usually the victims of dark and devious goings-on of a more or less supernatural nature.

Birth was, in some ways, as dark a matter to Aunt Ida as death. She felt that most babies, no matter what you said or anybody else said, were "not wanted." She believed that the children of famous people, brilliant people, and of first, second, or third cousins would be idiotic. If a child died young, she laid it to the child's parentage, no matter what the immediate cause of death might have been. "There is something in that family," Aunt Ida used to say, in her best funeral voice. This something was a vague, ominous thing, both far off and close at hand, misty and ready to spring, compounded of nobody could guess exactly what. One of Aunt Ida's favorite predictions was "They'll never raise that baby, you mark my words." The fact that they usually did never shook her confidence in her "feelings." If she was right once in twenty times, it proved that she knew what she was talking about. In foretelling the sex of unborn children, she was right about half the time.

LIFE after death was a source of speculation, worry, and exhilaration to Aunt Ida. She firmly believed that people could "come back" and she could tell you of many a house that was haunted (barrels of apples rolled down the attic steps of one of them, I remember, but it was never clear why they did). Aunt Ida put no faith in mediums or séances. The dead preferred to come back to the houses where they had lived and to go stalking through the rooms and down the halls. I think Aunt Ida always thought of them as coming back in the flesh, fully clothed, for she always spoke of them as "the dead," never as ghosts. The reason they came back was that they had left something unsaid or undone that must be corrected. Although a descendant of staunch orthodox Methodists, some of them ministers, Aunt Ida in her



"This is a fine time to tell me you're nearsighted."

• •

later years dabbled a little in various religions, superstitions, and even cults. She found astrology, New Thought, and the theory of reincarnation comforting. The people who are bowed down in this life, she grew to believe, will have another chance.

Aunt Ida was confident that the world was going to be destroyed almost any day. When Halley's comet appeared in 1910, she expected to read in the papers every time she picked them up the news that Paris had gone up in flames and that New York City had slid into the ocean. Those two cities, being horrible dens of vice, were bound to go first; the smaller towns would be destroyed in a more leisurely fashion with some respectable and dignified ending for the pious and the kindly people.

Two of Aunt Ida's favorite expressions were "I never heard of such a thing" and "If I never get up from this chair . . ." She told all stories of death, misfortune, grief, corruption, and disaster with vehemence and exaggeration. She was hampered in narration by her inability to think of names, particularly simple names, such as Joe, Earl, Ned, Harry, Louise, Ruth, Bert. Somebody usually had to prompt her with the name of the third cousin, or whomever, that she was trying to think of, but she was unerring in her ability to remember difficult names the rest of us had long forgotten. "He used to work in the old Schirtzberger & Wallenheim saddle store in Naughton Street," she would say. "What *was* his name?" It would turn out that his name was Frank Butler.

UP to the end, they tell me, Aunt Ida could read without her glasses, and none of the commoner frailties of senility affected her. She had no persecution complex, no lapses of memory, no trailing off into the past, no unfounded bitternesses—unless you could call her violent hatred of cigarettes unfounded bitterness, and I don't think it was, because she actually knew stories of young men and even young women who had become paralyzed to the point of losing the use of both legs through smoking cigarettes. She tended to her begonias and wrote out a check for the rent the day she took to her bed for the last time. It irked her not to be up and about, and she accused the doctor the family brought in of not knowing his business. There was marketing to do, and friends to call on, and work to get through with. When friends and relatives began calling on her, she was annoyed. Making out that she was really sick! Old Mrs. Kurtz, who is seventy-two, visited her on the last day, and when she left, Aunt Ida looked after her pityingly. "Poor Cora," she said, "she's failin', ain't she?"

—JAMES THURBER

• •

## STATUS OF THE DEATH-RAY MACHINE

*A Handy Reference Chart of Recent Developments Along This Line*

| LOCALE | INVENTOR | LETHAL ACTION | EFFECTIVE DISTANCE |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cincinnati, Ohio | Prof. J. R. Loofbourow | Kills bacteria | Two inches or less. |
| New Brunswick, New Jersey | Dr. Thomas J. Headlee | Kills crickets and German cockroaches | Eighteen inches or less. |
| Leicester, England | C. R. Chadfield | Kills flies and mice | Twenty-four inches or less. |
| Cleveland, Ohio | Dr. Antonio Longoria* | Kills pigeons and rabbits | One-fifth of a mile or less. |
| Finkenberg, Germany | Herr Keilhaus | Kills domestic animals | Five-eighths of a mile or less. |
| Port of Spain, Trinidad | M. Gourdon | Kills mosquitoes | Ten miles or less. |

*Dr. Longoria announced his destruction of the machine on account of "strong moral scruples against making money out of death."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

# HE MADE A COUPLA DOLLARS

FOR several years I had a habit of passing a certain corner at a certain hour, and then the routine was broken and I had a new beat. I didn't go past the corner—in the late afternoon, anyway—for several years. Then one day I did again. A little swirl of pedestrians still marked the place where he was selling newspapers in strange frenzy. Things hadn't changed at all; he was still lurching this way and that, still slapping folded papers under arms, still heaving smiles about.

It had always been his animated belief that he knew everyone who passed the corner, and he never allowed anyone to announce what paper he wanted. "*Telly!*" he would shout, storming up to a quiet little man. "Here you are, Mister!" And there Mister would be, a quiet little man who wanted a *Sun* and had a *Telly* under his arm. He was pretty often wrong, as it happened, but only the bigger and stronger men had confidence to go up against such friendly assurance. Little men simply took what was provided and, I suppose, bought the papers they wanted at the next stand, where paper-selling was a quiet, sedentary occupation and probably, when you came to it, pretty dull.

Approaching his little maelstrom, I wondered if he would still remember me. He had always known my name, although I had not ever had the remotest inkling how he learned it. He spotted me, all right.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Mr.—"

There, to the embarrassment of both of us, he stuck for a moment. I gave him the name. He looked hurt.

"Hey," he said, "you didn't have to tell me. I was remembering." He pointed a finger at me. "Richard!" he yelled, in triumph. Then he asked me how I was making out. I asked him how he was making out and, having brought the subject up, had an uneasy suspicion that he wasn't making out so well. He looked a little older, which of course was natural, but there was something more than that. He still lunged and banged about—our conversation was from the first constantly interrupted while he darted off and inflicted newspapers—but something was missing. The old spirit wasn't quite there; he wasn't, I thought, as springy as he had been, although still pretty springy.

I was about to leave it at that and move on, but he grabbed my elbow.

"I've been seeing you around some," he said.

"Yes?" I said.

He said sure, in the Village. He said I lived there, didn't I, and when I admitted it, nodded wisely. Then he looked at me a little challengingly.

"I moved," he said. "I live there too, now. Over on Twelfth Street."

I said it was a good place to live, close to everything, and he said "Sure." Then he said it was funny he should be living there.

"Is it?" I said, not knowing why, particularly.

"Sure," he said. "I've got an apartment, see?" He gave the address and I, because of having looked for an apartment there once, remembered it as that of a new, large, and nicely tiled building. Lots of tile, I remembered. I was a little surprised. He said he'd bet I thought it was funny for him to live there.

"You see," he said, "I made a coupla dollars."

I said that was swell.

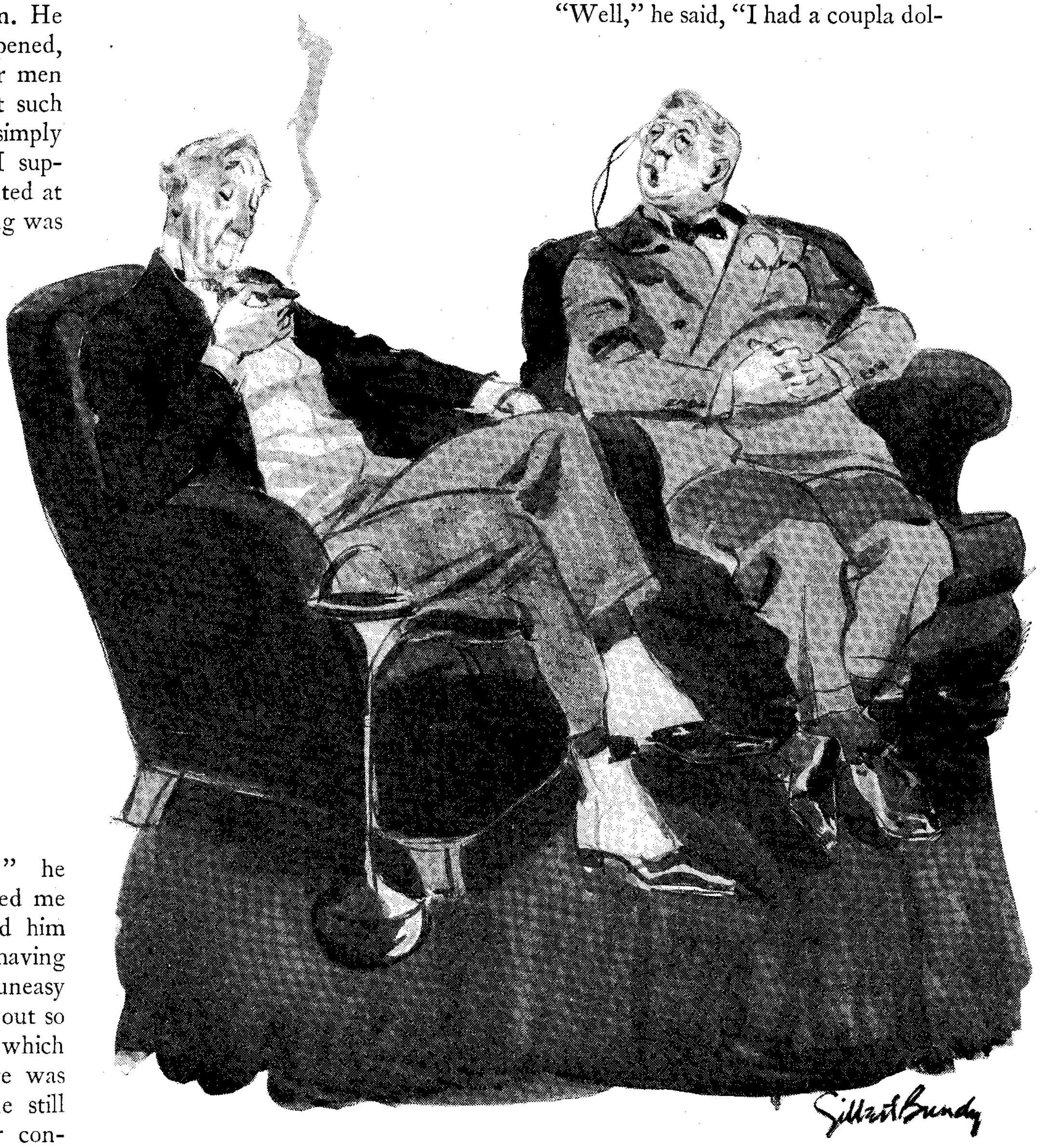
"In the market," he said. "On account of inflation." I looked interested. He said "Yeh."

"You see," he said, "when they started inflation, I went up to the Library. I got some books and read up, see?" I didn't.

"On what happened in Germany and England," he said. "What went up and what went down."

I said "Oh."

"Well," he said, "I had a coupla dol-



"*Sometimes I envy you your etchings, Basil. I've found philately a jealous mistress.*"

lars and I went in the market. I bought some things, see, that had gone up in Germany and England. See?" I nodded. "They went up," he said, smiling at a pleasant memory. "Then I bought some other things. I made a coupla dollars." He looked at me earnestly. "A coupla dollars, see?" I did. He gave me a quick résumé of his transactions, which I couldn't follow, and ended up with the remark that then he had had a coupla dollars.

"I sent my wife to Europe," he said. "She wanted me to go too, but I just sent her. She had a swell time."

I wondered about his wife, trying to picture her.

"Then I rented the apartment," he said. "I paid two years' rent in advance. I had a coupla dollars, see?"

I MADE pleased noises regarding his good fortune and started to move on again. I said things had broken pretty well for him. He tightened his grip and his face sobered.

"No," he said, "it didn't work out so good. I don't belong there, see? I don't feel right."

I said that that, of course, was silly. He shook his head, knowing better.

"I don't feel right," he said. "There's a police captain's got an apartment there." He looked at me for understanding. "A captain, see?" I nodded gravely.

"And I tell you," he said. "You know Myron Berg?" I shook my head, and he seemed incredulous. "*Myron* Berg," he said. I still didn't know. "Myron *Berg?*" I said I was sorry.

"Well," he said, "he's a professor. He teaches, see? He teaches up at a college. He teaches something like Greek or something."

He paused and looked at me, as one who has explained everything, and sighed.

"You can see I don't belong there," he said. "I don't feel right." I made sounds of disagreement, but he wouldn't have it.

He said that the professor lived across the hall from him and sometimes they met. He said it made him feel he wasn't in the right place.

"He's a professor, see?" he said. "You see how it is." His grip on my elbow relaxed. "On the corner it would be all right," he said. "It'd be different."

Then he let go my arm entirely and, while he was selling another *Sun,* I went along.

—RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

## NOVEMBER

Away with vanity of Man!
Now comes to visit here
The Maiden Aunt, the Puritan,
The Spinster of the year.

She likes a world that's furnished plain,
A sky that's clean and bare,
And garments eminently sane
For her consistent wear.

Let others deck them as they please
In frill and furbelow.
She scorns alike the fripperies
Of flowers and of snow.

Her very speech is shrewd and slight,
With innuendoes done;
And all of her is hard, thin light
Or shadow sharp as sun.

Indifferent to the drifting leaf,
And innocent of guile,
She scarcely knows there dwells a brief
Enchantment in her smile.

So love her with a sparing love.
That is her private fashion,
Who fears the August ardor of
A demonstrated passion.

Yet love her somewhat. It is meet,
And for our own defence,
After October to find sweet
Her chilly common sense.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •

## OF ALL THINGS

THE Administration's final proclamation to the voters began as follows: "Know all men by these presents . . ."

•

At the end of the campaign, the Democrats trotted out the old one about not swapping horses in midstream. Maybe they meant reindeer.

•

One suspects that there is a strong economic motive in this malignant Vanderbilt case. Perhaps the family is fighting about the cold-cream-endorsement rights.

•

The Stock Exchange is making an exhaustive survey to discover the cause of the nationwide coolness toward the market. It is our theory that the low temperatures originate with the investors' feet.

•

It is the contention of J. Gordon Hayes, an English writer, that Peary missed the North Pole by at least fifty miles. Other recent revivals of a pleasing nature are "The Merry Widow" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

•

It is reliably reported that the Nazi chief will retreat from the policy of running the German church. If the people will heil Hitler six days a week, he may give them Sunday off.

•

Here is American business enterprise in the best tradition. Before the election, advertisements appeared announcing a reduction in the price of aspirin.

•

Everybody is enthusiastic about the Union Pacific's new streamlined train. After this, you can cross the United States without noticing it much.

•

The King of Siam and the A. & P. stores of Cleveland have threatened to abdicate. It is generally believed, however, that both can be made to listen to reason.

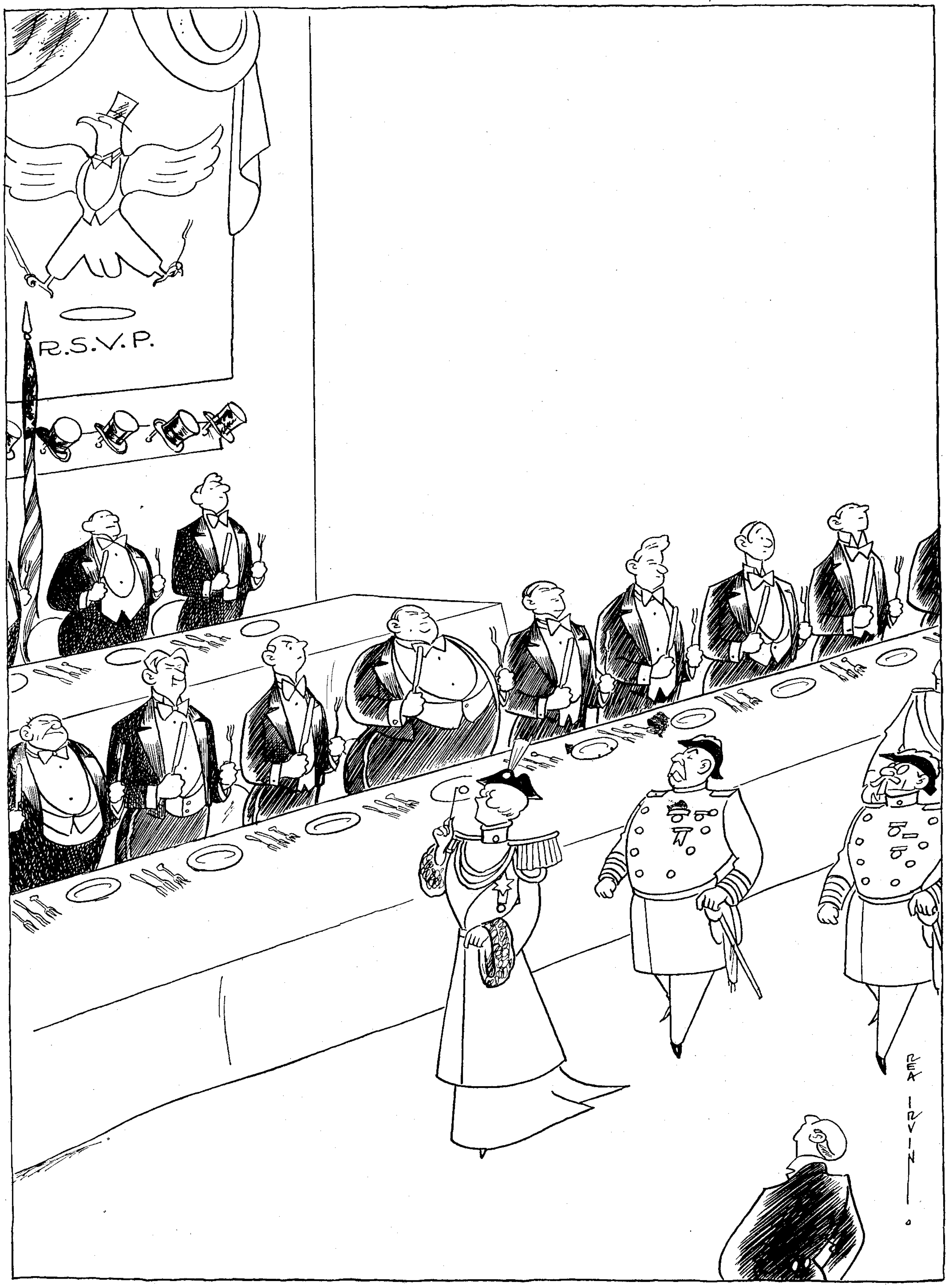
•

More magnesium would give us sweeter dispositions, Johns Hopkins scientists find. Manufacturers should certainly produce this in the form of a powder which can be secretly slipped into Father's coffee.

•

Mussolini's lads are to have military training from the age of eight to thirty-three. If they are human, they will be thoroughly sick of drilling after twenty-five years, and Italy will lead the way to world peace.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



REGIMENTATION OVERTAKES SOCIETY

*Code Administrator Emily Post inspects a men's banquet in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria for violations of the 4-fork limit.*

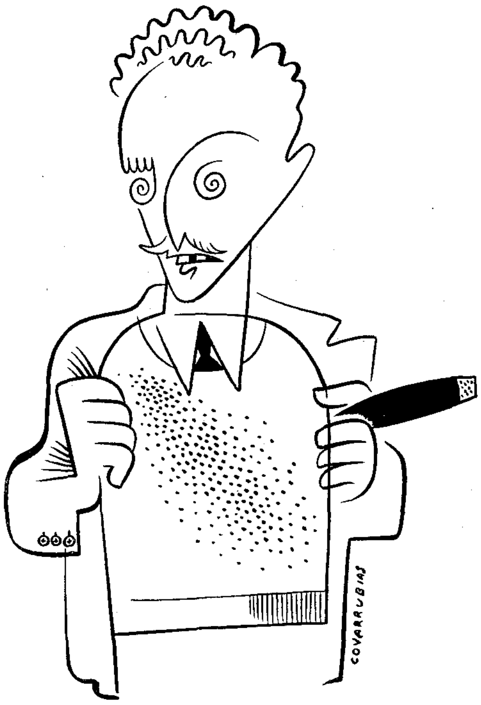
# PROFILES

## THE WAHOO BOY—I

COLLEGE men have not covered themselves with glory in Hollywood. Some have been brilliant successes as directors and writers, but few are in places of power. Generally speaking, the university alumni are working for the high-school alumni and the high-school alumni are working for the grammar-school alumni. You can roughly measure the importance of a man in the movie industry by the number of stories told about his ignorance.

A complete survey of Hollywood might explain what is wrong with American universities and why a lower education is better than a higher education in the picture business. University training is an essential in the old, standard professions, but is apparently a handicap in a new, changing, experimental calling in which imagination and judgment are more important than specialized knowledge. The semi-literates often seem to have a vehemence, decisiveness, and single-mindedness which are commonly educated out of college men.

It is sometimes said that Hollywood does not appreciate educated men, which is like saying that the Olympic Games do not appreciate inferior athletes. University men go to Hollywood in droves and carry off many second and third prizes, but the first prizes go to men of no Latin, no Greek, and not much English. The advantage possessed by the uneducated man or half-educated man seems to be that he is forced at an early age to face his own problems, to accept responsibilities, to make decisions. Not every illiterate has the natural ability to use his advantages. Start a hundred Masters of Arts and a hundred nonacademic men in a race in any pioneer field; the odds seem to be that most of the leaders and most of the tail-enders will be uneducated men, and that the fair-to-middling honors will be carried off by collegians.



*Darryl Francis Zanuck*

DARRYL FRANCIS ZANUCK has had a dazzling career in Hollywood. He is the only challenger of Irving Thalberg for the title of the Young Genius of the Films. From the greatness of Zanuck's achievements it would be inferred that he had stopped school in the sixth grade. He was a clever writer of scenarios at eighteen; at twenty-two, he had such prestige that he was trusted to create rôles for Rin-Tin-Tin; at twenty-four, he was an acknowledged master of the horselaugh, his masterpiece of low and broad comedy being "The Better 'Ole," based on Bairnsfather's cartoons; at twenty-six, he became the studio manager of Warner Brothers and was a leader in the transition of the film industry from the silent to the talking pictures; he put a new boldness and realism in the films in his Gangster Cycle, and was rewarded with great box-office successes. At thirty, when he was one of the biggest figures in Hollywood, Zanuck tore up his five-thousand-dollar-a-week contract with Warner Brothers. He did this because the Warners insisted on extending last year's fifty-per-cent pay cut for two weeks after the date on which Zanuck had promised Warner employees that the old salaries would be restored. He immediately formed Twentieth Century Pictures, Inc., in coöperation with Joseph Schenck, and claims to have broken all records in the last year with his high percentage of hits. These include "The House of Rothschild," "The Affairs of Cellini," "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," and "The Gallant Lady." From Zanuck's record, anyone would naturally guess that he must have stopped school in the sixth grade. The fact is, however, that he went on and on and reached the eighth grade before he quit the academic halls of Wahoo, Nebraska.

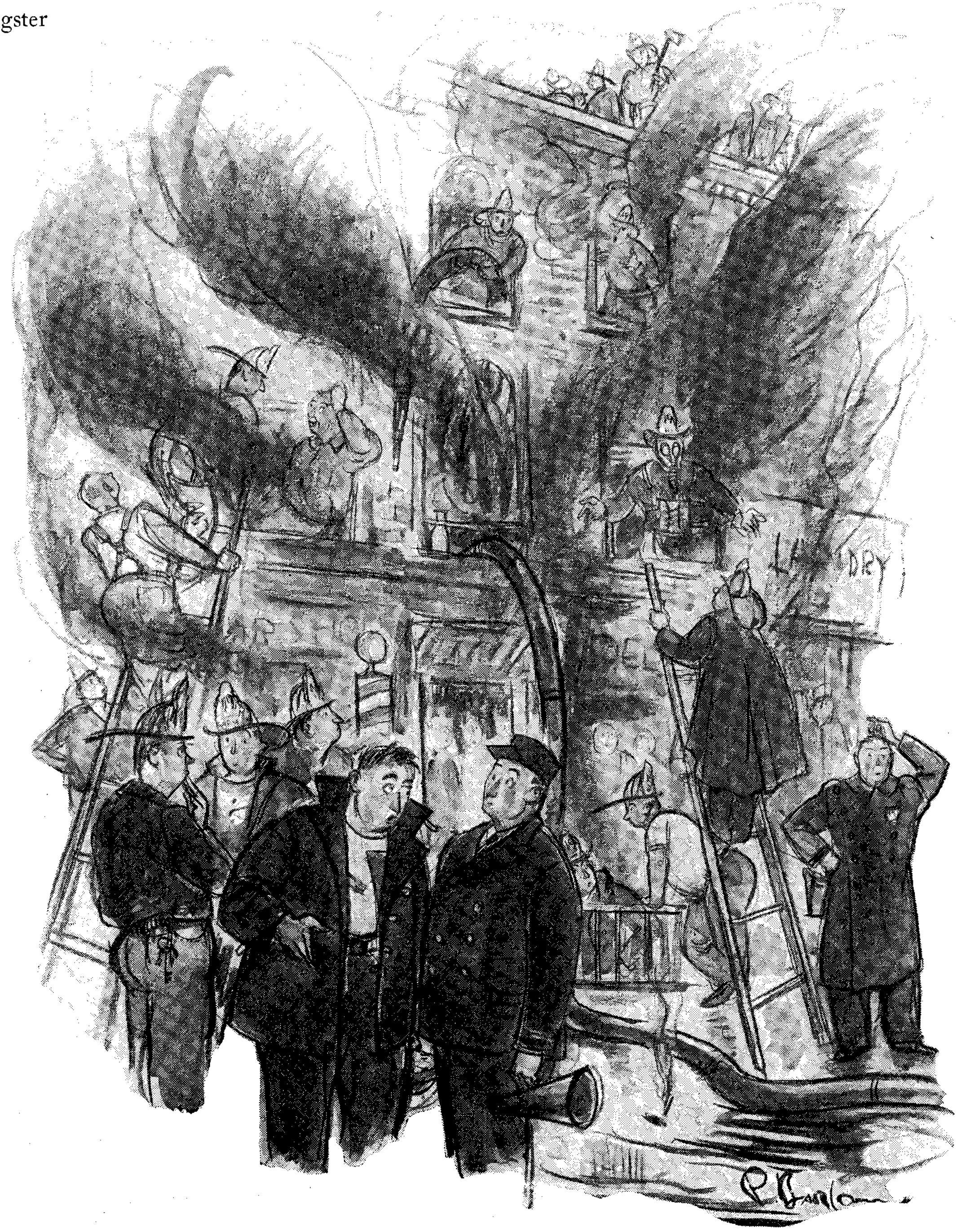
His present job is no sinecure. In addition to bossing his company's pictures, he undergoes a terrific reading grind in search of new material. Ten professional digesters digest every new Broadway drama and nearly every new novel in the English language for him. Thousands of works go through this mill for Zanuck's benefit. Short, medium, and long digests are made of each play or drama. The short digest is one paragraph. Ordinarily that is all that Zanuck reads. If, however, there is anything in the first digest which catches his attention, he reads the second digest, which is three paragraphs long. If he is still interested, he calls for the third digest, which consists of twenty paragraphs. If he thinks he has an idea for a picture, he calls for the book or the play. If it is historical or biographical, he may send for all the available literature on the subject. When he boarded the train last May on his way to Africa for a hunting trip, he took with him a five-foot shelf of books on Cardinal Richelieu because he planned to cast Arliss as the deft and domineering old prelate.

When he stopped a few days in New York on this trip, Zanuck was described by one interviewer as a Napoleon in a vermilion bathrobe with polo ponies painted on it. A bitter jest. Napoleons are an inferior caste in Hollywood. The place is so overrun with Little Corporals that no one pays any attention to them. Zanuck has accomplished too much to be dismissed with such a sneer. He is no cheap Corsican, but it might be fair to describe him as a bantamweight, dandified Theodore Roosevelt. He has an odd resemblance to T. R. His teeth stick out. The lower part of his face is compressed by the weight of a massive forehead. He has something of the Colonel's swagger, dash, and obstacle-smashing explosiveness.

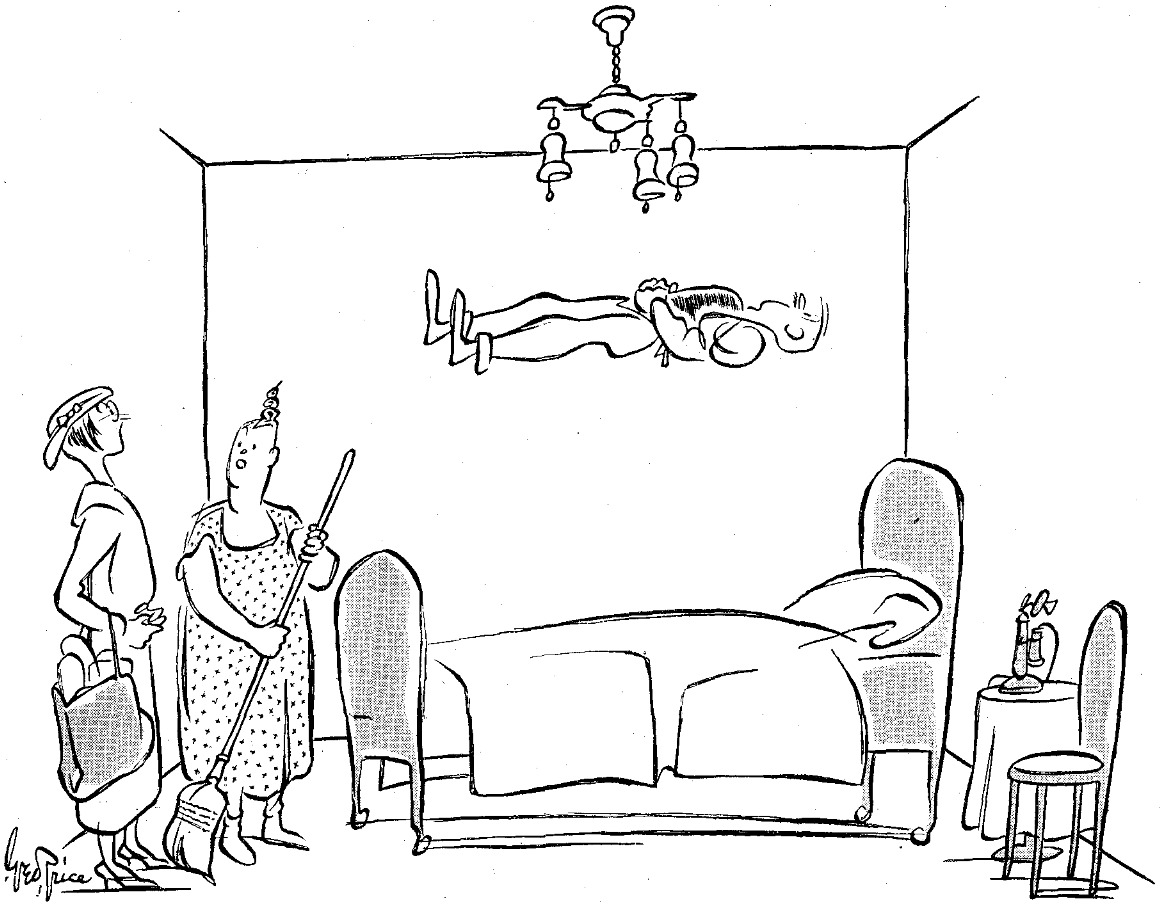
Zanuck is primarily a great journalist using the screen instead of the printing press. His news instinct was manifested in the first story he wrote for the movies. State troopers were just beginning to be a factor in national life, and Zanuck's first tale was based on their pursuit of automobile thieves. The great journalist is not the man who tries to anticipate the whims of millions; he is the man who says, "This excites me, and I'll make it excite them." Zanuck has this power of getting excited and selling his excitement to the public. The Gangster Cycle did not enter its major phase until Zanuck read one day in the *Reader's Digest* that four hundred and eighty-six gangsters had been killed in Chicago in a year. "It's war!" exclaimed Zanuck. He went about the Warner Brothers studio exclaiming, "It's war! It's war!" He began devouring contemporary Chicago literature and sending for contemporary Chicago historians. He acquired a taste for undiluted horror; then, with his journalistic ability to force his own tastes on the public, he made undiluted horror a national dish.

Zanuck became the chief interpreter of the Hardboiled Era. He backed his own newly acquired hardboiled mood against all the canons of the American screen by producing "Doorway to Hell," a cold and gory picture, which had an unhappy ending, no hero, no major character that inspired sympathy. The Warners regarded it as a reckless experiment and allowed Zanuck to spend only a small sum in making it, but it was a box-office hit. Zanuck's masterpiece of movie journalism was "The Public Enemy," in which the star roughly handled his mother, hit one girl in the face with a grapefruit, punched another in the jaw, shot a horse for kicking and killing a man, slaughtered competing gangsters on a large scale, and wound up by being taken for a ride and delivered as a corpse at his mother's door. The picture was almost straight news-reporting, the horse-shooting incident and nearly every other bit of action being based on real events which had appeared in the press. Zanuck's greatest pioneering feat was probably the lady-socking. Previously it had been allowable in the films to shoot a woman, to poison her, to rob her, to wrong her in almost every conceivable manner, but not to sock her. Zanuck had turned hardboiled enough to appreciate a hussy-slugging scene; so had the public. This novel touch was greeted with universal cheers, and wallops on the chins of America's sweethearts grossed millions for Hollywood before they became so monotonous that the fans became bored.

"The Public Enemy" was one of the greatest pieces of journalism of the decade. It was the kind of work that Joseph Pulitzer would have done, had he been born half a century later and been a movie magnate instead of a newspaper publisher. Earlier gangster pictures had portrayed the gangster as a demi-devil or goblin damned, a supernatural being having no legitimate connection with the human race. Zanuck's Public Enemy, magnificently played



*"I have a theory that where there's so much smoke, there's bound to be some fire."*



*"We had hoped he'd be down in time to vote."*

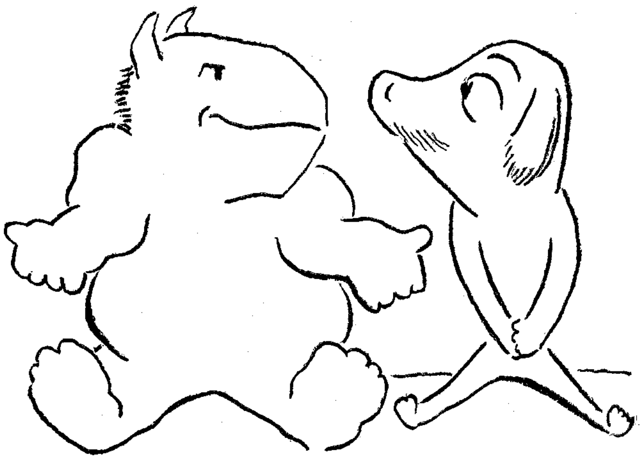
• •

by James Cagney, was a boy of decent family, a boy who had been overwhelmingly tempted by the enormous rewards of the nineteen-twenties, the decade when crime paid. Zanuck's gangster was a human being in a human environment, a victim of a corrupt time. It would be difficult to name one other thing that applied the lash to the public conscience as "The Public Enemy" did. The Gangster Cycle is probably the best social service performed by any agency in America in the last ten years. Showers of gangster books and daily sensations in the newspapers failed to rouse an apathetic public and government, but the gangster pictures stirred the public and even disturbed the fat slumbers of municipal and federal officials. One of President Hoover's few accomplishments, the flank attack on hoodlums through the income-tax gatherers, followed close upon Zanuck's cinematic-journalistic blasts against the national disgrace. It is difficult to distribute the credit for repeal. The gold medal should undoubtedly be awarded to the idle dream of reduced income taxes; one of the various silver medals ought to be pinned on the chest of Zanuck. According to the custom of Hollywood, the motion-picture industry, instead of claiming credit for the Gangster Cycle, began to cringe and apologize and do public penance. Instead of being acclaimed for exposing and helping to end the gangster evil, the movies were roundly abused as the cause of the gangster evil. Public officials loathed the gangster pictures because they mirrored the incompetence and corruption of public officials. Politicians hated them because they indicated the harmony of politics and crime. Idealistic world-improvers and commercialized reformers hated them because they pictured, ten times more vividly than the printed word, the results of prohibition. Zanuck may suffer to some extent for his services to the nation. The reform hosts, shattered by repeal, are reorganizing and seeking something new to crusade about. They have made a determined effort to steal the crusade against Hollywood away from the Catholics.

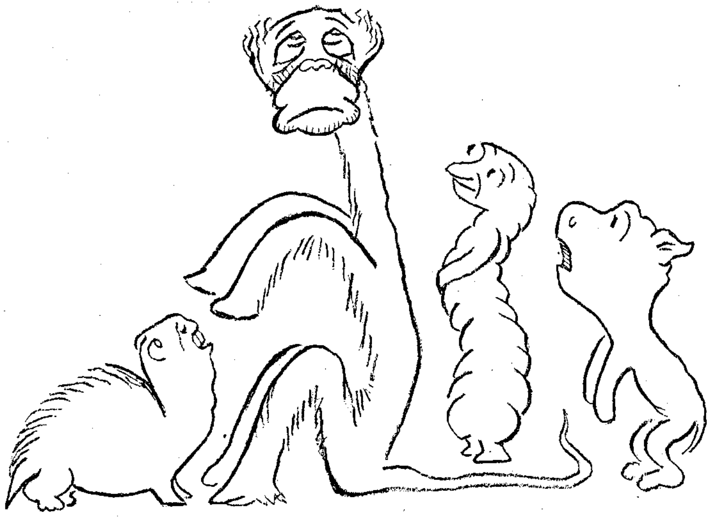
This will probably not harm Zanuck greatly, because he possesses the sovereign journalistic gift of getting bored in time and dropping a theme before it becomes a public nuisance. Long before the friars, parsons, and rabbis had begun to protest, Zanuck had announced that the Hardboiled Era was over. The great journalists are not men who worry about the public, but men who are fanatically interested in themselves. When Zanuck announced that the people were bored with lust and massacre in the films, it meant that he personally was bored with them. He asserts that the people want biographical films, which means that he is taking an interest in the lives of the great. Audiences desire romance, according to Zanuck, which means that he has turned soft and sentimental. He prophesies a trend toward Westerns, which means that he would like to see Bill Hart and Tom Mix cope once more with the caitiffs of the cow country. He adds that America is surfeited with comic-opera and musical films; that is, Zanuck is glutted with them.

Zanuck has another attribute of greatness, a turn for establishing his personal peculiarities as laws of nature. It takes a person of vast assurance and influence to raise his whims and weaknesses to the dignity of customs. Four-o'clock tea became a world-wide institution because a pace-setting British matron found that it agreed with her digestion to have a small meal between lunch and dinner. America was largely relieved of eyestrain because Adolph S. Ochs of the New York *Times* relieved himself of eyestrain. When the publisher's eyes were good enough to read fine print, he published his paper in fine print, paying no attention to the indignation of readers. When Ochs approached sixty, he began to have difficulty in deciphering his own microscopic characters, so he introduced larger type. A few years later his eyes began to bother him, and he enlarged the type again. This was a national blessing, because hundreds of publishers who took Ochs as a model began to print their newspapers in read-

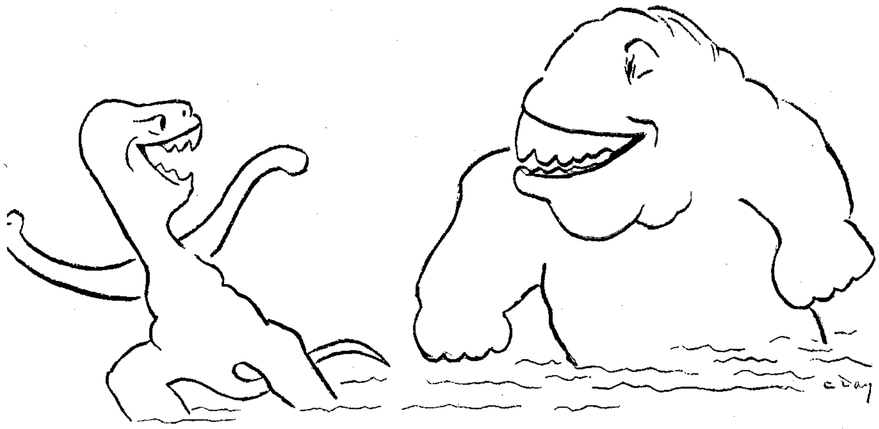
# SCENES FROM THE MESOZOIC



Age after age, some old roué,
The Casanova of his day,
Delights in telling guileless lads
His oily, amorous escapades.



Sometimes a beast would learn to brood
And cultivate an awesome mood,
Or moan in quite a striking way.
This brought him fame. It does today.



Even on mesozoic beaches
There were inane though joyous screeches.

What can it be about a shore
That has always made a bather roar?
—CLARENCE DAY

• •

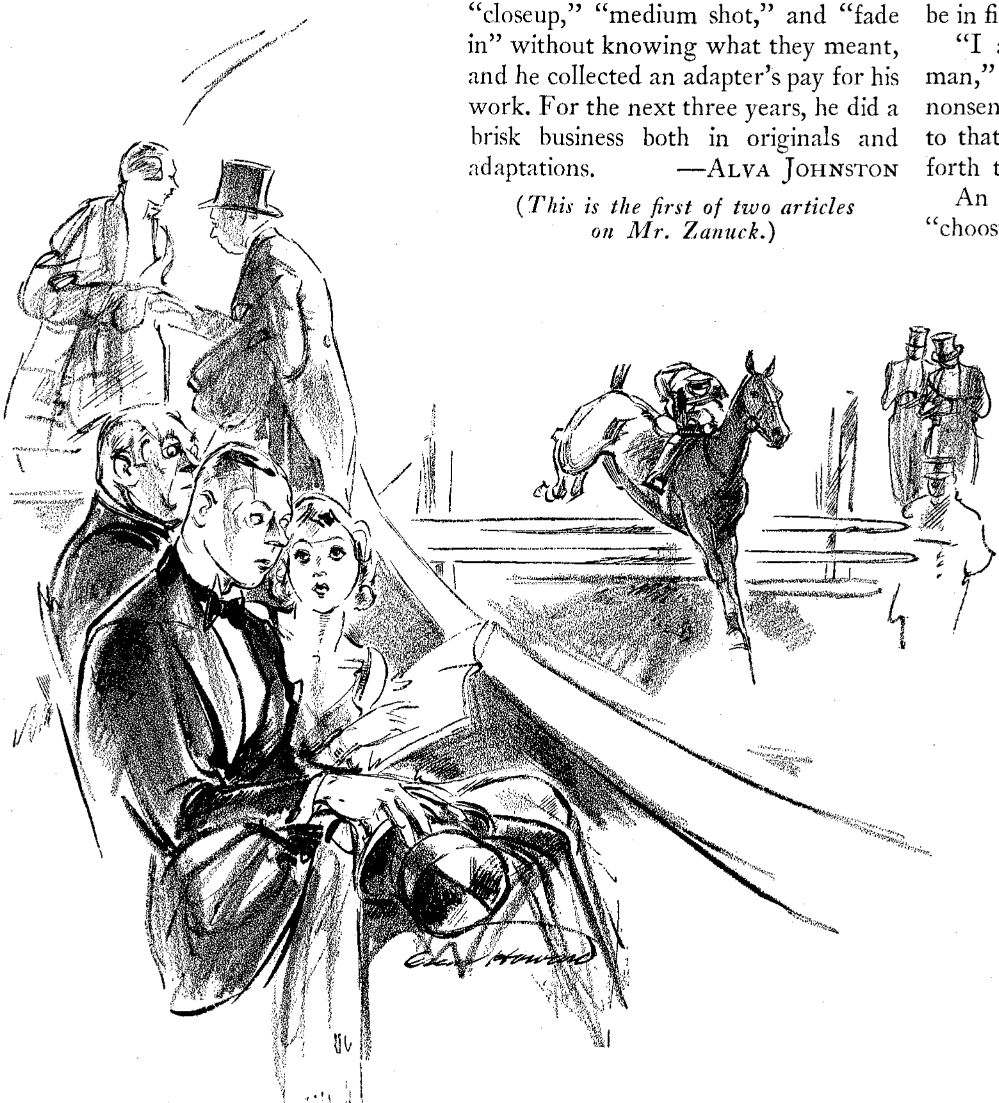
able characters. Like Ochs and the British matron, Zanuck is trying to make the world adopt one of his peculiarities. He likes to take a vacation of six or eight weeks to hunt bear, moose, or lion. He started his propaganda for long vacations when he was with Warner Brothers. Through economic necessity, the Warners had to shut down for long periods, automatically treating Zanuck to hunting trips. Zanuck succeeded in convincing the Warners that the pictures made immediately after a shutdown were vastly superior to those made at other periods of the year. Others accepted Zanuck's logic. He has sold the long bear-hunting and lion-hunting furloughs widely in Hollywood. Thousands of others may, because of Zanuck's example, soon be chasing giraffes and okapis.

Zanuck was born at Wahoo, Nebraska, thirty-two years ago with the two qualities which earmarked him for greatness in Hollywood—an extraordinary inventiveness, and a hatred of school. His inventiveness first took the form of writing home letters full of lies about his hunting trips; his grandfather owned several large ranches, which were hunting grounds for the boy as soon as he was able to hold up a rifle. At eight, he went to Los Angeles with his mother, who had been sent there for her health. The boy was placed in the Page Military Academy. He began to play hooky as soon as he discovered that a dollar a day could be earned by acting as an extra at the old Essanay lot in Glendale. One day, when he was a little Indian girl supporting Bessie Barriscale, who was a big Indian girl, Bessie complained that her wig did not fit. Zanuck's wig was snatched from his head and placed on Bessie's. He was sent by streetcar to a costuming house to get a new wig. His mother happened to be on the streetcar, and that ended the first phase of his movie career. At eight, he had made his movie début. At nine, he made his literary début, a Zanuck letter of three columns appearing in the Norfolk, Nebraska, *Sentinel*. It was the story of his train trip from Los Angeles to Omaha, a travelogue about Indians, greasers, cowboys, wild animals, and fell deeds, as seen through a car window. The things that he saw, experienced, heard, read, or made up during his boyhood became raw materials for letters, of which he wrote enormous quantities. Relatives and friends of young Zanuck were furnished with voluminous minutes of all that passed in his mind. His favorite authors were Mark Twain and O. Henry. O. Henry is Zanuck's god. For mental nourishment, he reads an O. Henry story every night. Zanuck still has a passion for writing and regards himself primarily as a writer. He considers the writing corps in Hollywood more important than the actors or directors.

Zanuck's grandfather and the United States Army were about equally responsible for discovering him. In 1917 and 1918, the grandfather used to have Zanuck's letters from the Mexican border, and later from France, published in a Nebraska weekly. They were republished in Omaha and elsewhere. The letters in the Omaha papers attracted official attention, and Zanuck was appointed Thirty-seventh Division correspondent to the A.E.F. newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*. He had lied four years onto his age and joined the army when he was fourteen years old—one day before his fifteenth birthday.

It was on the advice of a major, an admirer of Zanuck's correspondence in the *Stars and Stripes*, that the boy decided to become an author. He was seventeen years old when he returned from France. He wrote short stories and serials for several months without getting much encouragement from publishers. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday, he received his first check—from *Argosy*. A little later, he landed "Mad Desire" in *Physical Culture*. Several others of his stories were accepted, and he was settling down to a literary career when he learned that the Fox Film Company had considered one of his stories as a vehicle for William Russell. Fox finally vetoed the story, but the fact that the company had shown an interest was enough for the young writer, and he went to Hollywood. The process of crashing the movies was simple in Zanuck's case. He sent in a card to William Russell, outlined an original story, and sold it for five hundred and twenty-five dollars. He later learned that the man who adapted his story for the screen got fourteen hundred dollars for the adaptation. The boy from Wahoo then and there became an adapter. He filled his next story with technical language such as "closeup," "medium shot," and "fade in" without knowing what they meant, and he collected an adapter's pay for his work. For the next three years, he did a brisk business both in originals and adaptations. —Alva Johnston

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Zanuck.*)



*"What color is a gelding?"*

## MIDNIGHT MAGIC

Mr. Opal looked at his watch and saw that it was time to dress for the party. For a moment he thought that he wouldn't go to it. After he had been reading all evening, it was an effort to pull himself together and go out and meet a lot of people. These late parties were difficult unless one had something to do during the early part of the evening; something other, that is, than just sitting home alone, reading a novel. Novels always made Mr. Opal a little sleepy. The novels Mr. Opal read were like those narcotics one hears about that have absolutely no after-effects. You just fall at once into a beautiful deep sleep, and next day you are completely refreshed, as though you hadn't taken—or read—anything at all. Now Mr. Opal felt like heating up a cup of milk, adding a pinch of salt, and, with that warming the insides of him, packing himself off to bed. He would be in fine feather next day. He had no reason to be in fine feather next day.

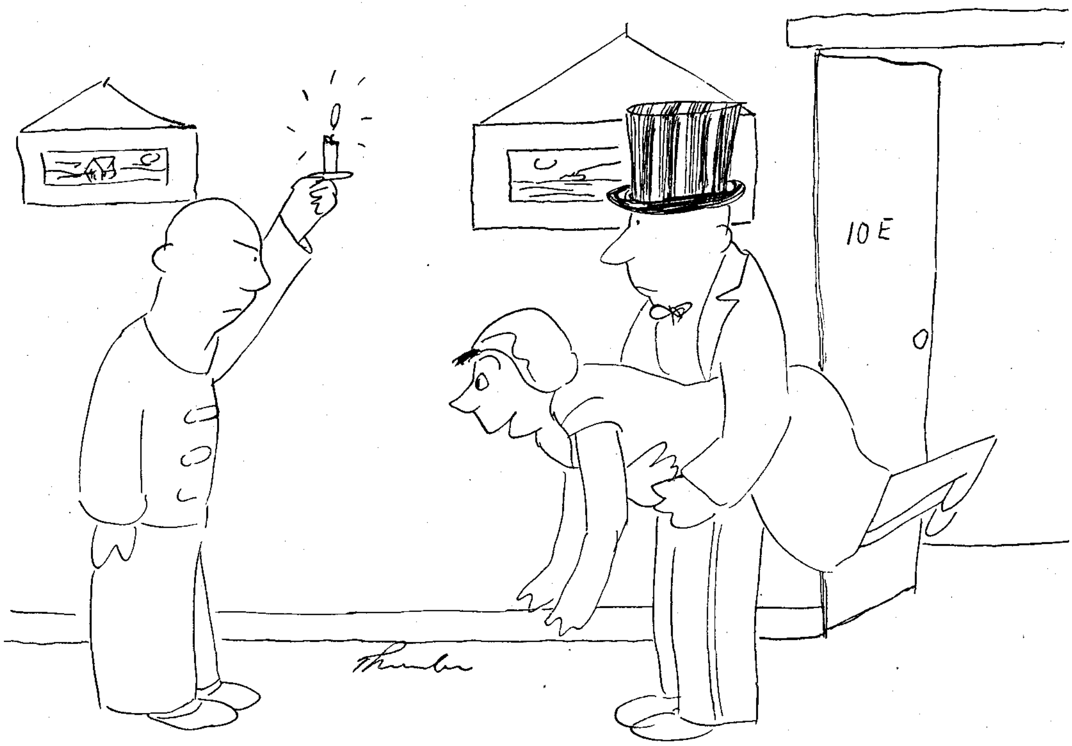
"I am treating myself like an old man," he suddenly said aloud. "What nonsense! I mustn't let myself get into that habit of behavior. I must sally forth to a night of pleasure."

An hour later, Mr. Opal was "choosing a card."

"Choose a card," said a bright young man in a white tie, holding out a pack to Mr. Opal, who was sitting in the front row of funeral chairs, for the entertainment of the evening had turned out to be "magic."

Mr. Opal drew the three of hearts and showed it to nobody. Certainly the young man—he couldn't have been over thirty-five—hadn't seen it, but after all sorts of weird incantations and maneuverings, he had announced "Three of hearts." It was all amazing.

Then many bewildering things happened. A white rat was pulled out of a silk hat in which broth had been boiled, and the silk hat was eventually returned to its owner intact. Doves flew out of handkerchiefs and vanished into nothing. Out of a box which had been shown to have no



*"This gentleman was kind enough to see me home, darling."*

• •

bottom, yards and yards of colored silk were drawn, and in a jiffy they turned from red to blue to white, and then somehow all at once they wove together into a flag. The magician had a smart patter, which he said had come down through history from the gipsies of the sixteenth century. All these centuries, then, while civilization had been plodding along, reflected Mr. Opal, doves had been flying out of hats, flying out of plumed cavalier hats and Colonial tricorns, long before they had had just these sleek modern silk hats. Mr. Opal was enjoying himself thoroughly. He laughed aloud several times, and was even a bit noisy in his applause. He felt as carefree, he told himself, as a boy.

NEXT to Mr. Opal sat a young man of twelve. This guest was by no means carefree. On the contrary, he was very grave and very intense. Not a trick was performed that he didn't follow with the closest attention, and every word of the patter sank surely into his little head. When rabbits appeared from nowhere, his eyes popped with excitement, and when the watch was smashed to bits, he shuddered. When the time came for him too to choose a card, it seemed likely that his thumb would work its way straight through the cardboard, so tightly did it press it. Mr. Opal hadn't noticed the child at first, but finally he found himself engrossed completely in the youngster's own gravity. It infected him somehow, and he too began to take all the little show that was being given them as something very momentous. In fact, the magic became so intense an affair for them both at last that Mr. Opal felt a sense of relief when it was over.

"Now can you explain it all to me?" he asked his neighbor then.

"No, sir," said the boy regretfully. "But I am going to learn all the tricks. Every one of 'em. I've got some pigeons and I've got some rabbits."

"They may disappear and never come back," said Mr. Opal. "It's easy to make things disappear, but hard sometimes to get them back."

"What a philosopher you have become," said a voice behind them. "But I don't want you to make a cynic of my son, my dear Opal."

"Priscilla!" cried Mr. Opal. "Your son? At your age, which is nothing at all compared with mine, you have a son so mature, an ornament of evening parties?"

"It is his first evening party, and he is trotting home to bed at once."

Mr. Opal shook his head. Priscilla, his dear Priscilla McCann, whom he had known ever since he came to New York, now with a son as escort! He remembered that once, years and years ago, there had been something between him and Priscilla. He couldn't remember just what it was, yet he was sure that once he had made a gesture of amorous significance in the general direction of Priscilla. It had been the most delicate gesture. Such an exquisite little thing Priscilla had been. Perhaps, one had been able to imagine in a brutish moment, she might have permitted a slight caress of the fingertips.

"Well, well," said Mr. Opal, "we are indeed getting on. To meet your son, Priscilla, is an occasion and an honor, but I fear it means that the years are passing more swiftly than I like to think. It marks a grim step forward." And he said to the boy, with the courtesy of the older generation, "How are you, my young man?"

"I am very well, sir," said the boy. "Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

"All those 'sirs'!" cried Mr. Opal. "They ring in my ears like the din of doom. Where are my crutches, my wheelchair, my mittens, my ear tabs? Priscilla, in a moment I have become a fogy."

"Come, Son," said Priscilla. "Mother's friends are a funny lot. Daffy, every one of them."

"Never believe a word your mother says," said Mr. Opal.

"No, sir," said the boy.

Mr. Opal bowed from the waist very solemnly to them both. The scene was all very ceremonial, he decided. Perhaps it was just as well they were leaving. Yes, it was an act of kindness on Priscilla's part to be taking her child away. Youth was such a ceremonial matter. It was like having royalty in the room to have little childish faces about. Now they were gone, one could relax.

Mr. Opal gave a glance about the room. No, there were no other children in the place. With approval and with reviving spirits, he fixed his eyes on the spectacle in a corner of a grandmother with the giggles.

—JOHN MOSHER

# THE THEATRE

## COMING ALONG NICELY

"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE" is just a plain, out-and-out, *nice* play. That is the only way to describe the warmth which creeps up and down your spine as this simple story of simple folk along the old Erie Canal unfolds before your not very startled eyes. It is all so pleasant and humorous that you want to cry a little.

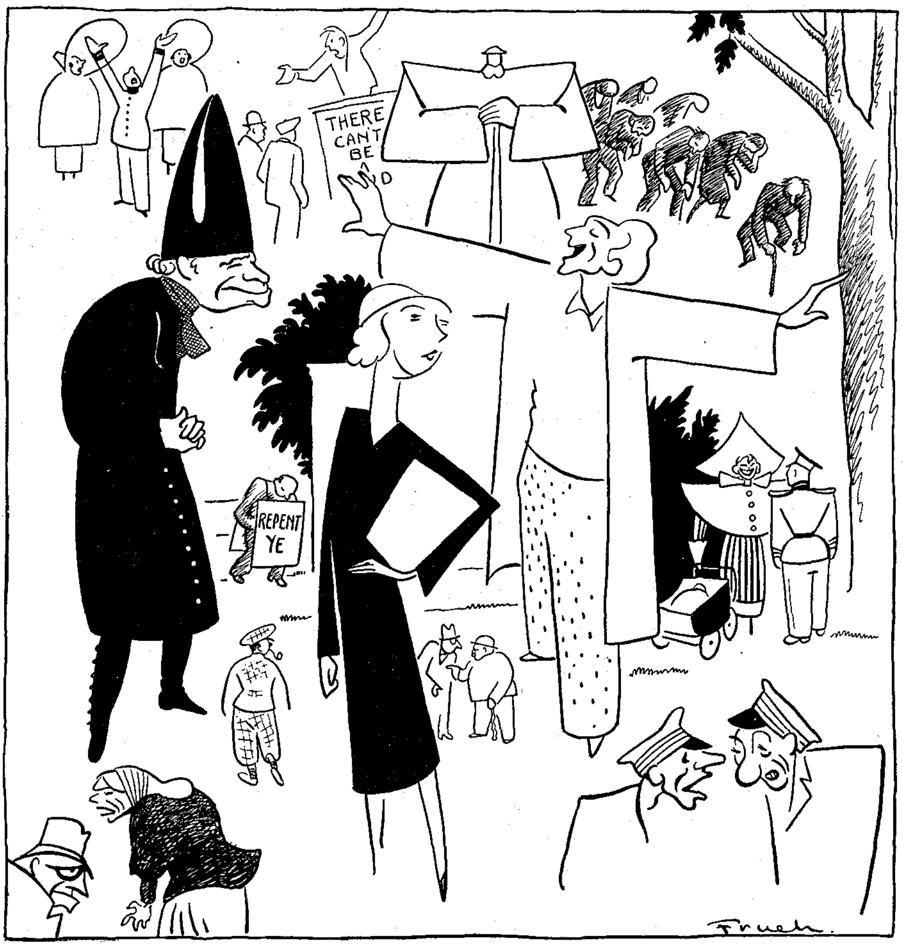
This sounds as if it were one of those lumbering Devonshire things by Eden Phillpotts, which run two years in London and close Saturday night in New York. Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly have not given us a play which is "nice" because it is dull. "The Farmer Takes a Wife" may not call for a revolving stage to keep up with its action, and, to tell about, it may not sound like a story which would jolt you backward in your seat, but it is not just a "quaint folk play." It has laughs, and lots of them, and they are the laughs that you like to think about after you have got home.

Based on the novel "Rome Haul," by Walter D. Edmonds, it tells the story of the rise and fall of the Erie Canal as the Eighth Wonder of the World, and the funny part about it is that as you hear June Walker's Chamber of Commerce boosting of the local industry, you actually feel that the "Grand Canawl" still has a chance to beat the railroads. At any rate, you hope that it has, if only for Miss Walker's sake.

It has been a long time since Miss Walker has been so happy in a rôle, and "happy" in this case means both happily cast and happy at heart. Molly Larkins is her dish, and she gets every ounce of value out of it that the authors and Mr. Connelly, as director, could have meant it to have. Henry Fonda, as the square farmer in a round canal, steps to the fore for the first time as a young man to be used as much as possible before Hollywood gets him. He and Miss Walker make an ideal team in what must be for them ideal rôles.

Of considerable interest and joy to old vaudevillians is the first appearance of Herb Williams in what is known as a "legitimate" part. It is easy to spot old Palace patrons in the audience, as they begin to laugh the minute he appears, and their confidence is not misplaced. He starts as a dilettante dentist, pulling two wrong teeth from the jaw of an unfortunate woman in the lobby of Hennessy's Hotel, and proceeds, through various vocations, to the inexpert manipulation of a newfangled "camera obscura," in which he is hampered by the lack of "a little piece of glass" in the front, which turns out to have been the lens. But throughout there is the running threat that he will burst into a tremulous "Spot-li-i-ight!" and appear with tan button shoes on the wrong feet. He doesn't need them in this play, but it is good to know that he still has them in reserve.

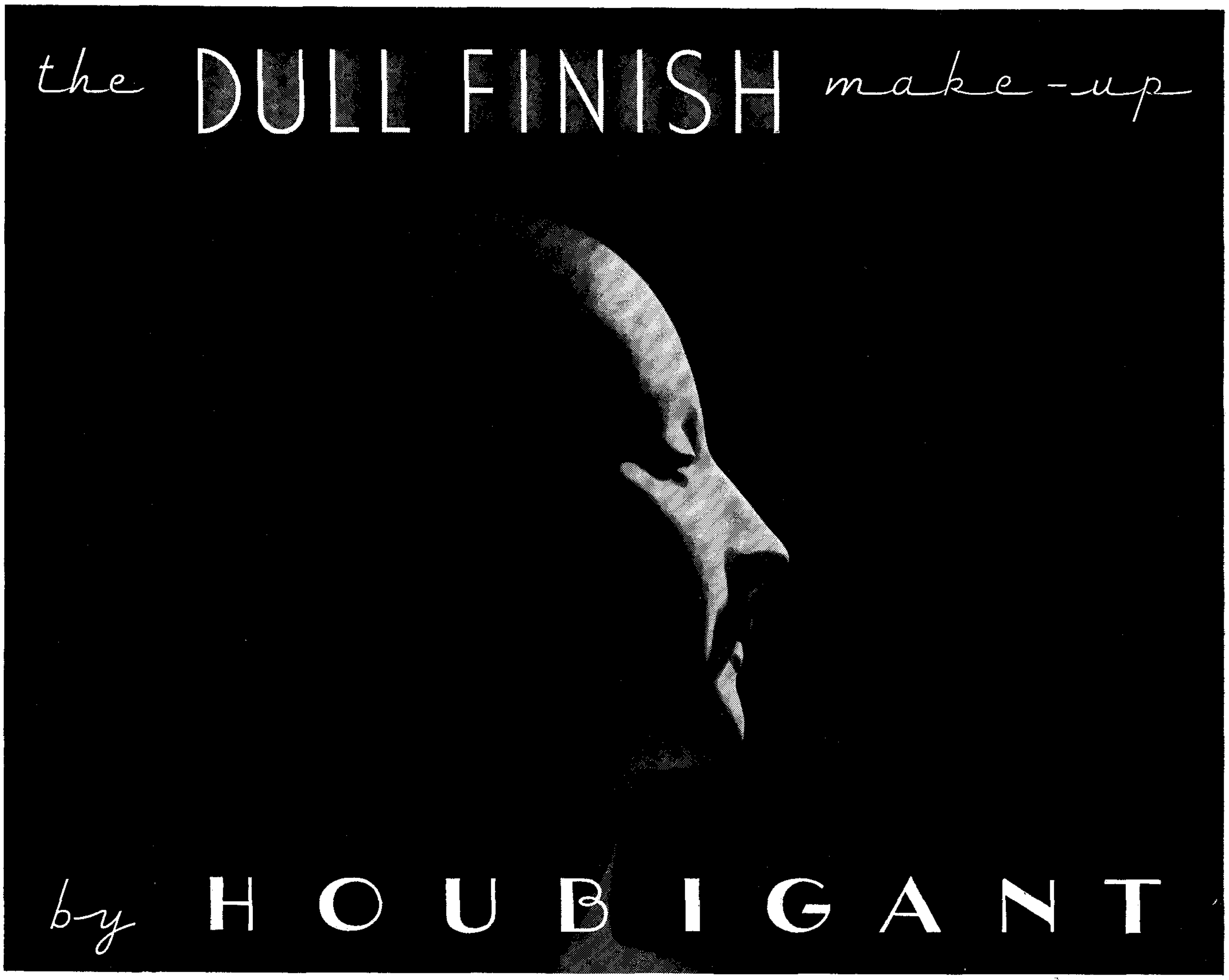
The rest of the cast, which includes Margaret Hamilton (of "Another Language" fame), Gibbs Penrose, Kate Mayhew, and Ralph Riggs, combine to make the old Erie Canal district a very real spot and "The Farmer Takes a Wife" a very real comedy.



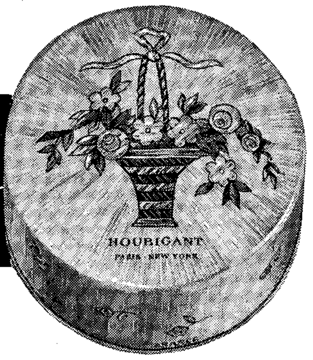
"WITHIN THE GATES"

*If you'll begin at the lower left and work up and down, up and down, the principal figures in this picture will resolve themselves into Morris Ankrum, Mary Morris, Moffat Johnston, Lillian Gish, Bramwell Fletcher, John Daly Murphy, and Barry Macollum. They are all to be seen in Sean O'Casey's momentous allegory at the National.*

IT is easy to understand why Miss Edith Barrett wanted to get away from the moonlight-and-honeysuckle blight which has dogged her short career as a star, and few young actresses have had the courage, or the opportunity, to execute such a *volte-face* as she has in appearing as a sadistic and bitchy matron in "Allure." Unfortunately, "Allure," for all its concern with unpleasantness, is essentially a moonlight-and-honeysuckle piece of writing. It gives the effect of a pretty young girl in a white organdie dress



the powder



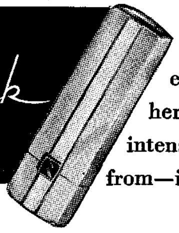
**HOUBIGANT DULL FINISH**...accepted internationally as the one face powder that really ends unlovely shine. Never evident, always natural in effect, it is offered without premiums or inducements other than its own supreme merit. Six shades comprise the range for every skin-tone; the fragrances—*Quelques Fleurs* or *Le Parfum Ideal*—add distinction; the price is $1, or (demi-size) 55c.

the rouge

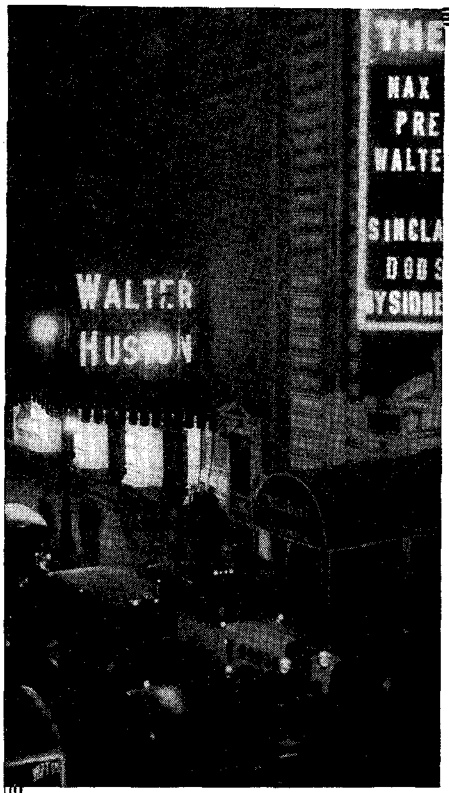
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

**HOUBIGANT HAND-PROCESSED**... entirely new, feathery fine, and long-lasting... hence, it gives you rouge-rightness for all the day. It invariably blends with your skin-tone correctly, subtly—like color *under* your skin. The six shades are uncannily natural; the box contains a silk-velvet puff; and three times as much rouge by actual weight! 75c.

the lipstick



**HOUBIGANT LIPSTICK TENACE**... tenacious in service as it is in name. Its enormous success abroad is being rapidly duplicated among discerning women here. It is never obvious, never greasily shining—but rather a natural and lasting intensification of your lips' own shade and soft texture. Four base colors to choose from—in slim gold cases. $1.10.



**Metropolis after dark**

The theatre is focal point of those activities engaged in by smart Metropolitans after dark.

Going to the play requires as paraphernalia: smart gowns, costly furs, modish shoes, the finest of hosiery and lingerie, jewelry, perfumes, cosmetics, toilet preparations, gloves and bags, the most correct of evening wear for men, town cars and their accessories—all of these appointments and appurtenances of living which are part and parcel of the world which revolves around the theatre.

Mention might be made too of the fact that they bring to The Stage a "fan" intensity of reader interest.

THE
**STAGE**
50 EAST 42 NEW YORK

trying to play Richard the Third in a school show.

As I listened to the Sonnets from the Portuguese which Leigh Burton Wells has written for his characters to read in the first act, I felt the old lust for blood coming over me, and rather than scratch and tear at an unoffending, well-meant bit of eiderdown, I exercised great self-control and left the theatre.

THERE are plays which obviously invite scrutiny only on the basis of entertainment value. "Ladies' Money" could not have been written by George Abbott, or produced by Courtney Burr, with anything more elaborate in mind than a good evening's diversion for quite a lot of people. My opinion is that it made the grade, with something to spare.

It is one of those "know all—see all—hear all" plays in which the front of a house is taken off and you look right into four rooms at once. Quite a lot goes on in those four rooms, and the activity ranges from the customary routine of living to cheating, stabbing, and general upheaval. Every once in a while you are startled, every once in a while you feel sad, and every once in a while you get to laughing. I guess that's an evening's entertainment, isn't it?

It is one of those plays in which you can't tell one member of the cast from another unless you are married to one of them. From a careful scrutiny of the newspaper reviews, however, I gather that Jerome Cowan, Hal Dawson, and Margaret Callahan were among those who did themselves proud, although it is a uniformly competent cast and there is no reason for singling out any one. In fact, "Ladies' Money" is a good example of conscientious, efficient playwriting and casting, and, setting out to fill an evening pleasantly and excitingly, goes right ahead and does it. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

WANTED—Rabbits in increasing quantities. B-843.—*Adv. in Philadelphia Inquirer.*

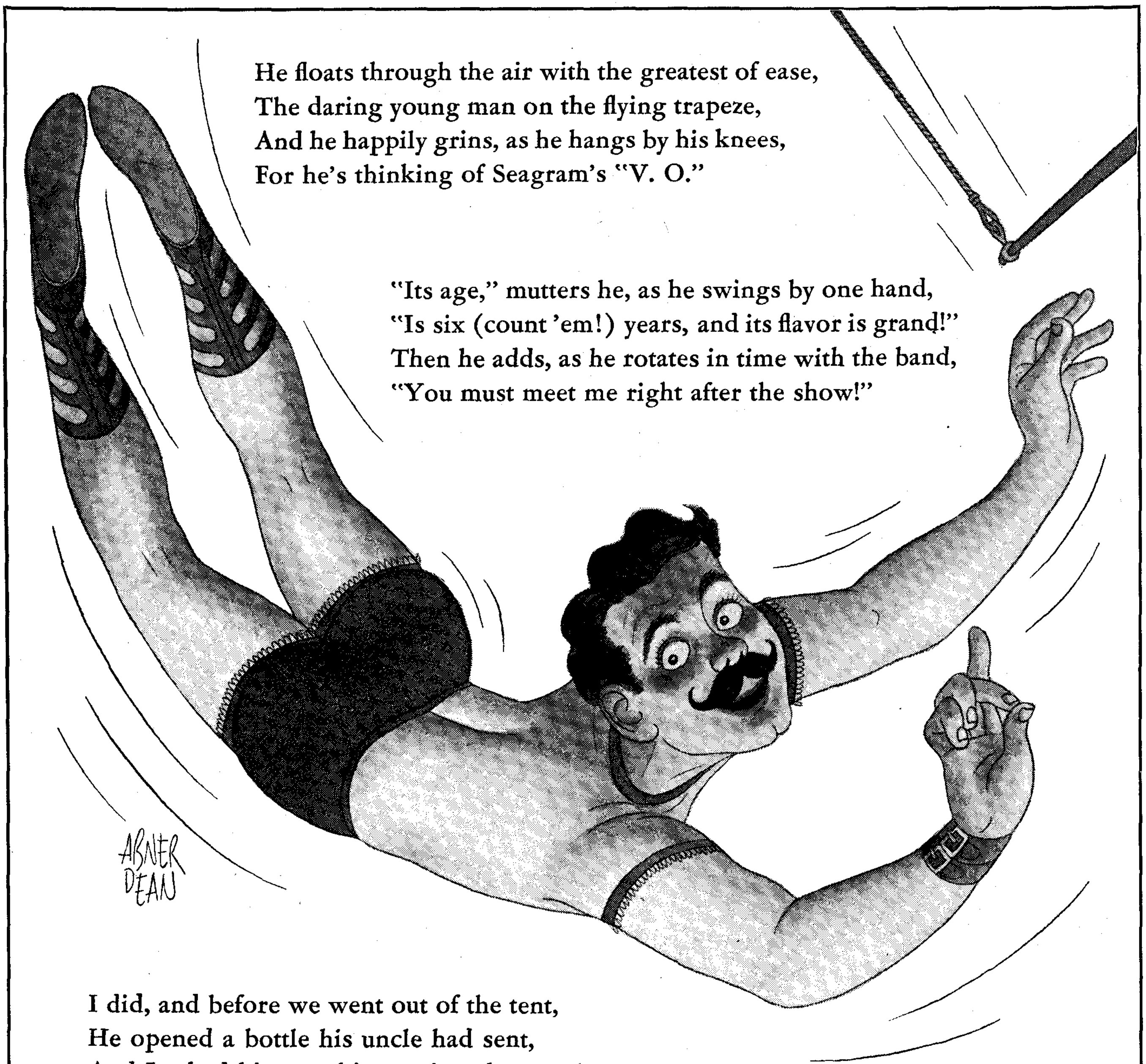
The perfect owner!

•

### FULLER EXPLANATION DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times Book Review*]

The title of David Seabury's forthcoming book, to be published shortly by Whittlesey House, is not "What Makes Us Feel So Queer?" as was stated in this column two weeks ago, but "What Makes Us Seem So Queer," without the interrogation point.



He floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the flying trapeze,
And he happily grins, as he hangs by his knees,
For he's thinking of Seagram's "V. O."

"Its age," mutters he, as he swings by one hand,
"Is six (count 'em!) years, and its flavor is grand!"
Then he adds, as he rotates in time with the band,
"You must meet me right after the show!"

I did, and before we went out of the tent,
He opened a bottle his uncle had sent,
And I asked him, as this gracious hero unbent,
What gave him his breath-taking nerve.

**BOTTLED IN BOND**
**Under Canadian Government Supervision**

**SIX YEARS OLD**

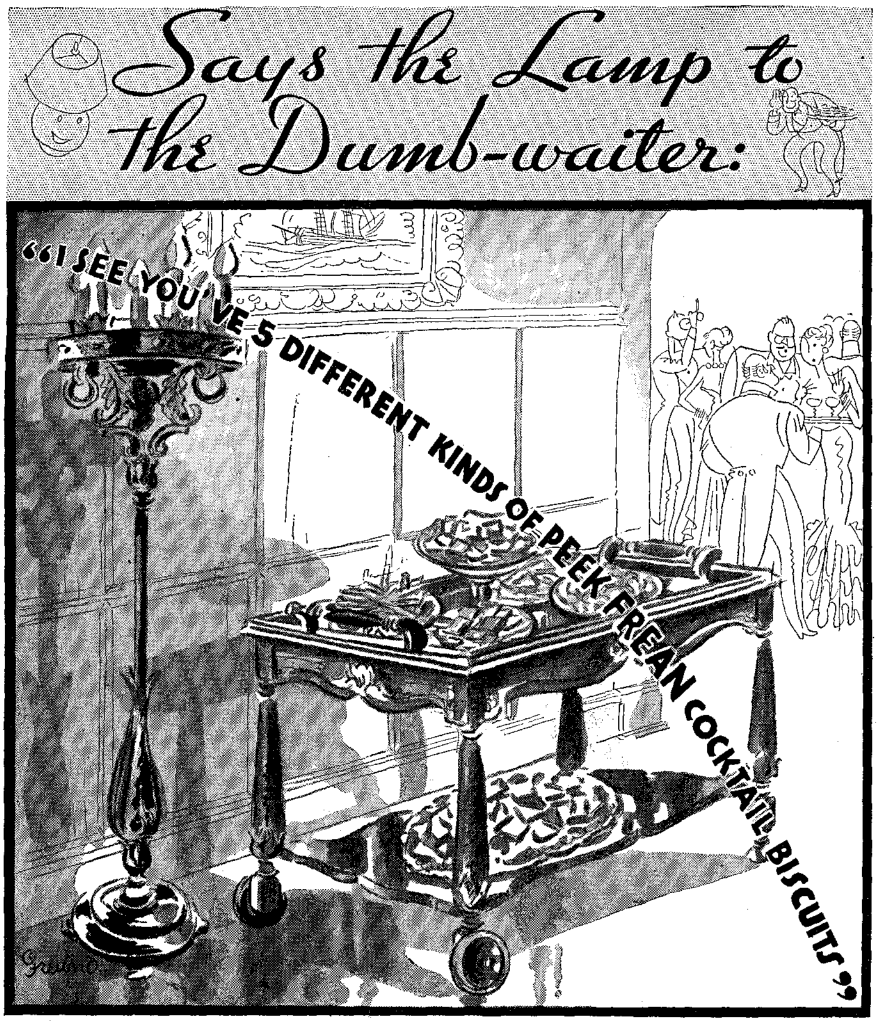
Seagram's
"V.O."
Rare Old
Canadian
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
6 YEARS OLD

"My friend," he replied, as he gracefully poured,
"The secret is just that my locker is stored
With Seagram's, and once I've a jigger aboard,
I can laugh as I soar through each curve!"

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Say **Seagram's** and be Sure

MYSTIFY YOUR GUESTS with these new tricks. Send 10c for booklet "FUN AT COCKTAIL TIME." Also includes famous recipes for cocktails and canapés. Write Dept. NY-K, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Bldg., N. Y.


Says the Lamp to the Dumb-waiter:
"I SEE YOU'VE 5 DIFFERENT KINDS OF PEEK FREAN COCKTAIL BISCUITS"

**And No Wonder!** You, too, can now serve PEEK FREAN'S imported cocktail biscuits, because the new package (illustrated below) *reduces the cost by 30-40%:* This week brings a shipment of yet another variety direct from England... SAVOURY SNACKS, a delightful assortment of five different appetizer-biscuits.

TWIGLETS, crisp, savoury, twig-shaped biscuits, ideal for "nibbling at" ● COCKTAIL PUFFS, light, flaky, pastry bubbles suavely flavoured with cheese ● CELERY SANDWICH, two round biscuits sandwiched together with a fascinating celery-flavoured cream ● PIQUANT SANDWICH, a fan-shaped sandwich biscuit with a zestful "meaty" tang that appeals particularly to the men-folk ● CHEDDAR SANDWICH, flavoured with Cheddar cheese-flavoured cream ●

Imagine the intriguing display these unique shapes will make! Picture your guests' enthusiasm for biscuits with flavours to suit all tastes! And then go to any high-class grocery store and ask for a package of PEEK FREAN'S SAVOURY SNACKS. You will be surprised to know how economical it is to indulge once more in the Art of Good Living!

SAVOURY SNACKS
PEEK FREAN & CO. LTD.
George Series
FOR SERVING WITH COCKTAILS

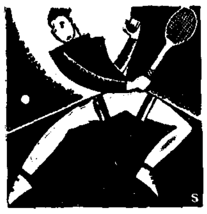
PEEK FREAN'S
*of London England*

By appointment to H. M. King George V.

*Makers of the world-famous*
ALLWHEAT CRISPBREAD
100% stone-ground whole-wheat wafers
"For Health and Slimness"

# COURT GAMES

## *First Round*



THE 5–0 score which marked two of the three matches with which the Class A squash-tennis season opened last week was a little more one-sided than most people expected. In every match but one, the City A.C. beat the Yale Club in straight games; even the latter's ranking player, Barry Ryan, lost—to L. S. Green, 15–11, 15–11. Columbia's victorious day at the Harvard Club was even more impressive, for it was accomplished without benefit of such old Class A men as Rowland Haines, Phil Moore, and Gardner Hirons. Haines has given up squash for the time being; Moore, a topnotch player, used to get hurt rather badly and intends to take things easier this year; Hirons expects to play later in the season. It's often hard to get some of the crack men to appear in these early interclub games; neither Fillmore Hyde nor Murray Taylor showed up for Harvard the other day. The situation has to be a bit crucial before they like to play.

At least two of the Columbia-Harvard matches were closer than the scores indicated. Both W. K. Rice and George W. Cobb, Jr., put up considerable rallies before being defeated by F. R. Hanson, Jr., and E. L. Kilroe, respectively. Hanson eventually worked up terrific speed, especially in straight up-and-down-the-court shots. This type of shot was also used a lot by F. V. Brodil of Columbia against Joseph Larocque, Jr., whose change of pace, however, finally won. Incidentally, these up-and-down shots now frequently result in aces at the Harvard Club; the repainting of the courts has made them much faster than before. According to one of the players, a special mixture of powder and shellac, calculated to make the ball bounce more cleanly, has been placed over the black-enamel paint. What with this, the new ball, and the fact that a photographer from the *Times* appeared on the opening day (ordinarily a midseason phenomenon), the club feels that this is going to be a wonderful year.

THE 3–2 defeat of Princeton by the Crescent A.C. was witnessed by a small and unenthusiastic gal-

MARIE EARLE

# IN THE NEW BEAUTY SALON

## A GROUP OF FAMOUS EXPERTS

The moment you enter our beautiful Italian Directoire Salon you know that your beauty problems are in inspired hands. For instance—

**MARIE EARLE**—You may undergo the stimulating pleasure of a Marie Earle facial in the world's most sumptuous chaise-longue. It may be just a thirty minute beauty "tonic" to refresh you after a busy day (2.00), or a long, luxurious treatment that makes you over right from the last vertebra. Marie Earle facials range from 3.50 to 6.50

**CLAIROL** is the much-talked-about shampoo oil tint (the only one in existence, if you please) which gives a glow to your hair as it tints. For simply bringing out the lights in your locks, it is a mere 2.50. For a complete change of color (incidentally this includes your personality) prices range from 5.00 to 12.50

**M. LEON**—Before a hairdresser is allowed so much as to waft his razor over your locks, he has been trained by M. Leon himself, the celebrated French coiffeur who directs our Salon. Consultations with M. Leon are without charge. 1.50 buys a hair cut or a finger wave. A permanent wave, including shampoo and set, is 12.50

In short, we polish you off from top to toe, and, by the way, manicures are 75c, pedicures, 2.00, and there is a chiropodist at your service, too.

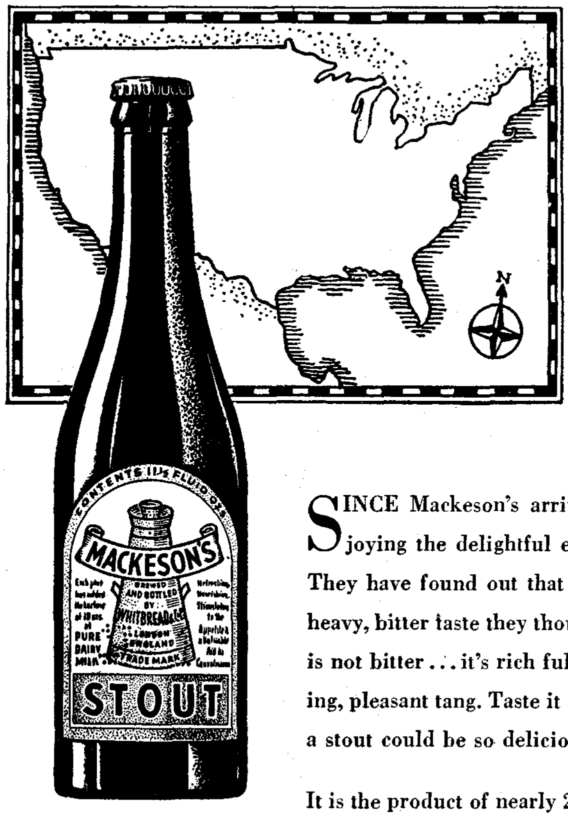
SEVENTH FLOOR

**BONWIT TELLER** FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**Now —**

**MORE AMERICANS ARE DRINKING STOUT...and liking it**



**A STOUT TO AMERICA'S TASTE!**

SINCE Mackeson's arrival more Americans are enjoying the delightful experience of drinking stout. They have found out that Mackeson's has none of the heavy, bitter taste they thought all stout had. Mackeson's is not bitter ... it's rich full body has a mellow, satisfying, pleasant tang. Taste it and you'll say "I had no idea a stout could be so delicious."

It is the product of nearly 200 years brewing experience ...try a nip and taste how palatable and invigorating it is.

Mackeson's is all that a stout should be—plus. Each pint contains the energizing lactose of 10 oz. of pure dairy milk. Yet its taste is stout ... *all stout.* It is more nutritious, strengthening and a healthful stimulant. Doctors and dietitians prescribe it ... but you'll drink Mackeson's *mainly* because you like it ... anytime, or as often as you would beer.

*Mackeson's is brewed in England, in the good old way, from the finest British malt and hops, by Whitbread & Co. Ltd. Established 1742.*

*On Sale at leading stores including*

GRISTEDE BROS.
FORTNUM & MASON
CHARLES & CO.
ROYAL SCARLET STORES

★

**MACKESON'S *Milk* STOUT**

★ ★ SOLE AGENTS U. S. A.
**R. C. WILLIAMS & CO.** INC. N.Y.
*Established 1811* ★ ★

lery E. R. Larigan, the ranking player of the latter club, drew a Princeton substitute — M. C. Markham. Markham lost his match but won what seemed a moral victory to the spectators (two reporters, and a man in a frock coat whom no one could identify) when Larigan took his sweater off in the second game. The match between A. H. Markwald, Jr., of Crescent and C. H. Donner of Princeton was notable for the extreme courtesy of both players and a propensity on the part of Donner, the loser, to get hit by the ball. N. H. Aronsohn's defeat of G. T. Baxter of Crescent was distinguished by the length of time involved. Both men wanted frequent rest periods for the apparent purpose of panting.

Princeton Club news, while we are on the subject, includes the reassuring statistic that over a hundred and twenty members are playing squash regularly. Of these, about seventy-five are playing squash racquets. Charles Costello, the pro, tells us that Ivy Lee, Jr., is one of the most promising squash-racquets players, and that E. P. Field, a Class C squash-tennis man, has beaten many of his official betters. A recent graduate, Field has just started club squash, but he's been practicing all summer, and may turn out to be one of those Class-C-to-Class-A-in-one-season men.

HERE AND THERE: Dr. Mixsell, once the Grand Middle - Aged Man of the game, is again deserting squash tennis for court tennis. So are Auguste Cordier and Tom Coward, although they may play in the Clyde Martin Memorial Tournament at the Yale Club in January. . . . W. K. Rice, secretary of the National Squash Tennis Association and member of the executive committee of the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association, is the only active player with a Class A rating in both games. . . . Frank Lafforgue, Yale Club pro, took advantage of the *tohu-bohu* caused by the rebuilding of four of the courts there this summer by leaving his two assistants in charge of the fifth while he drove to the Coast. . . . Sign of the times: Steve Feron, Jr., who used to teach squash at the Army and Navy Club, is now at the Junior League.

—G. T. H.

•

The condition of Miss Eleanor Freeman, who was operated on for accumulation of sand from the ship hospital is as good as can be expected.—*Bangor* (*Me.*) *News.*

We for one don't expect much.

SO LONG, BOYS – THERE'S A KEG OF SCHAEFER AT THE FINISH LINE!
Schaefer
LIGHT BEER

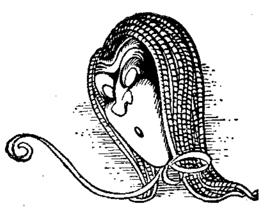
OUR HAND HAS
NEVER
LOST ITS SKILL

Schaefer

*Oldest Lager Beer Brewers in the U. S.*

**High-wheeled bicycles are just museum pieces to most of us. Yet, back in the days when everybody rode them, and long before that, Schaefer was already firmly established as one of New York's leading beers. For 92 years, since 1842, this oldest beer in the country has been famous for high quality. But don't take our word, for we'd like you to try Schaefer and judge for yourself. The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Member Brewers' Board of Trade.**

# SHOUTS AND MURMURS



## RATTLING A SKELETON

IT has been some weeks now since last your correspondent put key to ribbon. In that interval there have, it is true, been occasional impulses to unsheath once more that implement of my trade which a faintly literary matron of my acquaintance (who should, of course, be killed) repulsively describes as her tipper-tapper. Thus I was moved almost to action by a notification from South China that the Café Tai Yang had been opened as an up-to-date rendezvous for the most élite society of Swatow. "Realizing the difficulty which confronts bachelors to bring their own dance partners," the card sent me explains, "the management have secured the services of few young ladies. These young ladies are of impeachable character and have been selected with care." Then I felt I ought to do something about the headline-writer out in Los Angeles who has been compressing the recent Vanderbilt-Morgan strife into "Tot Row."

But it took an article in the October number of *Fortune* to drive this laggard scribe back to his tipper-tapper. I refer to *Fortune's* readable and supercalendered meditations on the history and social import of the General Foods Corporation. And in particular to the section of that compendium devoted to its Founder, the late Charles William Post, an eccentric magnate who was, in his time, the Henry Ford of the alimentary tract. Mr. Post was the inventor of Grape-Nuts, the frightening foe of the coffee bean, the namesake of Postum, and the coiner of that cautious and enigmatic but profitable slogan, "There's a reason." He was also the father of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton of Roslyn, Palm Beach, and the rotogravures. The doughty editors of *Fortune* make Mr. Post the subject of one of their displeasing little vignettes which might be described as dirty-thumbnail sketches. But even so their capsule biography is misleadingly elliptical and a trifle too tender. The corrective addenda herewith submitted are intended as a footnote to their account of the once-famous fracas between Mr. Post and *Collier's Weekly*. It was one of the most interesting libel actions in the history of this litigious commonwealth and probably the only one in which a publication did the suing, instead of, as alas so often, the other way about.

THE *Fortune* account of the antecedent action is accurate enough. Inflamed by the Founder's natural enthusiasm for his contributions to the nation's dietary, the Postum Cereal Company had gone in largely for advertising which at least hinted at tremendous curative powers. This was before the American Medical Association began to discourage such therapeutic excesses in salesmanship. But even in those unregenerate days one would find the more blatant claims made only in the country newspapers and the ever hospitable columns of the religious press. The testimonials submitted in behalf of Grape-Nuts finally wrung some withering comment from *Collier's*, to which then bellicose gazette the expert and vigorous Samuel Hopkins Adams was serving as mentor in all matters pertaining to fraud. This comment stung Post to a widely published broadside describing *Collier's* as an embittered publication which was trying to blackmail him into buying advertising space in its columns. *Collier's* replied with a suit for libel. "The suit ended with victory for Mr. Post in the New York Court of Appeals," the editors of *Fortune* say benignly, "but from that time on the advertising of the Postum Cereal Co. took on a more moderate tone." As a finale for this act in the drama, they show the setting sun caressing with rosy fingers the windows of the present *Collier* editorial sanctum in the upper reaches of the Postum Building.

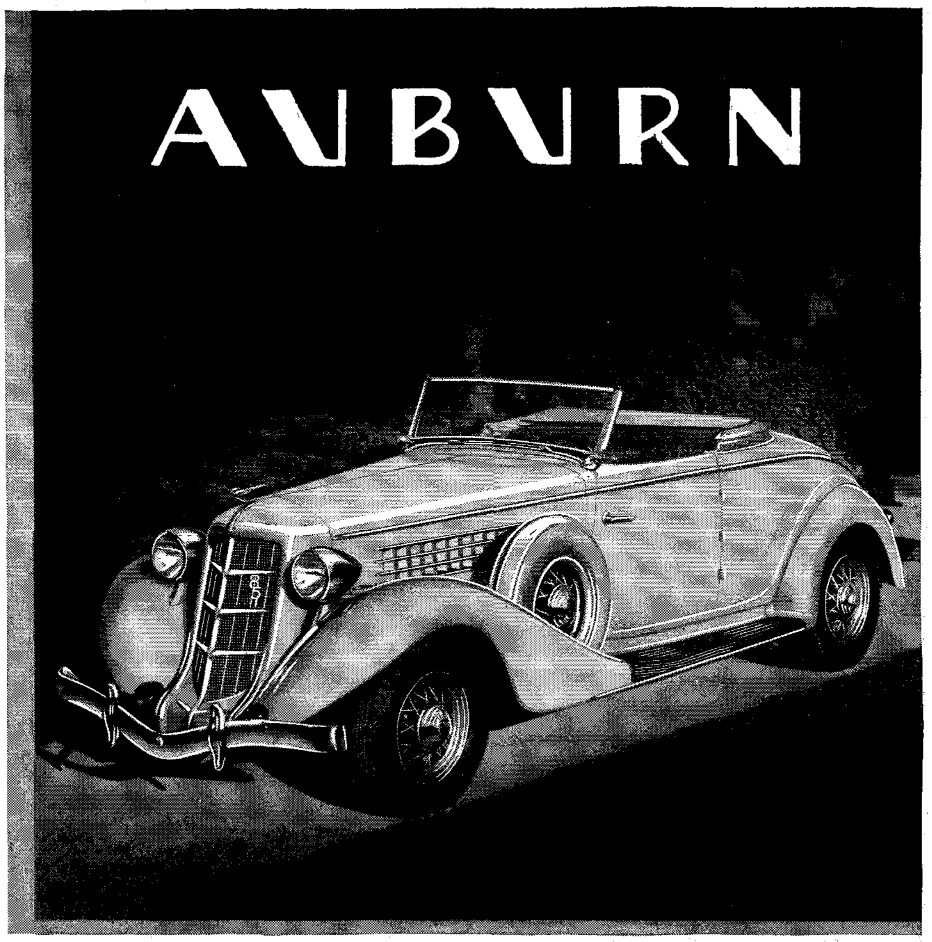
Now, I submit that the most painstaking reader of that account would find it difficult to deduce therefrom the fact that in the court of first instance the jury brought in a verdict *against* the Postum Company. It was for fifty thousand dollars and was said at the time to be the largest libel damages ever awarded in the State of New York. The dusty little delvers for *Fortune* could have found an exquisitely phrased account of it on the front page of the New York *Times* for Sunday, December 4th, 1910. And for their vignette about Mr. Post himself, they might, by turning back a single day in the same file, have found much colorful detail.

The trial was a stormy one, with the sedate Eugene Philbin at great disadvantage before a jury when pitted against the redoubtable James W. Osborne, who combined a Southern accent and a rustic appearance with a gift more often ascribed to the Bull of Bashan. One interested and unruffled spectator was the youngish man who had been advertising manager of *Collier's* at the time when the quarrel was brewing and who later went into publishing on his own account. He was a Mr. Condé Nast. In the dim-lit courtroom, Osborne's rough-hewn face was irradiated by a light as of some inner happiness when he found that Post himself was going to take the stand and submit to cross-examination. That light was positively incandescent when his chance came to confront that disconcerted witness with the evidence that, long before he began manufacturing Grape-Nuts, Post had presided over the destinies of a mental-suggestion sanatorium at Battle Creek called The La Vita Inn. Indeed, Osborne had in his gloating possession and brandished before the jury an opus published by Mr. Post at that time called "I Am Well."

In writing that guide to the principles of "Scientia Vitæ," Mr. Post deferentially professed to be no more than a contented pen held in the hand of God. The text reported cures at the La Vita Inn of everything, from paralysis to molar abscesses, and included, for instance, the curious case of a victim of erysipelas who, after merely looking at Mr. Post, felt within five minutes the cessation of all pain. Personally, Mr. Osborne would offer no such testimonial. "Ah've been lookin' at him steadily for two weeks," he roared at the jury, "and he makes *me* sick." The production in court of "I Am Well" apparently came as a painful surprise to the Postum counsel, while *Collier's* regarded their exhibit as a collector's item of priceless rarity because, except for this sole survivor, the entire edition had apparently evaporated, including, as Mr. Osborne told the reporters, the

New 1935

EXCLUSIVE · · DISTINCTIVE · · INDIVIDUAL



The New 1935 Cabriolet

They look like

$3000 Cars

*but sell for*

$695

*and up, at factory*

IT IS perfectly natural for discriminating people to want a motor car that is distinctive and different.

*Auburn specializes in building that kind of a car.* The New 1935 Auburn has met with a tremendous reception, not only because it is new and strikingly different in design, but even more so because of its *performance.*

Auburn gives you room and lots of it! Comfort the like of which you have never enjoyed before! There is a priceless feeling of security, confidence, and safety, on the road at all speeds. There is solidity in the way it steadily holds the road —there is steadfastness in the way it runs in a straight line. It is a car for automobile connoisseurs—for those who have no patience with mediocrity—for those who find satisfaction only in possessions of unimpeachable quality.

There is permanency about it. Its strength, its roominess, its rigidness, and its precision of construction spell endurance. The more you drive it, the more you are impressed by the way it *maintains* its efficiency. Not one, but the sum total of many improvements, is responsible for the *kind* of service the new Auburn renders:—127-inch wheelbase, for the Eight; famous Lycoming engine; a frame of dreadnought strength; ride stabilizer; and of course, Dual-Ratio.

We urge you to become acquainted with this truly fine motor car, the price of which, considering its outstanding value, is remarkably low.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA—*Division of Cord Corporation*

Callum's
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
McCallum's Perfection Scots Whisky
PATENTED 1931
MADE IN U.S.A.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

There is no whisky like Scots whisky and no Scots whisky like McCallum's. It is "Perfection" itself—a genuine whiff of Auld Scotia's hills and glens—brought to you direct in taped, sealed, tamper-proof, distinctively labelled oval bottles.

**McCallum's Perfection Scots Whisky**

EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) LONDON

*Distributor:*
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORP.
New York and Chicago

*Distributor:*
HERMAN ELSBACH & SONS INC.
San Francisco and Los Angeles

copy which had mysteriously disappeared from the Congressional Library. He made the strong implication that such a disappearance could have been effected only by one with such a knack for intrigue as would make the Church of Rome and the Standard Oil Company seem amateur bunglers by comparison. I have since learned, however, that whole truckloads of volumes can and do vanish from that national reservoir of book-learning without anyone being either the wiser or, apparently, the angrier.

HOW it happened that, of all the newspapers in New York, only the *Times* ventured to treat the jury's decision as the occasion for a front-page story would be one instructive feature in the history of this case which should be compiled for required reading in every school of journalism. And of even greater pedagogic value would be the lesson which might be drawn from the part the aforesaid Adams played in the episode. On the stand, Mr. Post angrily denied that he had ever recommended Grape-Nuts as a cure for inflammation of the vermiform appendix. And *Collier's* was able to point out triumphantly that it had never accused him of making such a representation. Thanks to the surgical precision of Mr. Adams' prose, the provocative editorial had been beautifully careful to make its accusations with hair's-breadth exactitude. It had merely said—no more and no less—that certain widely circulated paragraphs "labored to induce the impression that a diet of Grape-Nuts would obviate the necessity for an operation in appendicitis." This sentence so precisely expressed the facts that years later Mr. Osborne was able to use it as a plank on which he could leap up and down in court without fear of its splintering under him. Such streamline prose has functional beauty, and in journalism, at least, any other kind of beauty is, to my notion, just so much sen-sen. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

•

## GRATITUDE

Should any kindly soul, my dears,
Assist you in this vale of tears,
Be sure to show him gratitude;
For who that is not base and rude
Would grudge a pleasant word or two
In giving thanks where thanks are due?
Besides, there is no telling when
You might need help from him again.

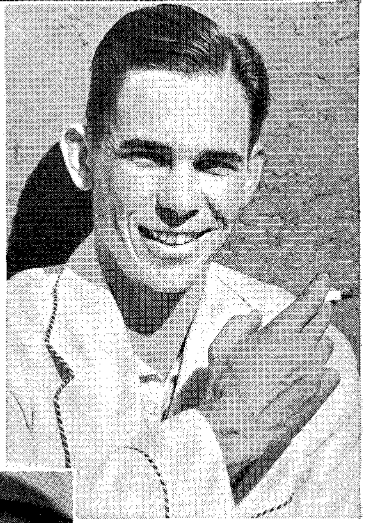
—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

ENERGY USED UP ?—
Get a LIFT with a Camel!

## FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers . . . real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



**TENNIS STAR.** (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep ...take away that tired feeling...I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

**BRIDGE EXPERT.** (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels...I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"

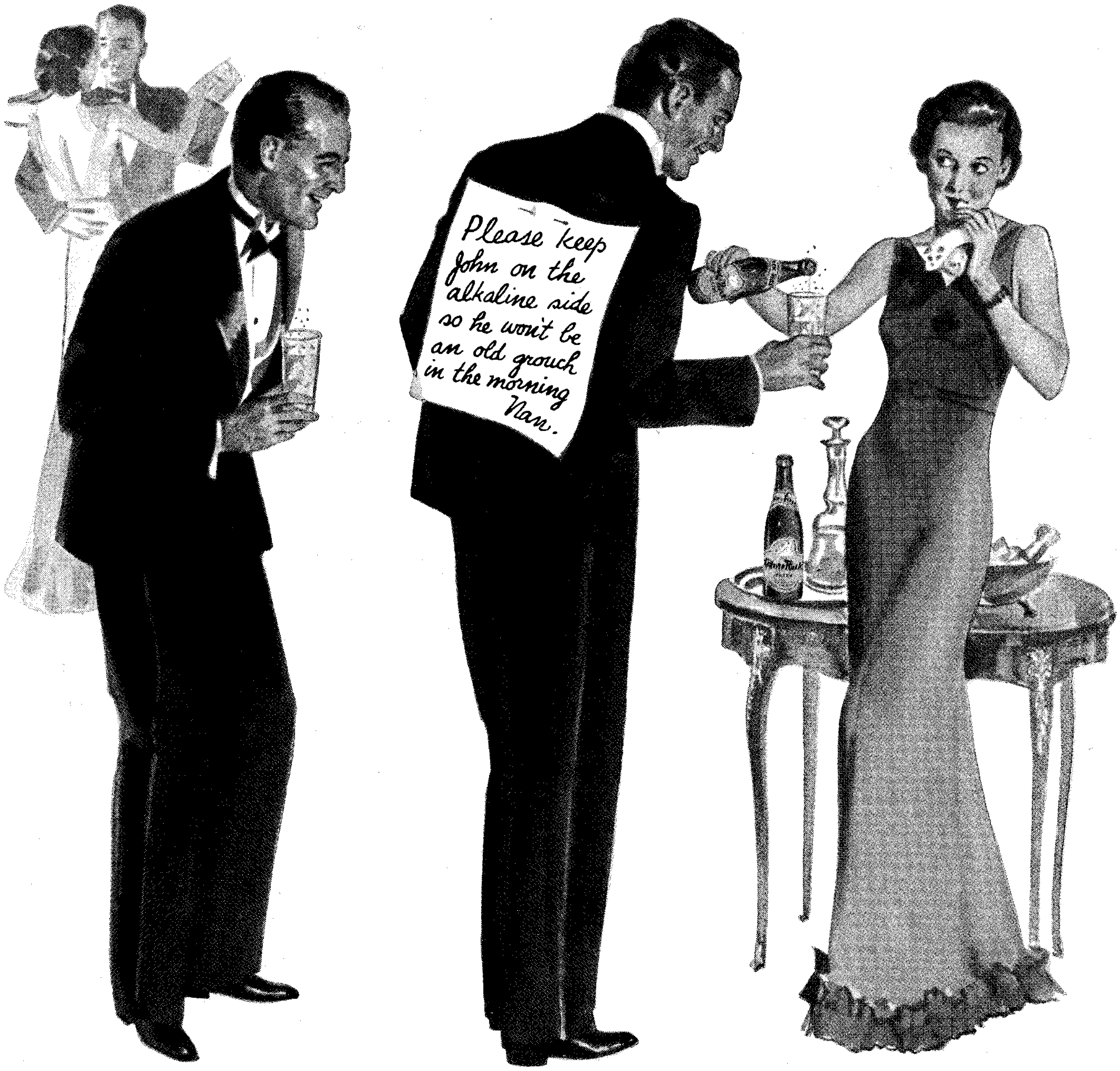
**CHAMPION GOLFER.** (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

**TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:**

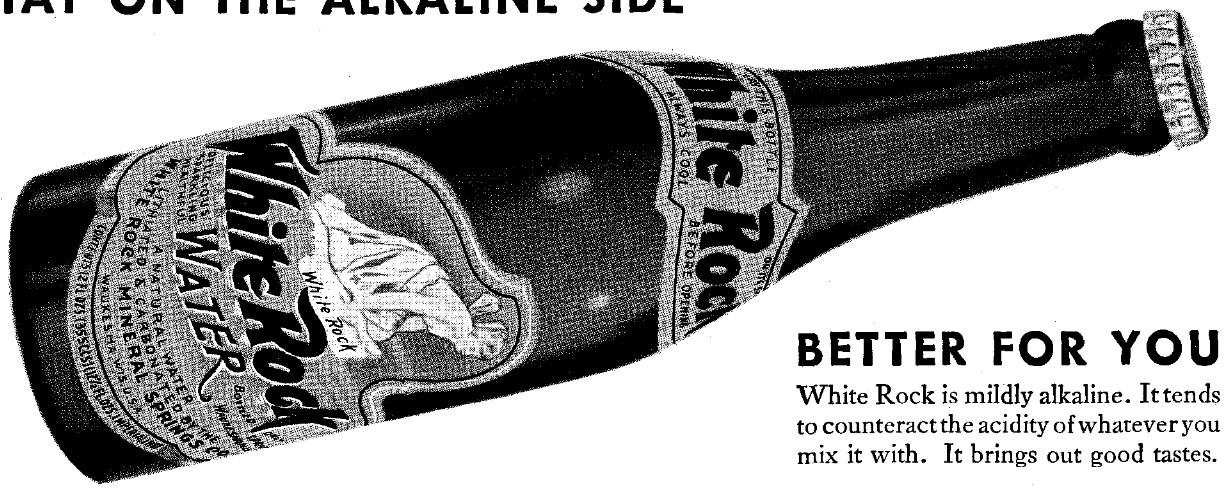
*"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."*

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

*Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!*


Please keep
John on the
alkaline side
so he won't be
an old grouch
in the morning
Nan.

## STAY ON THE ALKALINE SIDE


White Rock
WATER
White Rock
A NATURAL WATER LITHIATED & CARBONATED
WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRINGS
WAUKESHA, WIS. U.S.A.
White Rock
ALWAYS COOL BEFORE OPENING

## BETTER FOR YOU

White Rock is mildly alkaline. It tends to counteract the acidity of whatever you mix it with. It brings out good tastes.

# THE MIDWIFE

Charles Dickens is generally credited with having largely contributed to the downfall of that noble Victorian institution, the midwife. His Sairey Gamp is commonly regarded as the epitome of the species. The ravages of scientific progress have done the rest. If midwives survive at all, they are classified amongst the aberrations of ignorant proletarianism, and millions of today's children have never enjoyed the excitement of the midwife's arrival as a temporary member of the household staff. Nowadays the American mother retires discreetly to Miss Lippincott's, and on her return the children learn that the stork has brought them a little brother or sister. From the children's point of view, the whole business is lacking in drama. I agree with them wholly, and I pity them—especially when I recall my own childhood in England. For, despite Mr. Dickens, even as late as Edwardian times, the midwife entered many a British household, ere twilight sleep was dreamed of, the presage of great expectations to the adults of the family and a source of completely innocent pleasure to the children. Usually she was an old retainer, well acquainted with the domestic routine of her employers and, for obvious reasons, more familiar with the home life of the family than her young admirers, who were not conscious on those previous occasions when the midwife first established her contact with their particular cosmos. Indeed, her rights of priority over the children whom she had brought into the world led frequently to rivalries in the kitchen between Cook and herself and the nursemaid. For perfect synchronization, all three had to be coevals. Then childish joy was unconfined, and harassed grownups had one problem less to worry about.

Like the English barmaid, the English midwife occupied a definite and subtle position in the social hierarchy. Neither a servant exactly nor a trained nurse very definitely, she maintained a neatly balanced relationship to the sickroom and the doctor and the kitchen and the domestics. That her place, when off duty, was in the kitchen she accepted without demur. Not for her the subterfuge of lunch, or dinner, served separately in the breakfast-room. She was too proud to fight for such mean privileges, and too secure in her standing and prestige to fear comparison with the other servants. She always had a few culinary tricks up her sleeve

**YOU ARE CHANEL'S TYPE . . .**

*If you still have youth—or if you are an admirer of youth—and want to keep it in all its alluring enchantment . . . then you are Chanel's type. It is for you that she designed the clothes which made her famous, and for you she made the lovely perfumes that complete the picture of her ideal. Perfumes that will haunt you, they will accentuate your type, add that final touch of chic to your personality*

**NO. 5 DE CHANEL**
**GARDENIA DE CHANEL**
**GLAMOUR DE CHANEL**
**JASMIN DE CHANEL**

CHANEL

GARDENIA
DE
CHANEL
PARIS

DAILY NEWS
MURD
**"Mr. Twinchell says you and I are that way about each other."**
**"Liederkranz and beer have been that way about each other for years."**

THERE ARE no two greater soulmates than Liederkranz and beer! The luscious, tawny-crusted mellowness of Liederkranz makes every sip of lager taste better—and every sip of lager makes you want more Liederkranz.

If you've never tried this combination, give yourself this palate-thrill today—or tonight, just before you go to bed. It's the world's best nightcap!

**LIEDERKRANZ** **One of Borden's Fine Cheeses**

Pajamas Smartly Tailored

Sulka Pajamas represent more than just sleeping garments. They express the highest attainment in exceptional quality, elegance and comfort.

Pajamas are a special feature with us. They are made in our own establishment, carefully tailored to fit, and offer many advantages over ordinary grades. *To order from $15.00*

*Requests by Mail Receive Prompt Attention*

A. Sulka & Company
SHIRTMAKERS AND HABERDASHERS
NEW YORK—512 FIFTH AVENUE

CHICAGO
6 SO. MICHIGAN AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER • 25 WEST 45TH STREET • NEW YORK

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION
FOR THE NEW YORKER

☐ 1 YEAR—$5.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$7.00

(Canada, 1 year $8.10; 2 years $13.20; Foreign, 1 year $6.00, 2 years $9.00)

NAME........................................

ADDRESS........................................

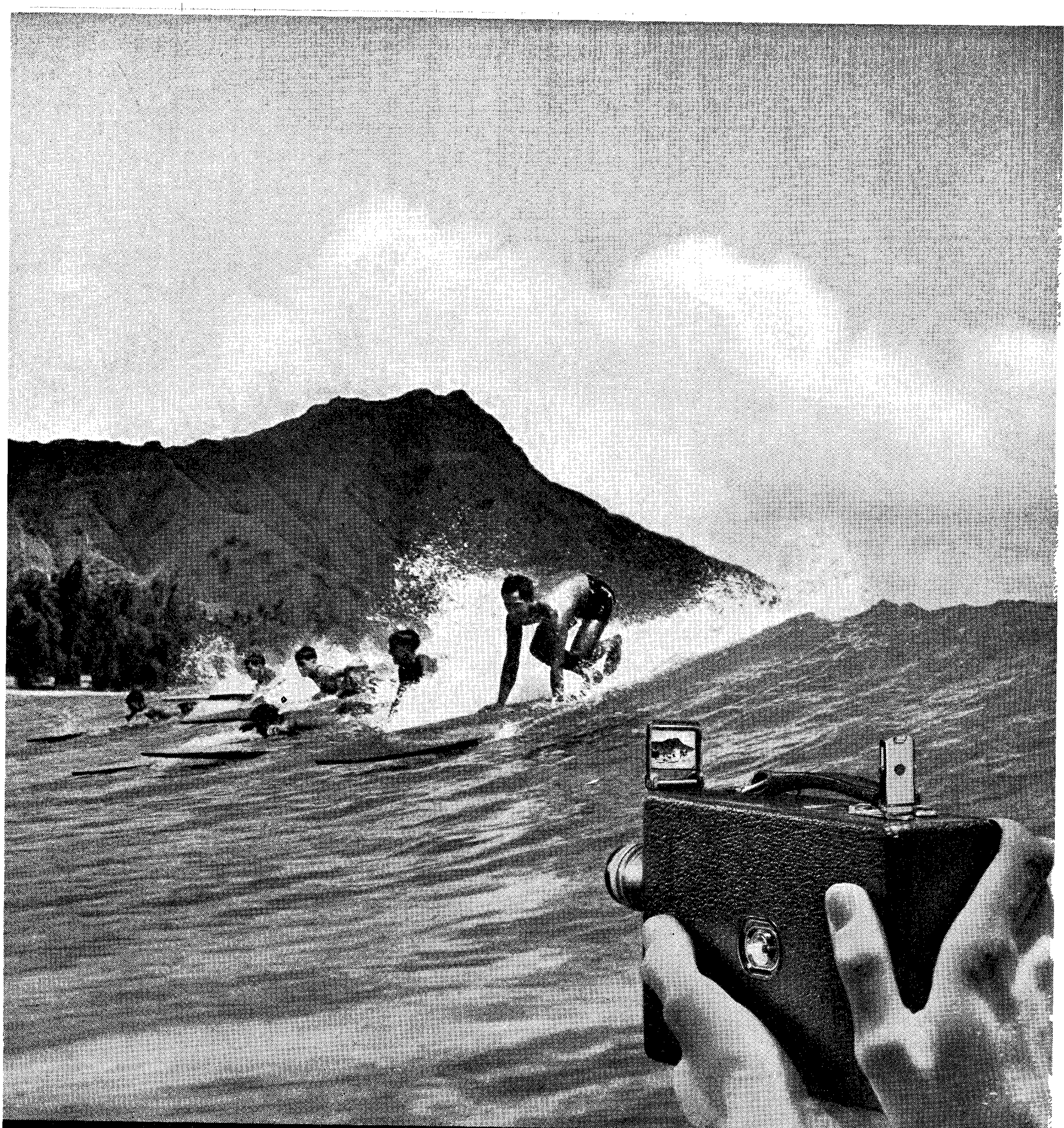
Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

For Your Convenience

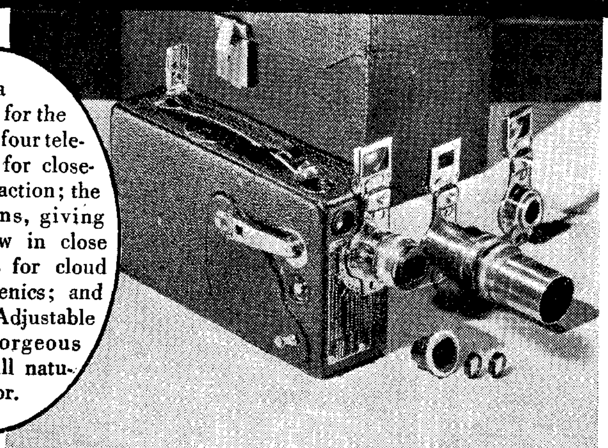
which helped, at least in the eyes of the children, to vary the monotony of the cook's efforts and to add an unwonted charm to supper in the nursery. No gastronomical flights, of course, were expected, but some of the simpler dishes of childhood were enhanced by her traditional methods, of which she alone, apparently, knew the secret. Her stirabout, freely flavored with salt, was an authentic Scottish porridge, not an anemic dish of pale oatmeal. It had the consistency of a linseed poultice, the spoon stood up in it, and it gleamed an appetizing brown beneath plentiful cream.

Bored as one inevitably became with the conversation of the maids, the midwife introduced new blood into the dialectics of the kitchen. She surveyed all domestic scenes from a slightly superior angle, speaking as one having authority of life and death over her charges, for such she regarded all children who had come into the world under her auspices. She knew of crises in the lives of children long before their actual nurses had taken them in charge. As a dietitian for children and mothers, she felt impelled to utter warnings to the cook when the latter erred, and to take a hand herself in the preparation of some delicacy to be sent upstairs, just to prove that she was no mere theorist immersed in obstetrical studies. When the occasion warranted it, she would herself enter the sickroom triumphantly, in the sure and certain knowledge that she was the bearer of the precise morsel needed to tempt the languid appetite.

IN her own special sphere, her devotion and hard work were unflagging. Once she was in the patient's room, she was mistress of all she surveyed, and only the doctor himself could supersede her commands. Timidly anxious fathers were firmly excluded from the bedroom, and noisy youngsters were diplomatically sent into the park to play. Like the master of a ship, in times of crisis she never left the bridge, and no burden was too great, no task too menial, provided it lay within her own domain. But when she emerged from the sickroom, she at once made it clear that no precedent had been established which would justify anybody in imposing upon her the ordinary chores of domestic routine. Without diplomas or other evidences of trade-union rights and exclusiveness, she maintained that almost imperceptible barrier which indicated that she was in the closest proximity to one of



# You're Making Movies with the "K" at Waikiki

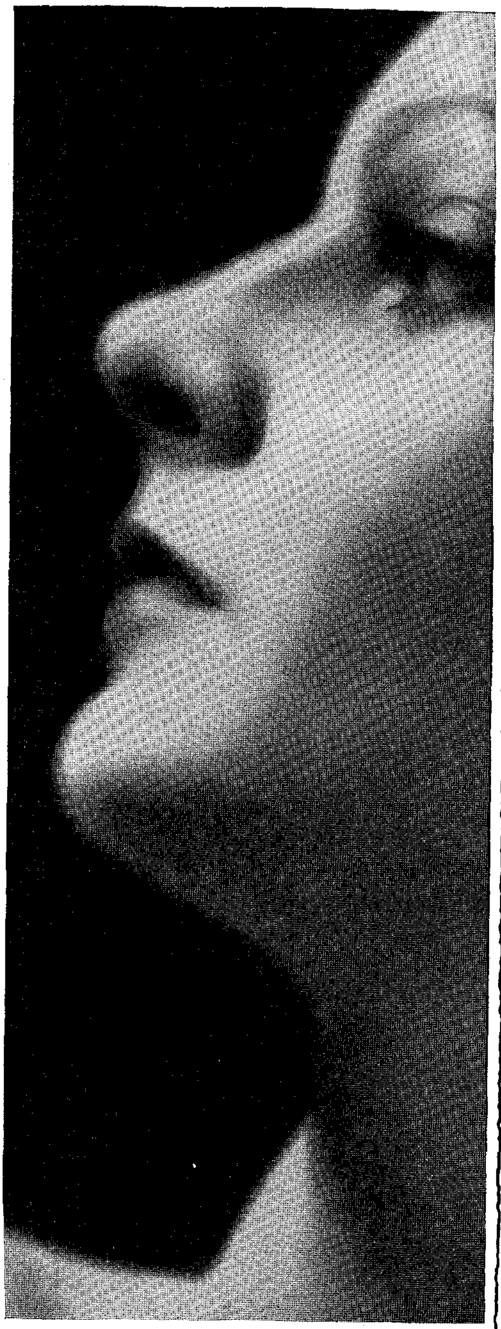


Extra equipment for the "K" includes four telephoto lenses, for close-ups of distant action; the wide-angle lens, giving breadth of view in close quarters; filters for cloud effects and scenics; and the Kodacolor Adjustable Filter for gorgeous movies in full natural color.

● Bronze bodies soaring on a wave . . . this *is* the poetry of motion. Your Ciné-Kodak "K" will bring away the poetry, the motion, even the exotic *color* of strange places . . . for your movie screen at home. No disappointments with the "K"—it's simple, yet amazingly versatile. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Price, including case, from $112.50. See the "K" and the movies it makes, at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

**Ciné-Kodak "K"**

EASTMAN'S FINEST HOME MOVIE CAMERA



*Heed the warning of*

**CREPEY THROAT**

THOSE disconcerting lines on the neck and throat will soon become wrinkles . . . and no skin can be attractive with such a handicap. Fortunately, no skin need tolerate this "crepiness," for FRANCES DENNEY has created a marvellously effective Preparation for this very condition.

Herbal Throat and Neck Blend nourishes and stimulates skin whose "crepiness" warns of a deficiency of natural oils. Pat it gently into the neck and throat each night before retiring (leave it on overnight) and you will be amazed to see how it smooths out lines and wrinkles and restores that exquisite loveliness of neck and throat that you should and *can* have.

At exclusive stores in all cities. Write MISS DENNEY for the name of the one in your city. Address: FRANCES DENNEY, PHILADELPHIA.

**Herbal Throat and Neck Blend**

$5.50 · $11.00 · $22.00

(Trial Size $2.00)

FRANCES DENNEY

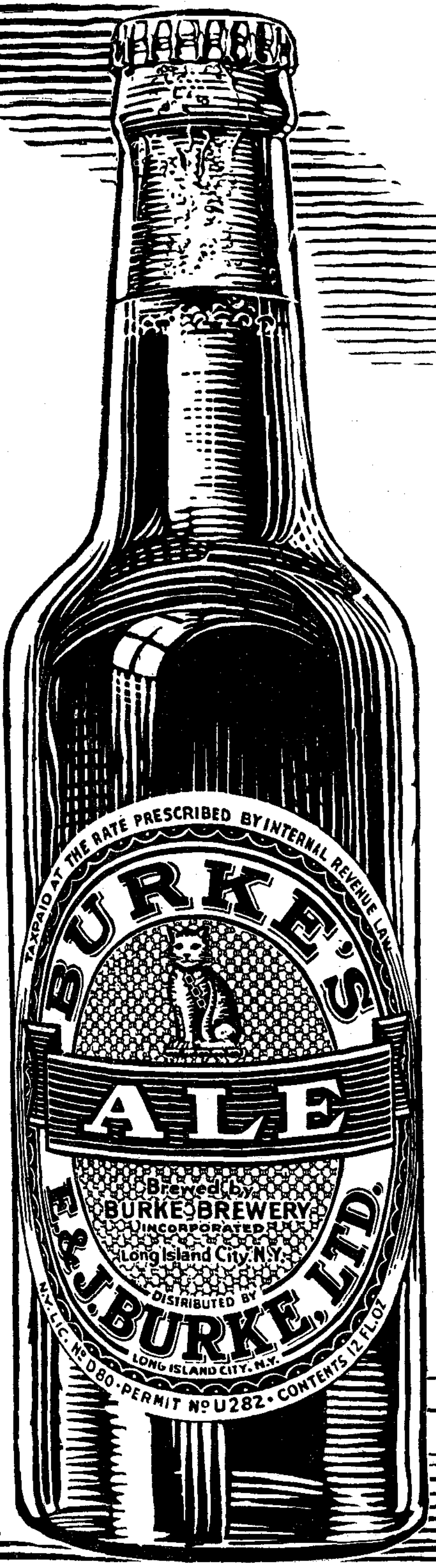
the learned professions. Common housework did not come within her purview.

Her attitude toward the great mystery in which she was involved seemed eminently sane to the adults concerned and equally satisfactory to the children. From the servants, we youngsters could extract nothing but giggles, innuendoes, and sudden blushing silences. The midwife presented us with a tale of such unvarnished truth that the whole sequence of events, from her arrival to her departure, was logically true. Such poetic flights as the stork story were beyond her. She relied on the doctor's little black bag. Since she had carefully built up this figment in our childish imaginations, we were completely satisfied when, after the great event, we observed him departing, bag in hand, as predicted. Our relief was all the greater in that on most of his previous visitations our tonsils had been painted with iodine, or one of us had measles, thereby spoiling an otherwise enchanting surcease from the woes of the kindergarten.

A FEW days later came the departure of the midwife, an event tinged with very real regret. We were losing a friend, at least for another year or more; an eternity, this was, as we reckoned time. On her last evening—she usually departed after supper time—it was the custom to importune her to make one of those succulent and esculent puddings or porridges of which she held the secret, or to bake us a cake of mysterious properties. She would tell us that the newcomer was as fine a child as we had been in like circumstances, and warn us not to be jealous. Removing her blue-striped overall and cap—quite unlike the hideous bonnet of Sairey Gamp—she would pack her few belongings in *her* little black bag. After a final interview with the now proud parents, her fee in solid golden sovereigns in her purse, she would make a dignified exit, as dignified, that is to say, as an old woman can make who is bent with rheumatism and who, conforming to one tradition of the libel on her species, has only one tooth. The cook, secretly glad to be free of this Superior Presence, now put away the empty bottle of Guinness, the midwife's evening solace and traditional privilege. Nurse hustled us off to bed.

Only years later does one come to the realization that the midwife was rightly named by the French *sage-femme*. She was, indeed, a wise woman. —ERNEST BOYD

# To whom could you better look for a fine old winter ale?


TAXPAID AT THE RATE PRESCRIBED BY INTERNAL REVENUE LAW
BURKE'S
ALE
Brewed by
BURKE BREWERY
INCORPORATED
Long Island City, N.Y.
DISTRIBUTED BY
E. & J. BURKE, LTD.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.
N.Y.L.C. No D80 · PERMIT No U282 · CONTENTS 12 FL.OZ.

In offering this grand, full-bodied Winter Ale E. & J. Burke can very justly ask the question: To whom better could you look for good ale than to a house that has been supplying high quality ales to a world-wide trade for generations?

It should mean much to you that Burke has built an entirely new ale brewery to produce ale at a price no higher than you pay for ales ordinarily.

The Burke Ale now offered is an old time ale, brewed for the season when the tang of colder weather is in the air—for the season that calls for a heartening, full-bodied ale. You will find the flavor surcharged with palate appeal, richly lingering and satisfying.

If you appreciate full-flavor and body in ale try—*A Bottle of Burke's.*

DISTRIBUTED BY
**E. & J. BURKE, LTD.**
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
*Established 1849*

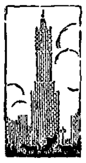
## A Bottle of BURKE'S

*SOUNDING AN OUTSTANDING NOTE*

Now in November . . . in chartreuse, black and silver . . . this unusual new room is opened—at one of the great crossroads of the world.

Netherland
Restaurant and Bar
*Fifth and 59th*
*Facing The Park*

Cocktails for the connoisseur . . . menus to whet the appetite, one the new popular elective plan, arranged with today's economy in mind . . . all the dusty vintages . . . and haunting gypsy music.



The
Sherry-Netherland
*Facing The Park*
FIFTH AVENUE at 59th STREET
NEW YORK
Telephone VOlunteer 5–2800

## KEEPING FIT

THE summer spent chiefly in town, free from all forms of compulsory exertion. The friends back from the country, very lean and brown, who ask whether you haven't filled out a little. The friend who says the way to keep fit in the city is to take up swimming. The complete absence of enthusiasm. The memory of the time you almost came to a chilly end in Lake Tahoe. The thought of compulsory swimming at college, to which you offered a passive resistance unequalled in the history of the institution. The feeling this is not the time to be fussy. The promise to go with her to a large hotel pool the following day.

The hotel foyer full of fortunate people who, if they want exercise, have only to go for a walk up Fifth Avenue. The elevator to the basement. The barbershop. The bowling alley. The cryptlike corridor. The wet, rubbery smell. The young woman in the glassed-in office, who eyes you both coldly and hands out two neatly folded black garments, adding that you'll have to buy a cap and all she has left is green.

The small, gloomy dressing-room. The suit, which seems large, although in your present state it hardly matters. The timid emergence. The mirror. The startled recognition. The bagginess. The skirt, brief but voluminous above pallid knees. The thought that you might look less unwholesome if your cap, which rises to a sort of liberty peak, were not a shade of green you've always wisely avoided. Your companion, whose appearance is faintly comforting. The cold, slippery tiles. The spectators' gallery, fixed like the deck of a ship, and mercifully empty. The large, well-patronized pool.

YOUR companion, who steps out and dives with easy nonchalance. Your furtive dignity as you sit on the edge at the shallow end and slip in feet first when you hope nobody is looking. The mild, unexhilarating chill. The side stroke, in which your gym instructor once expressed such meagre confidence. The halt to avoid a powerful woman who lifts her face only to breathe, and swims with her eyes closed. The narrowly escaped collision with two youths practicing plunges. The helplessness. The frustration. The secret timidity, because the minute you get beyond your depth, your feet start sinking. The rather desperate courage

DISTINCTIVELY
Modern
THROUGHOUT

**Spacious quarters—Nice judgment in furnishings—Super-fine food—*of course!* But more than that...a modern quickening of tempo everywhere, and a standard of individualized service unique even among modern hotels.**

1200 Outside Rooms
1200 Modern Baths

Single Rooms from $\$3^{50}$
Double Rooms from $\$5^{00}$

THE
BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN
CHESTNUT AND NINTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA
E. LESLIE SEFTON, Managing Director
THE LARGEST UNIT IN THE UNITED HOTELS CHAIN

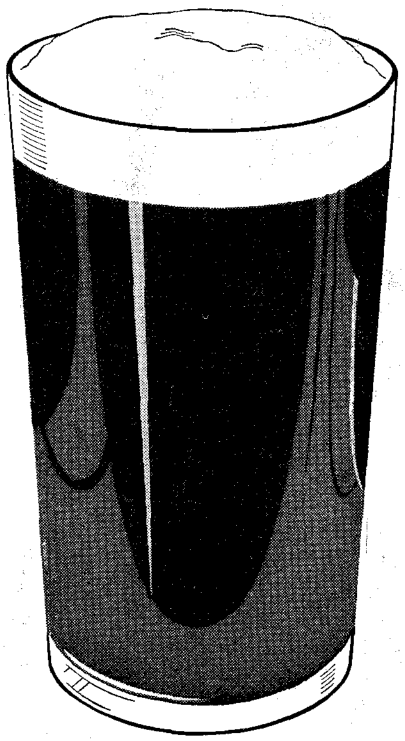
WHAT IS
DRAMBUIE?

Its base is rare old Scotch—and so the pungent magic of this matchless liqueur is unlike anything you know. Distilled by the same great Scottish family since 1745 . . . to the secret recipe given them by Bonnie Prince Charlie . . . Drambuie is such an exciting experience it has become the leading liqueur of the Empire. Sip it—and you'll never want to stop! *Write for cocktail recipes.*

Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS:
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
QUALITY SINCE 1833

# Why couldn't they copy its strength?



*The most popular brew in the world*

Anyone who has ever mixed a cocktail knows that it is a simple matter to make a drink strong.

But the addition of strong ingredients is not the way Guinness gets its strength. Its strength is the combined result of the use of the best materials, a natural brewing process, and long aging. It is not something super-added.

That is one reason why Guinness is not only an exhilarating drink, but a boon to digestion besides. It is *good* for you. Many people who cannot drink other brews thrive on Guinness.

Guinness is made today as it has been made for 170 years—of the very best of natural materials. No substitutes for malt are used. No chemicals are added to brighten or sweeten it. And none of the healthful elements are filtered out for the sake of sparkle.

It is kept in oak vats until it is properly matured. Then it is shipped to you.

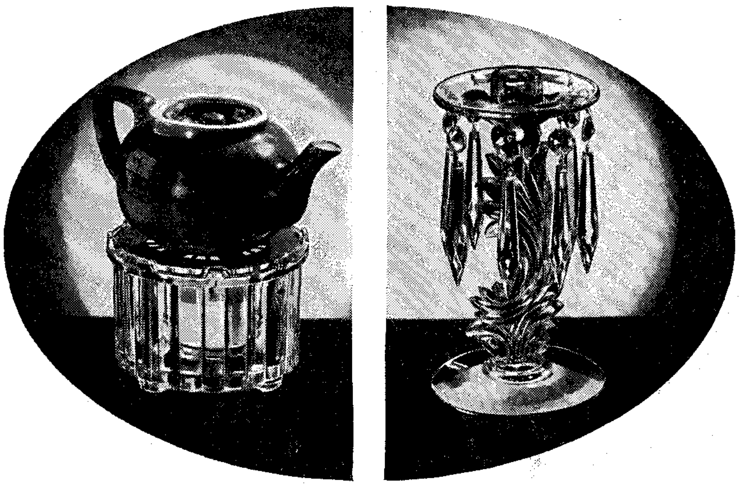
No one has been able to copy the strength of Guinness because no one else has ever produced a brew like it . . . *Try a half-size bottle.*

**GUINNESS**

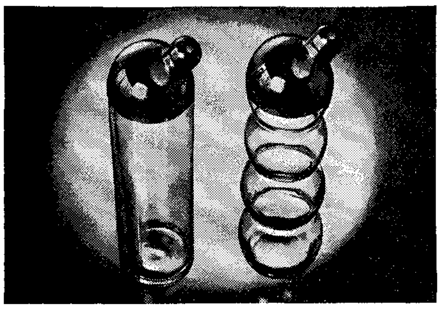
**IS GOOD FOR YOU**

*U. S. A. Office: A. Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd., 501 Fifth Ave., New York*
GU-18-B

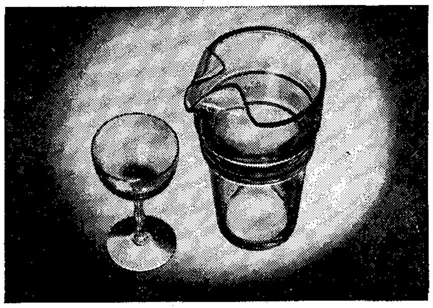
fostoria suggestions for
Early Christmas Shoppers



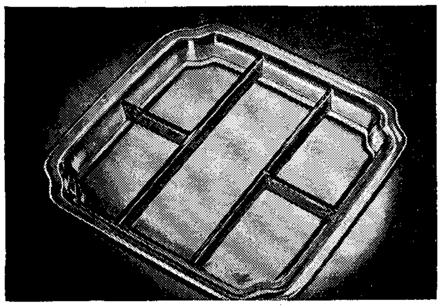
On the left, a tea warmer whose tiny candle keeps hot beverages just below the boiling point. On the right, a lovely prismed candlestick.



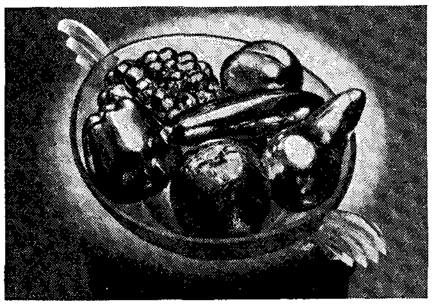
Two cocktail shakers of strikingly new design: one cylindrical, the other Fostoria's new "triple action" style.



For stirred cocktails—Fostoria's newest conception of a combination "bar glass" and ice strainer.



Here is what every housewife wants—a handsome and convenient tray with compartments for five relishes.



The glittering brilliance of this glass fruit will add charm to the decoration of any dining room table.

Fostoria
THE GLASS OF FASHION

FOSTORIA makes it possible for you to give *really* beautiful presents at surprisingly little expense. Be sure to see Fostoria's beautiful stemware and dinnerware in crystal and in colors, including Fostoria's exciting new Oriental Ruby. Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia.

*Write for our free booklet:—"Correct Wine and Table Service"*

as you set out for the deep end of the pool.

The violent energy. The breathlessness. The stiff neck, owing to keeping your head up like a surprised otter, because you don't trust your bathing cap. The realization that the pool is seventy-five feet long, and you generally go down like a stone at the end of fifty. The thought that somebody would probably pull you out, but you'd almost rather drown than be rescued in this costume. The rippling sound as your cap fills with water. The splash as somebody dives practically on top of you. The bump. The tiled ledge, to which you cling in gratified astonishment. Your companion, who bobs up very wet and enthusiastic, and says how about a nice dive.

The reluctance to explain you'd as soon jump off Brooklyn Bridge as off the diving-board. The attempt to paddle carelessly away. The bright, friendly interest. The helpful suggestion that if you'd put your head down and use an overhand stroke, your speed might be better. The restrained but rising annoyance. The decision to get back to the shallow end before you are urged to breathe with your mouth open. The return trip, uneventful but fatiguing. The discovery that you've been joined by four small, robust children, all of whom should do well at the Olympic Games around 1950. The exhaustion. The complete despair.

The difficulty in dragging yourself up the little ladder. The clammy weight of your *costume de bain*. Your knees, which feel spongy. The dressing-room. The pervading wetness. Your hair, very weedy and dank. The dispirited towel. The returning self-respect as you get into your clothes, which have never seemed so attractive. The peace. The exquisite, drowsy lightness. The tendency to doze luxuriously under the electric hair-drier. The cheery voice of your companion suggesting dinner. The prompt, almost lyric, response. The soaring spirits. The utter lack of surprise at hearing yourself say that you think swimming is splendid exercise, and you must do it again soon when you both have time.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

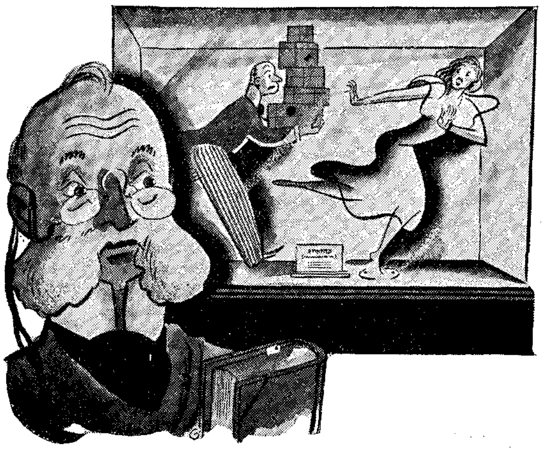
•

Eddie Cantor's next film for Sam Goldwyn will be a filmization of "Sweetheart Time." It was produced as a legit musical by Rufus Lemaire several years ago. "Sweetheart Time" is a musicalization of "Never Say Die."—*Variety*.

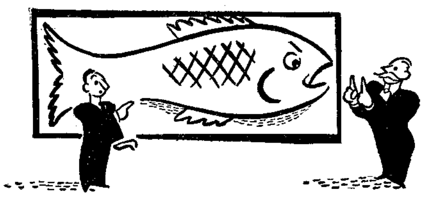
Which is an approximatization of "Rigoletto."

# *Chapter* II.

# "*How to* Approach *the* Women *of* New York"



A FAMOUS historian says, "Approaching the ladies of the Metropolitan Area has ever been a task to our honest retail and department store merchants. True, they advertised their beautiful and useful wares in the prints, and thereby derived no inconsiderable profit down the years. But one more link was yet needed to complete the chain of what advertising folk call, in their quaint argot, 'Complete Coverage'. This presently appeared in the form of a new and amazing invention known as 'Radio', which spread like wildfire to practically every metropolitan home. It entertained, soothed, and proved vastly informing to the shrewd and bargain-wise Women of New York, and is—I understand—affording the retail and department store men great joy in this day of a complex civilization."



THE learned gentleman leans to understatement—a good side to be on in advertising. So we shall merely amplify his comment by remarking that the strange and aloof Women of New York *do* listen to NBC's Daytime Radio Programs on WEAF and WJZ. We think it pertinent, and pleasing, to remind the department store gentlemen that their market is almost 85% a woman's market, and the retail stores will almost certainly show a similar feminine quota. And that, moreover, *nearly 50%* of NBC's sponsored hours are now Daytime Hours. Either of NBC's powerful local stations—WEAF or WJZ, *alone*—will complete your other advertising coverage of this rich, Woman's Market at a surprisingly low cost.

LET NBC introduce you to the Women of New York. Our influence is great—we know things about their buying habits that would make their own husbands shudder!

*Use*

**WEAF *or* WJZ**

two leading stations of

*The* NATIONAL BROADCASTING
COMPANY, Inc.

*A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary*

RCA Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City

CIrcle 7-8300

"At home in the modern world" – –

A GREAT EDUCATOR recently described education as "the process of developing a personality which is at home in the modern world." It is strange how few of us feel completely at home as we face the bewildering problems of daily life. The Town Hall lectures this year are designed to help modern men and women to understand the nature of the problems facing us and to point to ways out of our present difficulties.

MORE THAN 100 LECTURES during the next five months by distinguished and inspiring personalities are scheduled in the Forty-first Annual Program of the League for Political Education.

PARTIAL LIST OF SPEAKERS:

Senator Gerald P. Nye
Senator Harry F. Byrd
Donald R. Richberg
Hon. James M. Beck
Hon. A. A. Berle, Jr.
Gen. J. G. Harbord
Mrs. Jackson Fleming
William Lyon Phelps
Gertrude Stein
John Mason Brown
Olin Downes
Vera Brittain
William Beebe
J. B. S. Haldane
The Earl of Lytton
Col. Stewart Roddie
Dorothy Thompson
Norman Thomas
John Strachey
Stuart Chase
Lawrence Dennis
William Starr Myers
H. V. Kaltenborn
Phyllis Bottome
Channing Pollock
Margaret Ayer Barnes

NONE OF THESE LECTURES
WILL BE BROADCAST

A limited number of memberships to men and women are available at this time.

Annual Dues including admission to ALL Lectures, $15 and $25.
Write for booklet "L" today.

The League for Political Education
Town Hall, 123 West 43rd Street
New York — Tel. BRyant 9-2636

# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Romanticism*

THE best contemporary show of the season so far is that of Henry Mattson's paintings at the Rehn Gallery. That is not saying very much, perhaps; but I will add that Mattson's show will probably rank among the high points when the season ends, too. He is a quiet artist who broods over an image and warms it near his heart. When it comes forth again in his paintings, it is rich and human and soberly exciting. The eyes in his fine self-portrait, which was at a Whitney show this year, glow at one like the eyes in a head by El Greco, less fanatical, but no less concentrated upon an inner world. The painting itself is sensitive, in delicate correspondence with the feelings; technically, it stands closest, perhaps, to that of Alexander Brook. Mattson's lone apples on a wide expanse of table are as moving as the dark sky and the rocky coast in "The Beacon;" in both paintings is an unseen presence, a man. All these paintings have something to say; and though the work itself is sometimes very dexterous, as in the effect of the diffused light in "Sunlit Landscape," the eye itself never outweighs the feelings which the painter communicates. These pictures are moving because the man himself has visibly been moved. There is a difference between Mattson's painting and the more artful kind of romanticism, now fashionable in Paris, which is also given to twilight, to a dark palette, to the tenderer emotions. Fashionable romanticism is a painter's reaction against another kind of painting, whereas Mattson's emotions are primary, inward, self-sustained, and every aspect of the paintings is pervaded by them. As with Ryder, Mattson's painting corresponds to Wordsworth's definition of poetry: emotion recollected in tranquillity.

THE Museum of Irish Art, which has been at the Barbizon during the last few years, has now opened up in the Ritz Tower. The first show is catholic in the most generous sense, for it includes not merely Saint-Gaudens, who though born in Dublin worked in America, but even Robert Henri, who merely painted in Ireland, along

*As one would expect*—
BAHAMIAN MUSTARD
is served at the
WALDORF·ASTORIA

While this hot and spicy mustard from the Bahamas has only been available in this country for a few weeks — word of it has spread like wildfire. Already it is served to discriminating people in the smart Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants.

Next time you lunch or dine out, ask the waiter to bring the Bahamian Mustard—or better still don't wait till then—for you can buy a jar that lasts three times as long as ordinary mustard for 35c. From any good grocer including:

CHARLES & CO.
PARK & TILFORD
FORTNUM & MASON
BLOOMINGDALE'S
MITCHELL FLETCHER CO.
(PHILA.)

BAHAMIAN MUSTARD CO. INC.
29 E. 83 ST., N. Y.

BAHAMIAN MUSTARD

70 PARK AVENUE
N. W. COR. 38th ST.
For the Fall Season
CONVENIENT—COMFORTABLE
COMPLETE HOTEL SERVICE
Now Leasing
1 Room 1 person $70 mo.
1 Room 2 persons $85 mo.
2 Room Suite $120 mo.
Restaurant with service to rooms
C. Barclay Allardice, Resident Manager
Telephone LExington 2-7070
POTTER HAMILTON & CO., INC.

MORRIS DAVIDSON
WILL TEACH YOU TO
UNDERSTAND PAINTING
THROUGH THE PLEASANT PASTIME
OF MAKING PICTURES
INSTRUCTION IN HIS STUDIO
IS PERSONAL AND AT YOUR CONVENIENCE
1 Sheridan Square Telephone Watkins 9-6538

PEKOE
White Rose
LARGE POT SIZE
DECKER

The Social Event

OF THE SEASON

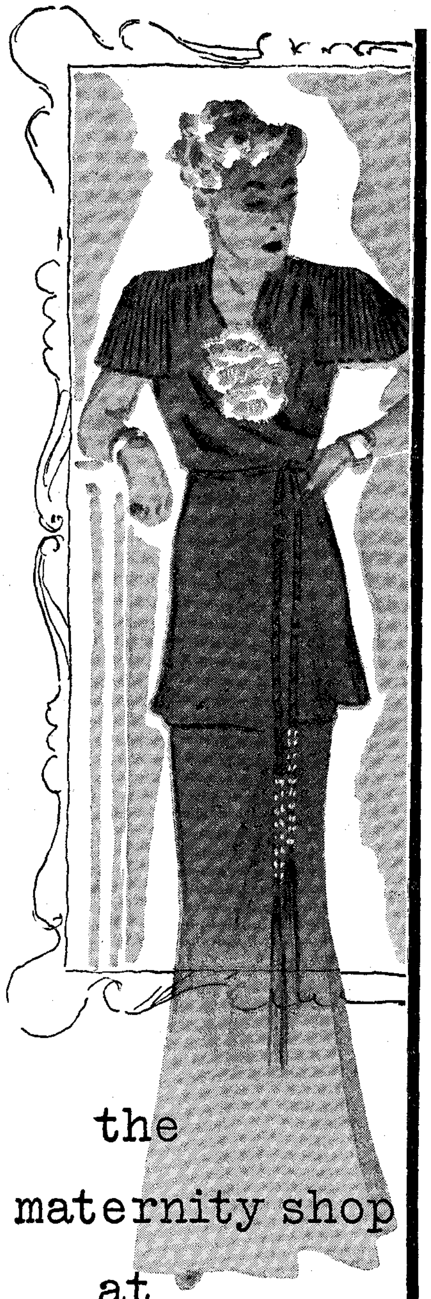
THE WHITE ROSE TEA BALL

• IT'S A PARTY! The instant freshly-boiling water touches a White Rose Tea Ball, festivities begin. The cups clatter sociably. The spoons tinkle happily. Even the sugar is stirred!

In a jiffy you have TEA. And *such* tea! It's rich with Ceylon's golden sunshine, full-flavored . . . delicious.

White Rose Tea Balls are mighty convenient. Keep a tin of them on hand—for those times when you want a cup or so. Tangled strings, the curse of many other tea balls, are prevented by a clever device used on White Rose Tea Balls exclusively. Convenient package sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00.

WHEN YOU WANT "JUST A CUP OR SO"



the maternity shop at

Lord & Taylor

has a revolutionary new idea – this tunic dinner dress with a skirt that stays slim. Pleated epaulettes give you fine broad shoulders, and what with the gold flowers and the golden knots in your long cord girdle to focus attention in the right places, you can preserve the illusion of a remarkably good figure. In black or blue glory crepe, sizes 14 to 20. Third Floor

with Orpen, Power O'Malley, A.E., and others. A.E.'s work I had known up to now only in the charming little drawings with which he sometimes embellishes his personal letters; it is a surprise to find that in painting he comes closest to the courtly fairyland of Monticelli. I prefer A.E.'s jewels and diadems when they appear in his verse, rather than in the somewhat thin impressionism of his canvases—and so, doubtless, does he. The paintings that really touched me in this exhibition were those of "young" Jack Yeats, now a man in his sixties, whose present canvases have a fierce, savage sombreness that far surpasses his earlier work. Unfortunately, the genre painting and portraiture of some of the other artists look inadequate beside the photographs of Robert Flaherty's Aran Islanders that are also on view: the photographer has done greater justice to their grave, life-scarred beauty than has the painter.

THE English have a bad reputation in art, because they are too bashful to talk about it. Even when they pay attention to their masters, they dwell on the qualities that are not primarily aesthetic — the morality of Hogarth, the gentlemanliness of Reynolds, the mysticism of Blake. This is true even of Thomas Rowlandson, whose water colors are at the Newton Galleries through this Saturday—some thirty of them from the big Sabin collection. Rowlandson is all that the English say he is: a humorist in the style of Smollett who enjoyed cockfights and low company and a certain amount of coarse animal brutality, and painted all the ugliness of the eighteenth century with a gusto that redeemed it. But the point that is still worth while remarking about Rowlandson is that he was a remarkable draughtsman. It is his draughtsmanship, indeed, that makes these scenes so vital; for, lacking a sense of character, his people are masks and types that become alive through movement and gesture. If his original water colors of landscape are inferior to Old Crome or Cotman, it is largely, perhaps, because he had arrived at a technique that was perfectly fitted to the limitations of reproduction: outlines in diluted India ink, with a mild wash of color. His originals lose something by this fact; but, in compensation, his reproductions lose almost nothing at all. In short, he knew his business.

POSSIBLY because my expectations were low, the second Regional Exhibition, of Paintings and Prints by

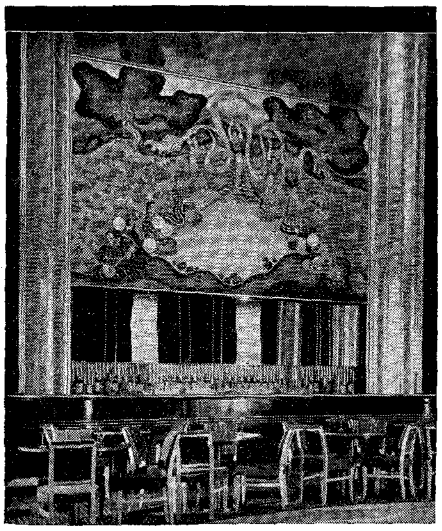
Occasional Pieces

of sculptured silver from Georg Jensen, are creations of grace and loveliness. They enhance the beauty of any table service and are wrought for general usefulness.

*Serving Forks or Spoons*
*From $3.00*

*Cake Knives (that cut)*
*From $10.00*

GEORG JENSEN
169 West 57th St., New York
*Opposite Carnegie Hall*



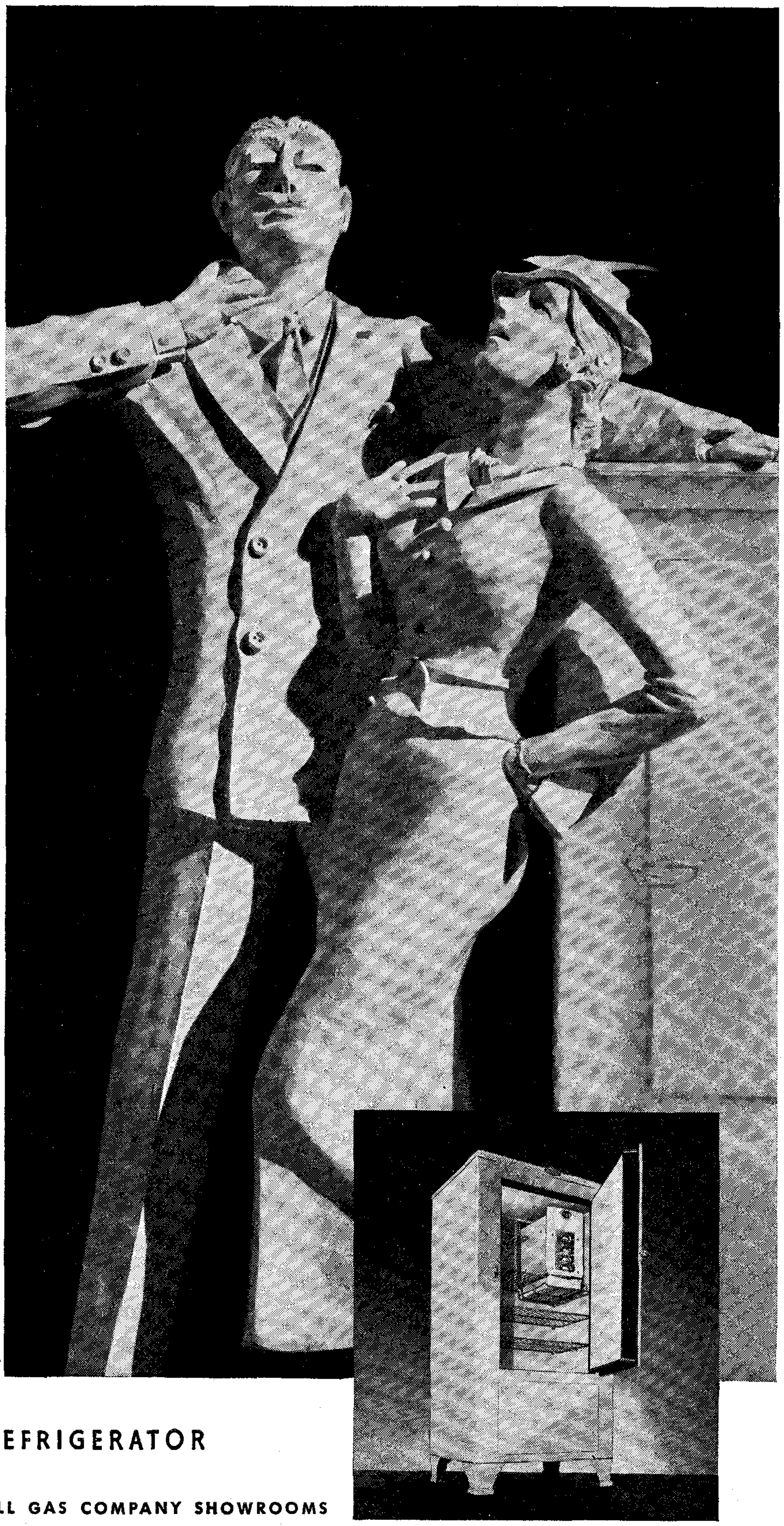
Persian Room

THE DE MARCOS
in colorful costume dances
EMIL COLEMAN
and his famous orchestra
appear for Dinner, Supper and Sunday Cocktail Dansant

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
with DANCING every afternoon
George Sterney and his Plaza orchestra

at the Plaza

# *"Don't look at it as a refrigerator, lady, but as a means of satisfying your desires."*



If you yearn for a future full of crisp salads, delicious frozen desserts, sparkling ice-cubes, and constant cold, Electrolux is your refrigerator. It is our unshakable conviction that Electrolux offers you more. In support of that we cite the following unmatched advantages:

USES NO WATER

**LOW OPERATING COST.** Electrolux is as simple as two and two. It has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame does all the work, circulating the refrigerant, which is cooled by ordinary air. Thus its operating cost is roughly the equivalent of a small boy's lollypop allowance.

**PERMANENT SILENCE.** Electrolux simply can't hold up its end in conversation or even entertain with imitations of barnyard noises. In fact, it makes no noise at all, and hasn't a thing to make noise with. But many there are who consider this lack a real advantage.

**NO MOVING PARTS.** The monkey-wrench and screw-driver business need expect no encouragement from Electrolux. It has no moving parts, and doesn't expect to have any. Parts that do not move cannot wear, and parts that do not wear . . . get the idea?

**GAS COMPANY SERVICE.** Your gas company would like to have you see the beautiful new Electrolux models. You really ought to, you know. And take this happy fact along with you—your gas company willingly backs and services every Electrolux it sells. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City.

NEW *Air-Cooled*

**ELECTROLUX**

THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

ON DISPLAY AT ALL GAS COMPANY SHOWROOMS

. . . and a
SATURDAY NIGHT
in gay Panama!

SPARKLING, sophisticated, cosmopolitan Panama . . "crossroads of the world!" Just *one* of the high spots on these thrilling cruises to the Spanish Main . . . so increasingly popular with knowing travelers.

You couldn't wish for a more fascinating, more diversified itinerary. Haiti—primitive, mysterious; charming British Colonial Jamaica; Colombia, South America—with its romantic, old-world beauty; Panama . . . each in turn will fascinate you with its tropical brilliance and bizarre, foreign atmosphere.

Your cruise ship, likewise, will surprise and delight you. From air-cooled dining room to gay verandah swimming pool, it's as smartly up-to-the-minute as any ship you'd want to travel on.

Don't miss this cruise! In two weeks and an extra week-end you can enjoy the whole delightful adventure . . . 9 days of happy, carefree life afloat . . . 9 days ashore — with one to two days in each colorful port.

● 18-DAY CRUISES to Haiti; Jamaica, B. W. I.; Colombia, South America; Panama Canal Zone . . . $160 up. First Class. Also 11-day all-expense cruises to Haiti, $110 up; Haiti and Jamaica, $125 up. (Slightly higher rates in effect Dec. 20.) All outside staterooms amidships; orchestras. Direct dockings at each port. No tender transfer. Sailings every Thursday.

*For further information apply Colombian Line, 17 Battery Place, New York City—or your travel agent.*

COLOMBIAN *Line* CRUISES
TO THE SPANISH MAIN

Philadelphia Artists, at the Whitney Museum, seemed to me rather above par, as such exhibitions go. The memorial show of Adolphe Borie, for one thing, showed a minor talent who nevertheless had been moved by the fresh currents in art and had been able to utilize them. To keep such talents active and healthy and productive is no small part of our duty to our contemporaries. Then, in the show proper, one came across a decent measure of vigorous work, paintings such as Brodovitch's "Industrial Landscape" and Salvatore Pinto's "Public Beach." Philadelphia's great realist tradition will not lose by the addition of their yeasty touch of fantasy. Nor should Coiner's well-painted Teneriffe scene, or Gardner's street scene, or Settanni's "Railway Station" pass without notice.

AT Pierre Matisse's gallery, there is an unusually interesting lot of Polynesian and Melanesian art, ranging from pieces of tappa cloth with a free decoration in line, often with a flying-fish motif, to sculptures and masks that once served a religious office. Owing to a quaint and convenient superstition among art-museum directors, which relegates such outlandish art to the museums of natural history and ethnology, one rarely has the privilege of looking on such objects with the proper degree of abstraction and isolation. They teach nothing; they mean little; they have for us none of their original associations with war, ritual, magic, fishing; but they are alive because once upon a time men not unlike us labored over them and loved them. Will anyone feel that way about the parts of a machine gun or a Ford car some day? And why not? Not enough labor or not enough love?

AMONG the good things in the show of small water colors and gouaches (by the way, it closes this Saturday) at the Eighth Street Gallery is a painting called "Ruins, No. 1," by Lonergan. It has some of the excitement of a Surréaliste ruin without looking as if it were cut out of cardboard by an absent-minded dressmaker. And at the Midtown Galleries, Maldarelli's hammered - copper plaques, some of which are excellently composed, show one of the ways for a modern sculptor to meet the problem of sculpture in the modern home. The chief other way, alas, until public art becomes more common and more competent, is not to be a sculptor.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

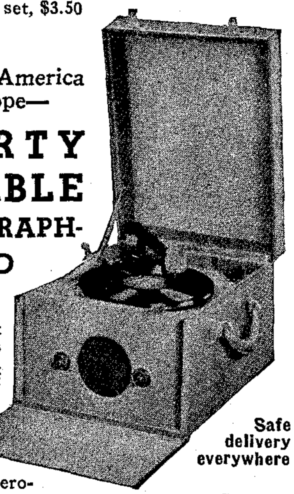
LIBERTY FEATURES!
Noel Coward's
"Conversation Piece"
recorded by Yvonne Printemps & Noel Coward with Chorus and Orchestra
An Album of Four Double Records $6.50

* *

A Hit Album by Society's Rage
Frances Maddux
—Six Exclusive Recordings of daringly sophisticated songs. When you hear them you'll want them. Complete set, $3.50

* *

Sensation of America and Europe—
LIBERTY PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH-RADIO



Exclusively at our shops. Has tone quality and performance of large cabinet combinations. Plays all records. Latest superheterodyne radio. Operates on any current. Genuine leather case, smart and light.

Safe delivery everywhere

LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS
50th & Madison • 67th & Madison • 10 E. 59th St.

THREE
EAST SEVENTY-SEVENTH
(RENTAL SECTION, 960 FIFTH AVE.)

*Carefree Living*

For those who desire only a "Pied-a-terre" in town — 3 EAST 77th provides more flexible living than either a hotel or the ordinary housekeeping apartment. . . Full hotel service available at moderate hourly rates—a private dining room —

3-4-5 ROOMS
$1700 UP

*Management of*
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

DINERS AND DANCERS ARE GATHERING FOR FINE FOOD AND FINE TIMES IN THE . . .
POMPEIAN ROOM
HOTEL WHITEHALL • B'WAY at 100th ST
•
FLORENCE RICHARDSON AND ORCHESTRA — NO COVER

# Only an Expert with a Magnifying Glass Could Detect

## That The Color of Your Cheeks Wasn't *Natural* Color, This New Way—The Rage of All France!

**9 A. M.** *You apply it before your own mirror—and get a perfect and even color!*

**5 P. M.** *It's still perfect—just as it was a minute after you applied it! Ends constant making up in uneven light during the day.*

## You Make Up, Too, Only Once a Day...Yet Are Perfectly Made Up All Day Long!

You apply it in the morning, in the even light of your own dressing table, where you can *see* that it's on properly, evenly—and of just the right tone to bring out your best points. And it *stays* just that way all day long, no matter what you do—even after a dip in the pool!

It's an utterly new idea in cheek make-up that's the rage of all Paris. The creation of Louis Philippe—world-famed colorist—whom the women of France follow like a religion.

It forever ends constant making up, during the day, in deceiving lights where you haven't a chance to know *how* you really look. And—it blends so perfectly into the skin that only an expert with a magnifying glass could detect that you even used a make-up to give color to your cheeks.

### *What It Is*

Nothing just like it has ever been developed in a rouge. Hence its amazing results. So amazing that virtually every exclusive beauty shop in America and France today uses this method in cheek make-up.

It's an exquisite *cream rouge* called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And because it *is* a cream rouge, it puts subtle color directly *into* your skin, not merely on the surface like a powder rouge. *Thus it provides a natural color that's really a part of your cheeks.* It goes INTO the skin and STAYS there—soft and subtle, absolutely undetectable!

Try it just once and you'll never again go back to the uncertainty, artificiality and bother of a powder rouge compact. On every side women are quitting powder rouges for it.

### *Colors That Match Human Blood Tones*

It comes in tones that match every complexion, eye-color and hair. Colors blended by Louis Philippe to tone exactly with the warm, natural color of the human blood—and thus to end all artificiality, cheapness and unnaturalness in make-up.

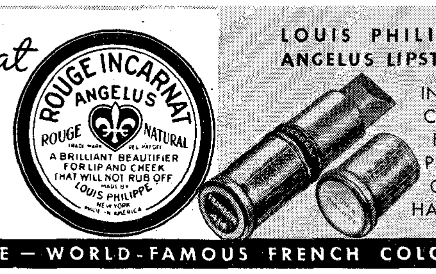
You can use it on both your *lips* and *cheeks*, too. And thus gain a perfect color harmony. It comes in little red boxes, about the size of a quarter, and costs only a few cents.

All drug stores and department stores have it with complete color charts to guide you to a happy color choice. Risk a few cents for a box and try it. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*Angelus Rouge Incarnat*

**IN THE LITTLE RED BOX**

- FRAMBOISE
- POPPY
- PANDORA
- SUN ORANGE
- LIGHT
- MEDIUM


ROUGE INCARNAT
ANGELUS
ROUGE
NATURAL
A BRILLIANT BEAUTIFIER FOR LIP AND CHEEK THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF
LOUIS PHILIPPE

LOUIS PHILIPPE ANGELUS LIPSTICK

IN SAME COLORS FOR A PERFECT COLOR HARMONY

BOTH BY LOUIS PHILIPPE — WORLD-FAMOUS FRENCH COLORIST

**HAWES**

more-or-less-at-homes are for dinner when you don't dress or are on a weekend in the country or for having cocktails at home. We have a new fall collection of them — which combines and recombines — long-sleeved, high-necked, slightly trailing dress, trailing scarf—three-quarter length coats — pajama pants and a tailored blouse—short jackets — made of a satiny silk, half shiny— wool gaberdine—lames in colored stripes — wool and silk woven in a damask pattern— Hawes colors — turquoise purple and salmon pink — chartreuse brown and lacquer. These are order-to-size from $95 — and need we remind you that Hawes copies do not exist

●

**21 EAST SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET**

# BRONX NOCTURNE

Bella Gross had sent her parents off to the movies so that she could be alone with Mr. Kaplan, the salesman in her office. Now, seated with him in the parlor, she knew that the efforts spent on an elaborate toilette had not been in vain: Mr. Kaplan was scanning her with an expression of intense admiration.

"Say," he said, as his eyes swept over her, "I din know we had a reggala Greeta Gobbo in the awfice. If I'd of known we had a reggala Greeta Gobbo in the awfice, I woulda tumbled a long time ago. But you know how it is," he elaborated. "When you're lookin' for somethin', it's always right unner your nose. The same is true here. I guess I din know how good-lookin' you was because you was right unner my nose."

"Listen," said Bella, deeply interested. "Waddeya mean you woulda tumbled a long time ago?"

"I mean, I woulda tried to take you out. That's what I mean."

"It seemsa me if I'm a reggala Greeta Gobbo like you said"—and here Bella looked at him coquettishly—"you woulda noticed me a long time ago."

"I did notice you a long time ago," said Mr. Kaplan, defensively. "Din I always smile at you? For you I always had a 'Good mornin'!' any time of the day."

"Go on," Bella said. "God knows what you thought of me. You musta had a very funny impression of me, I bet."

"Say, I had a good impression of you." Mr. Kaplan was quite vehement about this. "The impression you made, may my best friends always make such a good impression. But I dunno," he amended. "You was always so serious. I mean, bringin' in books and talkin' over the phone about concerts. You gave me the impression—well, I dunno if I should say it."

"Go on," urged Bella. "We might as well be frank. After all, if we can't be frank—well, I mean, what'sa use?" she finished, lamely.

"Oh, this ain't nothin' bad," he hastened to assure her. "This is oney that I thought you was—well, kinda highbrow."

"Oh, I'm not highbrow," said Bella, flattered at this estimate of her. "Just because I like to read books, just because I think it's silly not to keep developing your mind while you're working, is no reason to think I'm highbrow. After all, there are people just like me inclined along the lines of reading books who aren't highbrow. And I like music. I like good jazz and I like classical music. You can leave me in a room with classical music, and still and all I'd have a fine time. But that don't mean I'm highbrow."

"Guess you think I'm an awful dumb-bell or something," said Mr. Kaplan, hoping Bella would express an opinion of him. He wasn't disappointed.

"Oh, no. I useta think you was a high-liver, you know—overdoing the night-club part of yesself. I mean, it's aw right having a good time, but having a good time too much isn't healthy for a person no matter who he or she may be."

"Yeah, I guess I kinda overdid the night-club life at that," said Mr. Kaplan, secretly pleased at this and feeling very much the rake. He rose, took an apple from the fruit bowl resting on the table, polished it with the palm of his hand, and then dug into it with his teeth.

"Yeah," said Bella, "if you din overdo the night-club part of yesself, you'd be much better off. At lease, that's my opinion."

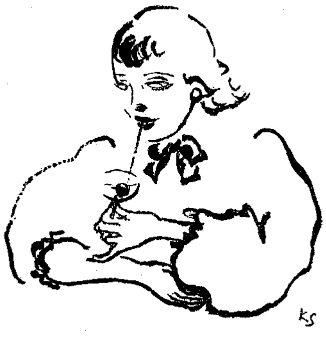
"I guess you're right," he said, swallowing. The apple was soon a core resting in his hand. He looked around for something in which to place it. Bella jumped to her feet.

"Here," she said, "gimme that."

Mr. Kaplan handed her the apple core. As he did so, his hand squeezed hers, and he clung to it.

"Say, Bella," he said, softly, "that's certainey some soft hand you got there."

"It's not so soft," she said. "I just put lemon cream on my hands and arms before I go to bed evvey night. But it's not really soft."



"That's what you say."

"That's what I say."

Her eyes met his.

"But I say your hand is soft. Nice 'n' soft," he added, insinuatingly. They faced each other, tense and expectant.

"What beyoodyful skin," said Mr. Kaplan in a voice that was almost a whisper now. "You must use a coupla jars a night of that there cream, because your skin, it's certainey beyoodyful."

"It's not so beyoodyful." Her voice was hardly audible.

"It's soft 'n' beyoodyful."

He placed his hands on her bare arms. Both looked at each other and didn't move. It was Bella who broke the silence.

"Please, Howard," she said, "don't."

This was Mr. Kaplan's cue, and he acted on it. He embraced her violently. She made a perfunctory movement to keep him off, but soon relaxed. After a fervent kiss, they separated. There was an embarrassed silence. Suddenly Bella became active. She noticed that the apple core was still in her hand, and she now looked around for a place to deposit it. There was an ashtray on the table, and she placed it there.

Mr. Kaplan, puffing heavily, came toward her.

"Gee, Bella," he said, "you certainey are one sweet kid."

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'm just—well, I'm just a girl."

"Yeah," he said, enthusiastically, "but what a girl!" With that he seized her, and again they embraced and kissed.

SUDDENLY voices were heard at the front door, and they quickly parted. Ma and Pa Gross came into the room.

"Hello, Mr. Kaplan," said Mrs. Gross, turning to greet the guest. "Look, company we got, and Bella don't tell her own mother even."

"Hello, Mr. Kaplan." It was Mr. Gross's turn to greet him. "How you filling, Mr. Kaplan? Good?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he added, "By me is a headache worse like a factory."

"How was the movie?" Bella asked.

"A fine moom pickcha we seen," replied Mrs. Gross. "Such moom pickchas my worse friends should oney see."

"Look who's talking!" said Pa Gross, glaring at his wife. "In the first place you din see no moom pickcha, and in the second place next time you go alone."

"Now, Father," remonstrated Bella, "that's no way to talk."

"Talk-shmalk, who wants to go with her to the movies?"

"What happened?" asked Bella.

"So what should happen?" replied her father, still glaring at Ma Gross. "She falls asleep in the middle the pickcha, and with all the people listening, she snores like a horse."

"So aw right, Mr. Boss, what should I do? Maybe I should sleep in the

"Makes an admirable base for cocktails"

...SAYS PRINCE GEORGE OF RUSSIA

*Mr. Vladimir P. Smirnoff, Chairman,*
*Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls,*
*New York City, N. Y.*

*My dear Mr. Smirnoff,*

*I was greatly delighted to find that Smirnoff Vodka is now available in the United States. You are to be commended for carrying on the splendid tradition of a fine old house which so long and faithfully served our household (The Imperial Court of Russia). It comes to me like a voice from the past, as you must know.*

*Smirnoff Vodka should be warmly received here, for, in addition to its virtues as a distinctive beverage, it makes an admirable base for cocktails, which are so essentially American.*

*Very sincerely,*

ESTABLISHED MOSCOW 1818

Pierre Smirnoff
VODKA

CREATES NEW COCKTAIL VOGUE

Smirnoff VODKA

● A prophetic letter, that of Prince George. For Smirnoff Vodka, Imperial Russia's officially chosen vodka, is revolutionizing the American cocktail. New, exotic, thrilling drinks now feature Cocktail Hour in New York's smart circles. There's only one way to know a cocktail at its smoothest—base it on Smirnoff Vodka. Every new offering from your shaker will be a flavor-thrill for your taste to revel in. Not to forget your head, which will never know an ache—for Smirnoff Vodka is the purest and safest of all distillates!

Smirnoff Vodka is now MADE IN AMERICA from the original formula, precisely as Smirnoff made it for the last three Czars. You pay NO IMPORT DUTIES. At quality liquor stores and the better hotels and restaurants.

CZARINA COCKTAIL
1 part pineapple juice, 1 part Smirnoff Vodka, add dash of bitters if desired. Shake.

GRAND DUCHESS COCKTAIL
2 parts Smirnoff Vodka, 1 part rum, ¾ part lemon juice, ¼ to ½ part Grenadine, dash of Angostura Bitters. Shake.

VODKA MARTINI
3 parts Smirnoff Vodka, 1 part French Vermouth, dash of bitters, twist of lemon peel. Stir, strain.

*Write for recipe folder. Address Dept. N-2.*

STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS, INC.
232 Madison Avenue, New York · Paris · Nice

**A FULL FIFTH 100 PROOF-$1.95 80 PROOF-$1.75**

**PIERRE SMIRNOFF, FORMER PURVEYOR TO THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT**

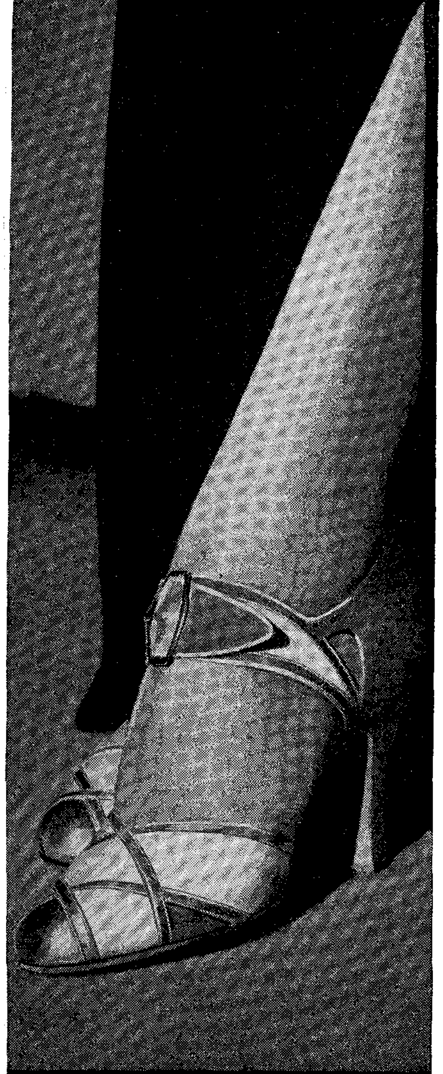
SLIT SKIRTS
DEMAND
STUNNING
SLIPPERS

BLOOMINGDALE'S
"Hauteur" steps
before the footlights

8.50

A sabot sandal in silver kid, inset with white satin. Dyed without charge.

THIRD FLOOR



Bloomingdale's
LEXINGTON AT FIFTY NINTH

theayter, Mr. Boss, and snore maybe here in the house, Mr. Boss. This you would like?"

"For my part you can snore in the middle the street," said Mr. Gross. "Next time I want to spend a couple minutes bime movies, I can go by myself."

"Now, Father, is that nice?" asked Bella. "Mother just happened to be tired, that's all."

"Tired-shmired," said Mrs. Gross. "Fomm the pickchas I'm tired. All the movies, the same thing. So a boy sees already a girl, so right away he kisses the girl bime face. So what should the girl do? So she kisses him back bime face. Nothing but kissing here and kissing there. *Feh!* This monkey business I don't like. Kissing all the time, that's common. I got right, Mr. Kaplan?" she asked, appealing to him.

He didn't want to reply, but said, "Certainey," because he felt he had to. He caught Bella's eye and looked away, embarrassed.

"Well," he then said, "I think I better be goin'. Gotta lotta work to do in the mornin'."

"Maybe you'd like a gless tea?" asked Mrs. Gross.

"No thanks," he said, "I gotta be goin'."

"Maybe a piece fruit you'd like?"

It was her husband who replied. "So he don't want a drop food. He has to go. Maybe you can't hear good bime ears?"

"Hold better the tongue," said Mrs. Gross. "I'm talking to you?"

Bella saw Mr. Kaplan to the door. "See you at the awfice," she said.

"Sure," he replied. He seemed anxious to get away. "Thanks for a nice time."

"You don't mean nice," said Bella, quickly. "You mean common."

She shut the door.

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

"The wireless is wonderful," says Miss Pickford. "Why, it's even a greater medium for an actress than the screen. It actually enters the home whereas people still have to go to the theatre."—*N.B.C. press release.*

Yes, but people don't have to *walk* to the theatre any more, Mary. They can cycle to it.

•

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Magistrate Greenspan, quoted in the Automobile Club of New York Review*]

"There is a greater traffic cop, if I may be permitted to say so, the greatest traffic cop—God."

DEL CAMPO
in the GRILL

This new sensation of screen and air is conducting and singing at the new Roosevelt Grill. In addition, an intimate floor show and other unique divertissement.

Dinner Dancing at 7.30 and
Supper Dancing from 10.30 on.

The ROOSEVELT
Bernam G. Hines, Manager
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL

TOPSY

OR

LITTLE EVA?

TOPSY'S permanent "just grew"—but little Eva was smart as well as saintly. Her permanent was done at Nestle's Salon and natural curls—not kinks—were the sublime result. Here Nestle-trained operators give lovely waves that last and last.

NATURAL CURLS FOR BABY
For over 10 years Nestle's Baby Treatment for home use has given the most delightful results. Write or call for complete details. Price for three-week treatment $1.

NESTLE'S SALON
*Nestle's for the Hair*
11 East 49th Street Plaza 3-6111

# PARIS LETTER

PARIS, OCT. 31

IT has been a funereal fortnight here. Certainly death has been in the air, though, so far, no disaster. The Belgrade funeral service for his late Majesty Alexander I started coming over the Paris radio at six-thirty in the morning, with the cavernous reverberation of the archaic Orthodox chants at first oddly mingled with the daily-dozen setting-up exercises at moments when the transmission was not clear. Dance music was banished from the ether all day as a sign of mourning; the Paris P.T.T.'s offering, from twelve-forty till four, featured five-minute speakers in Belgrade alternately describing the interment in Czech, French, German, Hungarian; later the German Swiss post at Bâle had a hookup in Bulgarian. More wild and strange even than the ecclesiastic and military music, the mixed provincial Slav tongues, the sound of marching *sokols'* boots, or the violent clanging of St. Michael's funeral bells, came the sound of the screaming and sobbing of the Belgrade street crowds—high, Oriental female wails, masculine roars of grief, everybody crying, crying like people who had just been physically hurt.

In Paris, the assassination itself and its possible consequence are still being feverishly written about and discussed. Though it was thought that all the terrorist accomplices in France had been seized near Fontainebleau, every automobile traversing the forests between here and Senlis is still being stopped by guards waving muskets, and searched. Certain European newspapers should be searched, too, since it is in their inkpots that the more dangerous bombs for exploding public opinion lie. *La Liberté* has finally been able to cook up a story proving that the Croat assassins were paid by Hitler to kill the Yugoslavian king to annoy France; Berlin gazettes are accusing France of deliberate negligence at Marseilles in order to destroy Swastika Central European plans in Berlin; the Serb press has accused the Italians and Hungarians of plotting; the Italian editors have said they've given the Serbs their last chance; the Hungarian prints have demanded that the Serbs apologize—ap-

WORLD'S PREMIER SCOTCH

HEDGES AND BUTLER, Ltd.

VAT 250

By appointment to
H. M. KING GEORGE V

By appointment to
H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES

GUARANTEED PRE-WAR QUALITY AND STRENGTH
A.D. 1667 — A.D. 1917
SPECIALLY VATTED TO COMMEMORATE THE
ESTD 250 YEARS ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FIRM
VAT 250
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HEDGES & BUTLER
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF UNITED KINGDOM

*Ask for Vat 250—and receive the finest Scotch procurable. Vatted to commemorate the 250th anniversary of continuous family ownership of this ancient house founded in 1667. The mark of Hedges and Butler on spirits, old matured cognacs, and fine wines is your guarantee of quality traditionally maintained and jealously guarded.*

*American Purveyors*

**The HOUSE of McATEER, Inc.**

347 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. MUrray Hill 2-2150

AT BETTER STORES, RESTAURANTS, CLUBS AND HOTELS

I'm tired of maps!

Please, Mr. Rand McNally,
If you *must* make maps
(And apparently you must),
Leave off those names
Like Hongkong, Singapore
And Bombay . . .
They get me.

In bed at night,
I see coco palms
Tossing in the wind
On coral atolls . . .
And elephants piling teak.
I hear the muffled gongs
Of Chinese temples.

I'm tired of maps.
I'm going to see
Those places for myself.
I'm going . . .

ROUND THE WORLD
FIRST $834 CLASS

President Liners sail regularly from New York Round the World, visiting 21 ports in 14 different countries. Go as you please, stopover anywhere and continue on the next or a later of these ships. Take 104 days or up to two full years.

Round the World liners are big, comfortable, steady-riding ships. Every stateroom is outside, with luxurious beds. Menus are excellent and varied. And every President Liner has an outdoor swimming pool. *For details, see your travel agent, or . . .*

DOLLAR
STEAMSHIP LINES
604 Fifth Avenue *or* 29 Broadway, New York
Telephone BRyant 9-5900

parently for having a dead king. Already everybody is threatening to go tell the League of Nations on somebody else. The League was founded to make European peace solid. Now the mere invoking of its name makes every European rattle with the fear of war.

WHILE Minister of Foreign Affairs Barthou's murder was a death blow to friendly French diplomacy, ex-President Poincaré's demise was a stab at French battle memories. The two statesmen were alike only in their old beards, their affection for each other, and their passion for writing thick books. Barthou was from the southwest, son of a village hardware shopkeeper; in his native Oloron, the shop still carries on under the original sign, "Aristide Barthou, Quincaillerie." Barthou *fils* was a wit, an indefatigable ladies' man, a precious amateur of special books and printing, a foxy, fine-tongued diplomat, and an appreciator of more informal human fun. Poincaré was born in the northeast, at Bar-le-Duc, in Lorraine, serious son of a bourgeois family, a harsh patriot, since twice in his life he had seen his countryside invaded, a cold, constitutional intellect of fabulous vigor and little compassion, the so-called savior of France in the financial troubles of 1926, certainly the assistant savior during the war, at the close of which he, alone, was voted to have "deserved well of his country." Since he was not rich, part of the deserving was to have been a pension, which eight months later he hadn't seen a *sou* of, because he was too proud to make out his pension papers. Poincaré was unloved by the French lower classes, his superior cerebration preventing placation. He loved no people; he loved only France. Amid ten thousand metres of crêpe, his funeral oration was formally delivered at the Panthéon.

After months of tasteless disorder in all public affairs, France managed, however, a day's funeral for Barthou that was an artistic triumph. On the Esplanade des Invalides, the solemn and the scenic were magnificently united in a gigantic upholstered dais, topped by the coffin and classic smoking incense censer, and on its distant borders edged by isolated, black-hung state chairs, where the government chiefs sat like solemn little sentries. Moroccan Spahis on white ponies, with Arab drums; St. Cyr plumed cadets; crack, fast-footed infantry; war-wounded, with forests of flags; silken clergy; the scarlet of the law courts and gilt-and-green of the Académie, since Barthou had belonged

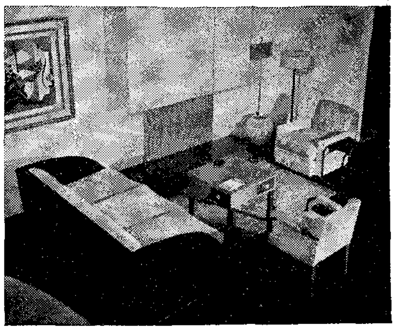
Charles of the Ritz

when you have your
Permanent or finger wave
at the Charles of the Ritz Salons, master hands sculpture the wave to accentuate the distinctive beauty of your head.

A permanent wave by Charles of the Ritz, the essential foundation for smart and distinctive coiffures . . . $15.00

CHARLES of the RITZ
Hotel Plaza
telephone plaza 3-2527

Everything
MODERN
under one roof!



• Imagine a building a block long devoted to modern furnishings exclusively! Three floors of modern furniture . . . new departments for modern floor coverings and draperies . . . decorative counsel by the country's leading modern authority. And three floors of factories to carry out your every wish!

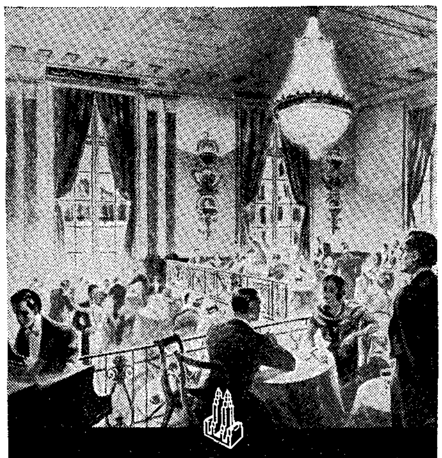
Modernage
162 East 33rd St.
Designers and Makers of Modern Furniture

☆

The
EMPIRE ROOM

GUY LOMBARDO and HIS ROYAL CANADIANS

New York's favorite orchestras play nightly for Dinner-Dancing and Supper-Dancing. *Xavier Cugat* and his Tango Orchestra alternate with *Lombardo Orchestra* at supper. Couvert, $1.50 (Saturday and holidays, $2.50). *Tea-Dancing. Horacio Zito* and his orchestra. *Iliena Strenge,* diseuse. Informal Sunday Dinner-Dancing. Telephone reservations: ELdorado 5-3000.



THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH STS · NEW YORK

"the knowing know"

$29.75

dresses and hats

jane engel

1046 MADISON AVENUE
(between 79th and 80th)

to both (his Académie seat was that once occupied by Sainte-Beuve); and giant Yugoslav peasants in national costume made a perfect procession for the dead little bald provincial diplomat who, not so long ago, was heckled more for helping Soviet Russia into the League of Nations than he was praised for his Yugoslavian entente. Not his life, but his death as a sacrificial scapegoat in an assassination which might have been for France a nasty international incident, endeared him at the last. Had Barthou not been silent forever during his funeral procession, he would have had something witty to say about it all.

EVERY seat in the huge Salle Rameau was taken to hear Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, aged seventeen and fourteen respectively, playing Mozart's A-major, Schumann's Grand, and Beethoven's Kreutzer like old hands, without their music. The boy's *legato* bent French heads as if in prayer, the girl's runs were like strung pearls. On the other hand, his big notes are sometimes uncouth, her bass occasionally businesslike. But Lord, why carp? They're wonder children, who make the rest of us norms wish we'd never been born. They're starting out on a concert tour of the world. In their teens it is their oyster.

Unfortunately, René Clair's new film, "Le Dernier Milliardaire," which is a heady takeoff on dictators, royal assassinations, money, state ministers, and silly queens, opened in the wake of a real king's assassination and was booed. Part of the booing was at the film's slow tempo and its need of being cut with a scythe. But if it comes your way, scythe-cut, it'll give you cranial humor and abdominal laughter besides. Go, unless you're afraid of seeing what is called good government made funny.

Seven films of the Marseilles assassination, destined for America, were seized by the police at Cherbourg, while the same pictures were permitted to sail for England—which gives a perfect idea of the police confusion now in France. Alexander I's death did harm to his own country and maybe all of Europe except France. It took his murder in Marseilles, because of inadequate police protection, to rid France of those two police-protectors, Minister of Justice Chéron, and Minister of the Interior Sarraut, on whose office the Sûreté Nationale hangs. Hang, in the estimation of many French citizens, would be a good idea.
—GENÊT

MELROSE RYE

Records & Goldsborough
MELROSE
Blended Rye Whiskey
BLENDED BY

renowned for over 50 years

This blend has been manufactured by the same family under the same formula for over 50 years. It is blended of pure aged whiskies, containing no grain spirits. We, therefore, take pride in recommending Melrose to you.

Write us for the name of your nearest dealer or telephone Wickersham 2-6500-5

R&G Quality

Rust - Oppenheim, Waegen & Co., Inc.
Importers and Wine Merchants
57 East 52nd Street, New York

**A SALYMIL** . . . lush and lovely satin gown for the more important functions of winter. The bodice is quietly ablaze with crystals, iridescent shells, brilliants; the skirt is definitely molded, deeply trained. White and antique ivory. **$55**

SALYMIL SHOP . . . 4th FLOOR

**MILGRIM**

6 West 57th Street • New York
CLEVELAND DETROIT

## OUR TARDY READERS

State of Florida
Executive Department
Tallahassee

*October 20th, 1934*

The New Yorker,
25 West 45th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Attention: The Editors

Dear Sir:

You would not purposely do injury to the grapefruit growers of Florida I know. An article which appeared in the New Yorker of April 7, 1934, page 17, under general heading "The Talk of the Town," leaves too strong an inference that due to some treatment of the present grapefruit crop in Florida, the fruit no longer may be considered as the supreme adjunct to health and beauty treatments.

Nothing has happened which endangers the rightful position which grapefruit occupies as the great health fruit of America.

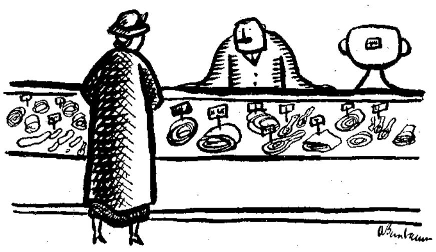
True, some deciduous fruits, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, etc., are usually sprayed with arsenical sprays, and when the spraying is done immediately before harvest, it is well to have such fruit thoroughly washed. However, the possibility of enough material remaining on the fruit, even though unwashed, to affect the ordinary individual is very remote, as generally the skin is removed before the fruit is eaten.

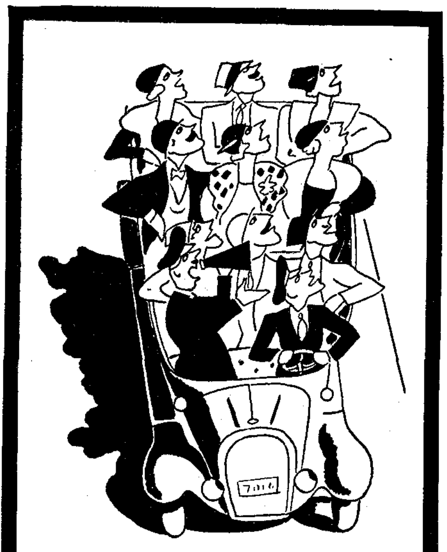
Arsenical sprays are in common and universal use for pest control on all vegetables, such as celery, cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, beans, etc., and this applies to every vegetable growing section of the country. When the edible portion consists of the entire vegetable, thorough washing is of course advisable.

Poisonous sprays are rarely used on citrus. When grapefruit is about the size of a marble, occasionally some form of arsenical spray is used by some growers for a specific control, but the application is a very weak solution and is applied some six months before the fruit is harvested.

Florida citrus, both grapefruit and oranges, may be safely eaten without washing, as is the general custom within our State. It will be news to many that citrus keeps better unwashed. However, the public prefers fruits thoroughly cleaned, so all fruit intended for shipment is first subjected to thorough washing and cleaning before being wrapped and packed in boxes.

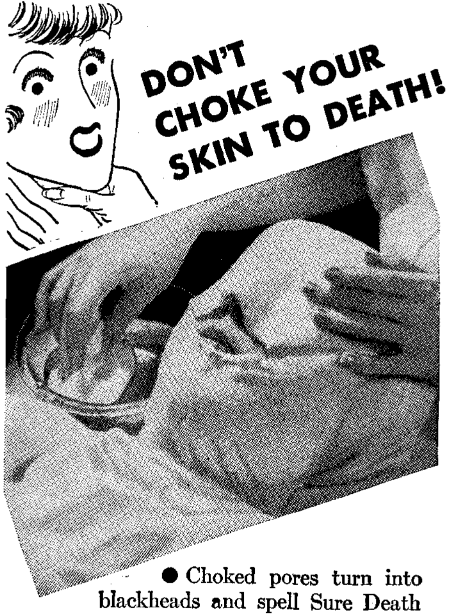
The great health benefits to follow the drinking of grapefruit juice should be heralded to the four corners of the earth, and Elizabeth Arden shows rare discernment in recommending it as





"On your left, ladeez and gentlemen, is ESSEX HOUSE where the really smart New Yorkers do all their important eating and drinking."

**ESSEX HOUSE**
*160 Central Park South*
●


DON'T CHOKE YOUR SKIN TO DEATH!

● Choked pores turn into blackheads and spell Sure Death to Beauty! Give your face a new lease on life with Kathleen Mary Quinlan's wonderful Purging Treatment!

Herbal masks, stimulating lotions, corrective ointments and packs insure cleanliness for every pore . . . blackheads and whiteheads are removed with ease. Your skin is as fresh as this morning's dewdrops! An individual make-up . . . and you're a brand-new person!

*$5.00. Call PLaza 3-4086 for an appointment.*

**kathleen mary quinlan**
*Stylist in Beauty*
**salon: 655 fifth avenue, at 52nd street**

"Lips must wear a Lustre"

"SPARKLING jewels . . . shimmering silks . . . lustrous lips. . . . Your lips must not only be ravishing in color — they must have the seductive moist gleam of youth!" says Helena Rubinstein.

After years of research, Helena Rubinstein has discovered a precious biological substance which promotes lip moisture. A secret ingredient which she has embodied in her lipsticks. To the vibrant, lasting colors which have made her lipsticks world-famous, she now adds the very essence of youth!...

Red Geranium for Blondes, Red Poppy for Brunettes, Red Raspberry for medium types, Red Coral for all types. And "Evening", the enthralling new shade. All extra indelible. 1.00 to 2.00.

POWDERS — Misty-fine. Clinging. Textures for normal, oily, dry skins. Mauresque — the shade of the moment! 1.00 to 5.50.

ROUGES—gay, young, smart. Stay on hours! Dramatic shades to match lipsticks. 1.00 to 5.00.

PERSIAN MASCARA — the gentlewoman's mascara. Smart shades, including Blue, Blue-green. 1.00, 1.50. Eyelash Grower and Darkener. Grooms lashes, brows. 1.00.

Available at Helena Rubinstein Salons and all smart stores . . . A Beauty Lesson Treatment at the Salon will teach you to create a doubly glamorous effect for your maquillage. Consultation without obligation.

**helena rubinstein**
8 East 57th Street
PARIS New York LONDON

an important part of her beauty treatment.

Our Commissioner of Agriculture was astounded at being so quoted, and I know you will be anxious to learn the true situation so as to correct this erroneous impression about grapefruit.

You may use this letter over my signature in any way you wish, and I believe your public will be greatly interested in these facts about America's greatest health fruit.

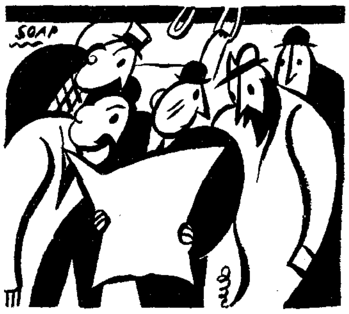
Very sincerely yours,
D. SHOLTZ
Governor

DEAR GOVERNOR:

IN the matter of poison spray, all we know is what we read in the *Consumers' Research* bulletins; and as the bulletins are marked "Confidential" in letters as big as your hat, we can't in all decency tell you the worst. However, you can subscribe yourself for two dollars.

Our position on arsenate of lead is about what it was back in April, 1934, except we are a little weaker physically from eating three insect-controlled meals a day. In simple, we are against the use, on foods, of poison, just as we are against hitting babies. A baby has no defence, and neither has a consumer when he is eating a deciduous pear (and by deciduous, of course, we mean California). You take these New York restaurants—sometimes they even spray the food between the kitchen and the dining-room to get rid of the aphids. If spray doesn't do it, the waiter uses the end of an old napkin. Now, our campaign is for the complete abandonment of arsenate of lead in the harvest fields of America, on the ground that the consumer has no opportunity of finding out how recently the spray was used, or how deeply it penetrated, or whether the residue was washed off. The waiter is always hurrying you up, and even if he weren't, Governor, how would you know? You simply can't tell. It's these sudden pains in the early mornings that make you wonder.

Nobody loves a grapefruit any more than we do. We like them even better than Florida (citrus) oranges. They have a cleaner taste, and they cut the



Macy's *Fine* Wines & Liquors ★

A Comet — a Red Star

Julian Street quotes* that in 1811, when a comet excited the locals, a distiller stamped a star on his brandy label. In 1812 he added another star, in 1813 a third. And that's how grading brandy by stars commenced.

★ In 1934 (as for 35 years Pre-Pro) we put a bright Red Star on bottles containing really choice wines and liquors. It's the mark of a store—and therefore the mark of the quality that store tastes and tests and sells at low cash prices. To wit:

**RED STAR RYE**
Mellowed and matured in charred oak casks for six years before being bottled in bond. 100 proof.
fifth **3.89**

Red ★ Star
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond
R.H. Macy & Co.

RED ★ STAR
distilled dry gin
R.H. Macy & Co.
NEW YORK

**RED STAR GIN**
Triple distilled, 90 proof. Made by the old English pot-still method. fifth **1.17**

*WINES—a swell book.

**MACY'S FINE WINES AND LIQUORS**
*459 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.*

BY APPOINTMENT
FORTNUM & MASON, LTD.
PICCADILLY, LONDON
SWEATER NEWS

**10 YEARS AGO** we created the first smart sweater any English woman ever wore anywhere (except her brother's). That was London 1924 . . . In the same breath we designed our famous felt Fortmason hat (still going strong—$14.50).

The sweater illustrated again makes sports history—it is at one time both a cardigan and a pullover—warm too, but not bulky.

Of the finest cashmere in black-and-white, tete de negre-and-white, peacock-and-white, mulberry-and-white, navy-and-white, $30.00. Sweaters from $8.50.

**FORTNUM & MASON • 697 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK**

THE FINEST IN MUSICAL REPRODUCTION

THE *Supreme* GIFT...

*Capehart*
OF COURSE

. . . a thing of beauty and a joy forever, affording hours of the best broadcast and recorded music whenever you want it . . . reproducing with absolute tonal fidelity your symphonic and operatic albums, in recorded sequence . . . dance music played as long as desired.

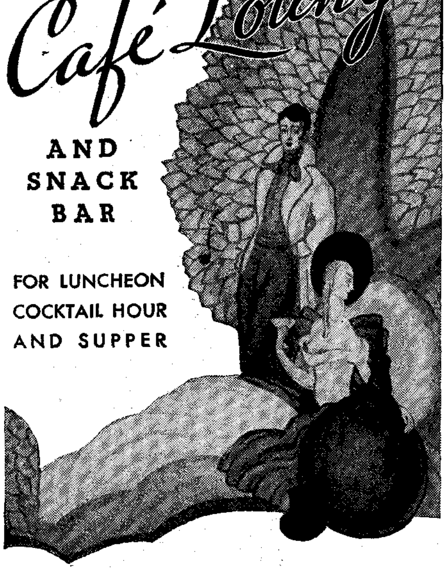
- Bring your individual requirements to our specialized department. Our factory-trained experts make the most complex home or yacht installations.

*1935 models on display*

**The Gramophone Shop, Inc.**
*"The World's Best Recorded Music"*
18 EAST 48th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW
*Café Lounge*
AND
SNACK
BAR

FOR LUNCHEON
COCKTAIL HOUR
AND SUPPER



When there isn't time to lunch, or dine leisurely, or you "want to go light" try the new Continental Snack Bar.
Dancing during Cocktail Hour 5 to 7
BASIL FOMEEN and his Internationals.
Dancing after the Theatre
BOB GRANT with his Orchestra
SUNDAY DANCING four-thirty to seven
No cover charge at any time

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STREETS

phlegm, as old Dash Hammett used to say before they sprayed him out of house and home. Our loyalty is unquestionable: last winter, when we were sick of a mysterious malady, where did we go to get well—did we go to California, where they use arsenic on apples, peaches, pears, plums? We did not! We went straight down to Florida, where, as you say in your letter, they only occasionally use arsenic on grapefruit about the size of marbles. This ought to indicate how we feel about Florida and about health and about grapefruit and even about Elizabeth Arden—although *how she managed* to get in on the argument we have almost forgotten, so long a time has elapsed between the writing of our paragraph and the receipt of your letter. Lord, Governor, does it take THE NEW YORKER six months to get to Florida?

Please convey our respects to the lifeguard at the foot of Australian Avenue, a few blocks north of the Municipal Pier. And remember—no more arsenic, ever, on anything! Hear?

—THE EDITORS

•

## THE TREPID MAN

(DICTIONARY: *IN*- OR *IM*- MEANS NOT; AS INELEGANT, NOT ELEGANT; IMMORAL, NOT MORAL.)

John Smith, a trepid man was he;
He drank a cup of sipid tea,
Then, full of ertia, on a spree
He ventured out, pecuniously.

The night was clement, he was ert,
He met an imical young flirt;
"She's peccable," he thought, "and pert,
But I'm not mune to any skirt."

They danced, and drank more sipid tea,
They drank and danced, both cessantly;
Until, defatigable, she
Showed sleepiness advertently.

Then John began a promptu speech:
"I see that somnia will reach
Your exorable lips, so I beseech
An ane and pudent kiss from each!"

She said, "I ought to be a grate
For all your kindness soon and late,
And so I feel that I should state
How kisses *might* capacitate."

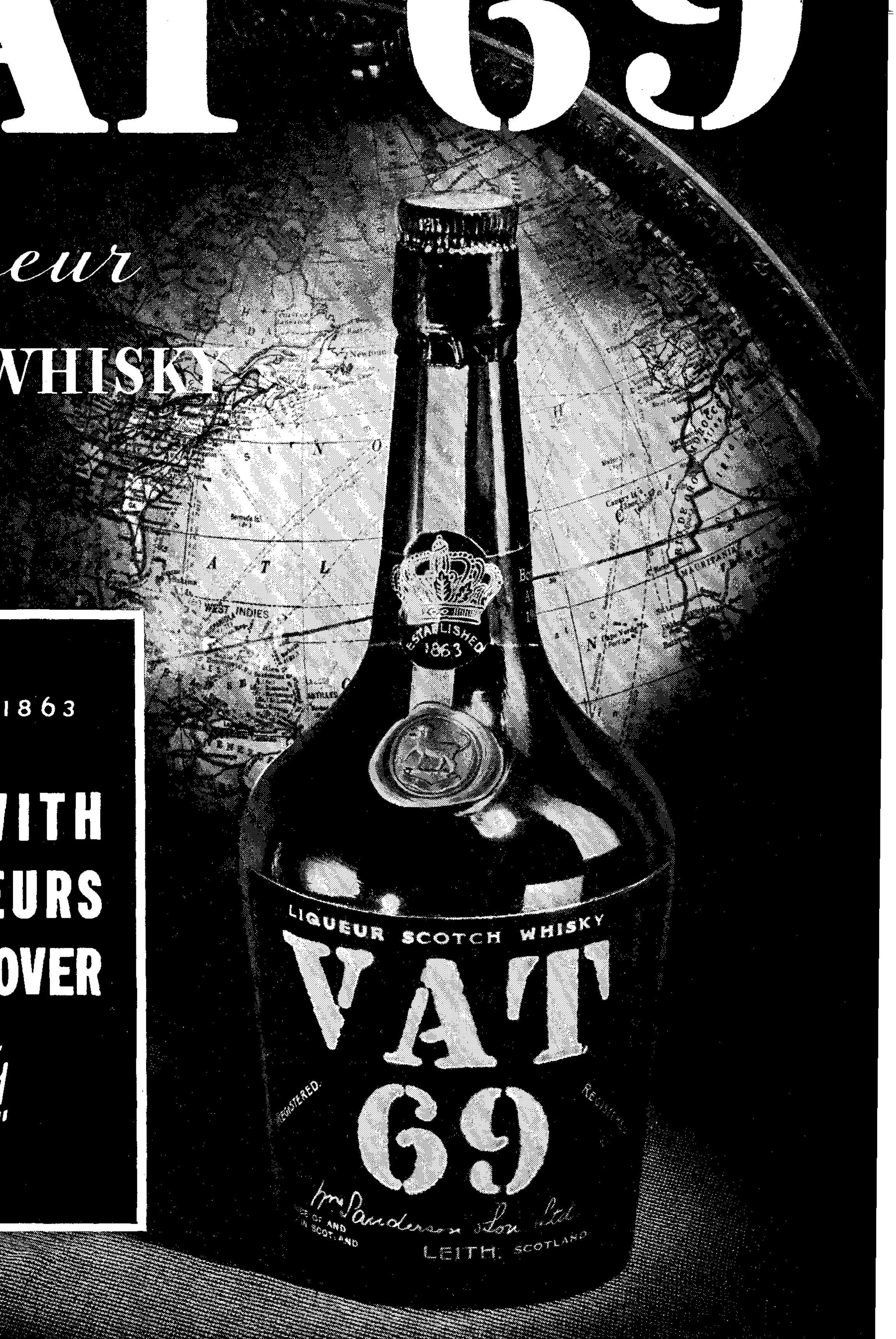
Now John, he was a trepid man,
So home with ertia then ran he.
But now he eats his morning bran
And feels as nocent as can be!

—F. EMERSON ANDREWS

# VAT 69

*Liqueur*

SCOTCH WHISKY


ESTABLISHED
1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
REGISTERED.
REGISTERED
Wm Sanderson & Son Ltd
LEITH, SCOTLAND

EST. 1863

**FAMOUS WITH CONNOISSEURS THE WORLD OVER**

*"Quality Tells"*

**To Be Sure of Fine Old Liqueur Scotch—INSIST ON VAT 6**

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND BY

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, 485 Fifth Ave., New York • Exclusive U. S. Representativ

**The SAMPLER**
The best-known, best-liked box of candy in America. 17-oz. Sampler... $1.50. Also in 2, 3, 5 lb. sizes.

*The thing to do*
...take..give..send

... the candy that America knows and loves ... the candy everyone is delighted to be offered ...

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

**The FAIRHILL**
With its beautiful package and variety of favorites, Whitman's Fairhill is America's outstanding box of candy at $1 a pound. Also in 25c, 50c, $2, $3, $5 sizes.

© S. F. W. & Son., Inc.

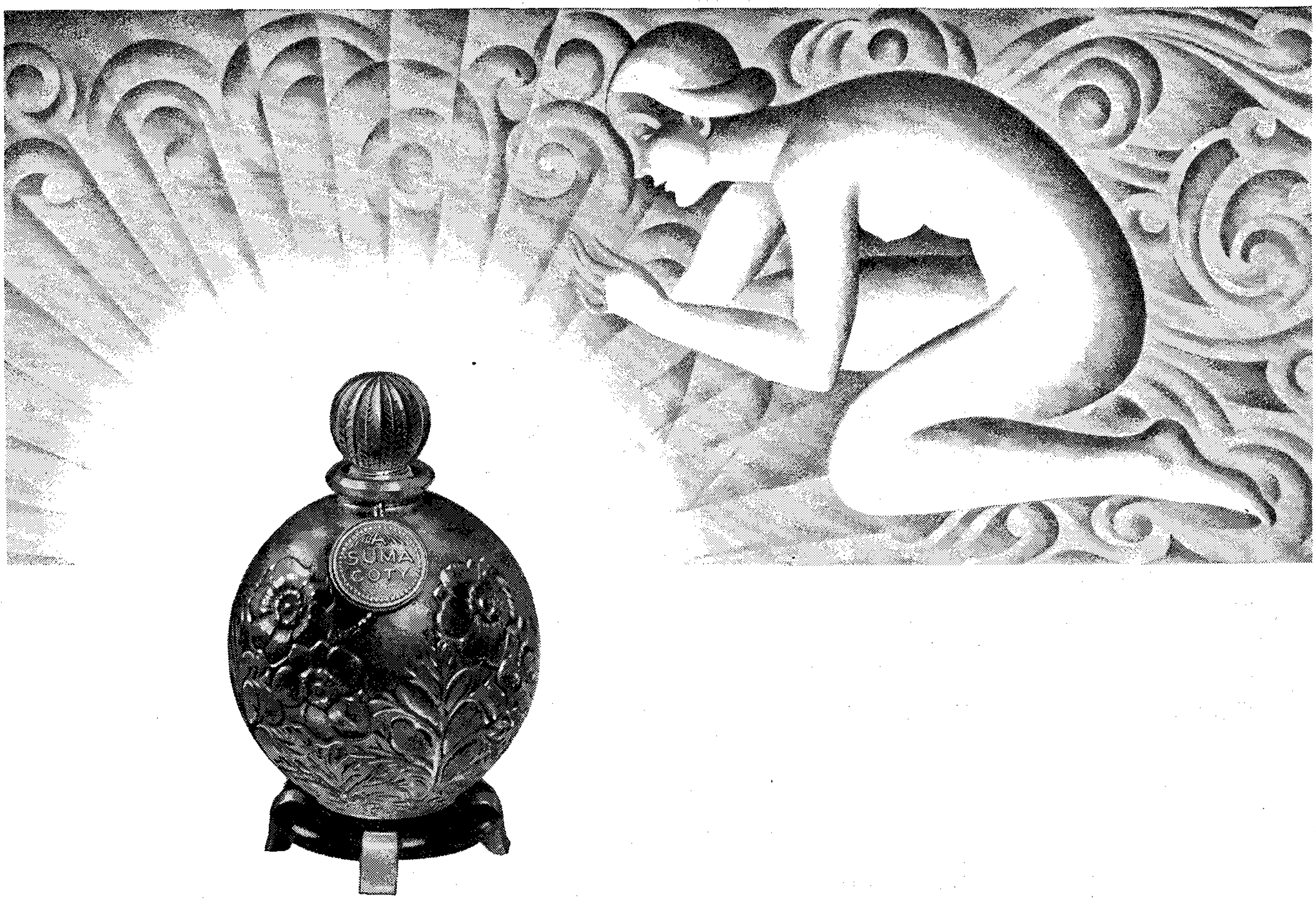
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Stokowski Revelations—On Gabrilowitsch's Youth*

Mr. Stokowski invariably provides news, even when his program seems to be a familiar enough catalogue of music by Handel, Mozart, Vivaldi, and Bach. At his latest Carnegie Hall evening with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Mr. Stokowski startled some of us by performing a Mozart symphony without reducing his band to a chamber ensemble. For several years, it has been fashionable for *maestri* to indicate their scholarship by leaving about half of the orchestra in the dressing-rooms whenever Mozart was to be played. This procedure is intended to prove that the conductor knows that Mozart didn't always have a hundred men to play his scores, and also that the director is capable of delicacy, charm, and the itsy-bitsyness which Mozart stirs up in many musicians. Occasionally, the results are delightful, but usually they suggest the picture of a man in riding boots and spurs sitting on a carrousel pony.

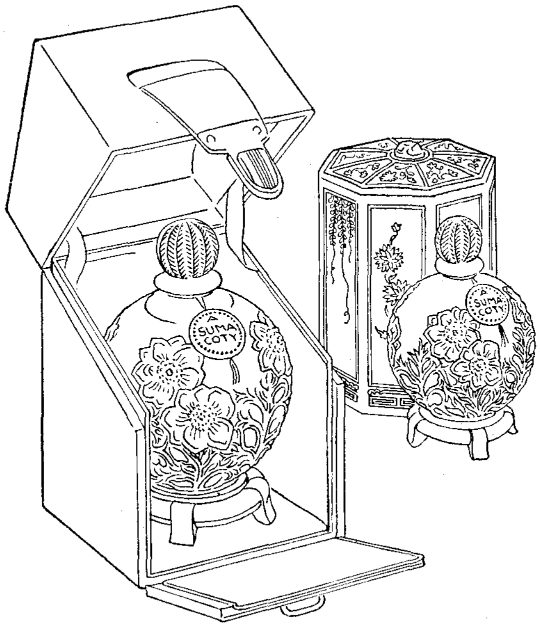
The "Jupiter" symphony lost nothing by the employment of the whole orchestra. Mr. Stokowski declined to be cute with Mozart, much to Mozart's advantage. There was delicacy and charm, but no itsy-bitsy; and Mr. Stokowski has such command over his personnel that he obtained unusual richness of tone without increasing volume.

Preceding the symphony, Mr. Stokowski presented six movements from Handel's "Water Music." Nowadays, this ingratiating suite usually is played in the edition prepared by Sir Hamilton Harty, but Mr. Stokowski had a new version, based partly on Sir Hamilton's arrangement, partly on the original Handel, and partly on Mr. Stokowski's ingenuity. In the "Hornpipe," for which I have a peculiar affection because I used to play it in a simplified piano transcription, thereby gaining a little standing in my family as a lover of the classics, Mr. Stokowski introduced a few drum taps which added exactly the right suggestion of jauntiness. The "Air" was played smoothly instead of being ripped off, as it gen-



# a Suma

A NEW PERFUME CREATION



"*A Suma*" is in two sizes — each a flower-embossed frosted glass sphere, pedestalled on ebony-and-scarlet. *At $10* — with a handsome octagonal gold-and-black lacquer-like case; *at $35* — very de luxe, in scarlet Morocco.

Rich, strange, reckless—"A Suma" is the new luxurious odeur, exotic as a moonlit beach at Bali. It fits the smart tempo, "goes with" magnificent cloth-of-gold fabrics, gorgeous romantic silhouettes. A fragrance even more opulent than the mode, "A Suma" has the sensuous allure of a siren's song. Ask for "A Suma" at smart shops.

Coty

erally is, and the finale was treated to a climax that was resounding but not brassily crass. All in all, you won't hear anything much more appealing than Mr. Stokowski's Handelian venture.

The D-minor concerto grosso of Vivaldi and Mr. Stokowski's orchestral setting of the Bach C-minor organ passacaglia are Philadelphia Orchestra specialties to which Mr. Stokowski did his customary justice. Lately, there has been competition between the Respighi scoring of the passacaglia and Mr. Stokowski's, and there are those who vote for Respighi. If only on the ground of sportsmanship, Mr. Stokowski deserves the honors, because, unlike Respighi, he succeeds in creating a successful translation of organ tone into orchestral music without hauling in the assistance of a pipe organ.

A WOMAN is as old as she looks, a man is as old as he feels, and—don't stop me, because you may not have heard this before—a pianist is as old as his imagination. Some pianists are ancients even while they are *Wunderkinder*, because they simply rattle off pages of music without considering anything except the mechanics of fingering, pedalling, and other incidentals which are taught at so much per lesson. Such keyboard practitioners, however agile and accurate they may be, are as set in their performances as vociferators who have been calling out the same trains for fifty years—and almost as interesting.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who, if one may trust official records, has been playing the piano in public for nearly forty years, remains one of our youngest artists. This season he is attracting large assemblies to the Town Hall with his concerto sessions, at which he has the collaboration of Mr. Barzin and the National Orchestral Association. Most of the concerti presumably are old friends with whom he has been in association for several decades, but he continues to play them as if they were novelties which he has the pleasure of introducing.

That anyone performs three or four concerti in a single afternoon may still be a matter for wonder and admiration. It's hard work for a pianist, and mere labor sometimes wins a deal of respectful attention, especially when it involves concerti. I don't know whether Mr. Gabrilowitsch feels like taking a long winter's nap or like skipping rope at the conclusion of his sessions, yet the impression isn't one of a man who has been

The World's Most Famous Natural Alkaline Water

AFTER DINING—
CORRECT ACIDITY
NATURE'S WAY

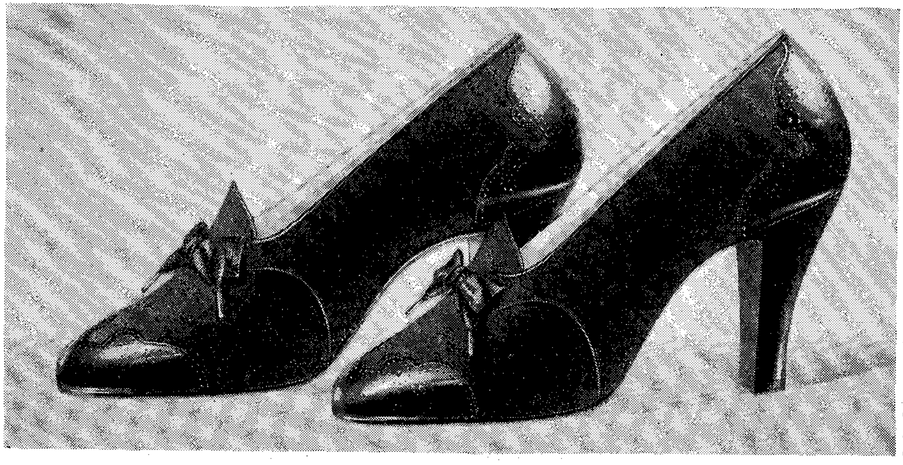
MODERN dining often has its mildly unfortunate after-effect: acidosis. For generations, physicians here and abroad have prescribed Vichy Célestins to restore or maintain the alkaline balance. It is nature's own, quick, safe way. Obtainable everywhere. Try it today!

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.
485 Fifth Ave., New York

BOTTLED ONLY AT THE SPRING IN VICHY, FRANCE

VICHY
CÉLESTINS

VICHY
FRANCE
CONTENTS: 1 PINT 13 FLUID OZ.
VICHY
CÉLESTINS

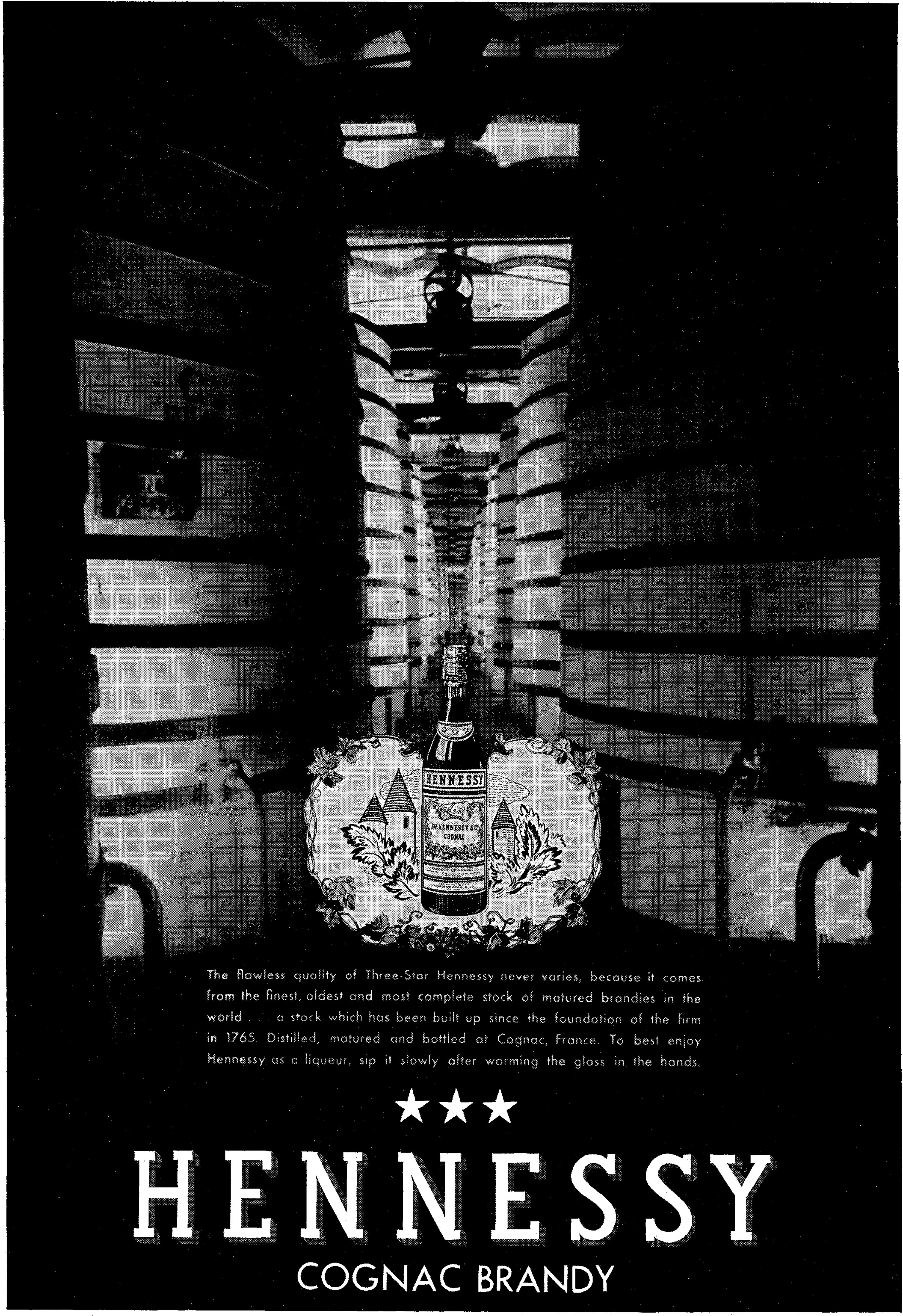


YOU BUDGET YOUR BEAUTY
*when you budget your feet*

No woman can smile her loveliest when her feet feel like frowning! You can't feel or appear at your best in shoes made to fit a price, instead of fitting and flattering your feet! . . . So Florsheim refuses to skimp on fine materials and craftsmanship to please your purse but penalize your charm. *Style illustrated* . . The CHICKIE, L-48.

$8.75 and $10.50
MOST STYLES

FLORSHEIM *Shoe Shops for Women*
501 FIFTH AVENUE 8 W. 34th STREET 36 E. 59th STREET
In Brooklyn—*Corner Fulton and Flatbush Ext.*



The flawless quality of Three-Star Hennessy never varies, because it comes from the finest, oldest and most complete stock of matured brandies in the world . . . a stock which has been built up since the foundation of the firm in 1765. Distilled, matured and bottled at Cognac, France. To best enjoy Hennessy as a liqueur, sip it slowly after warming the glass in the hands.

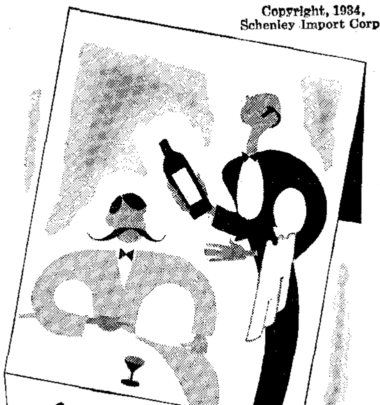
★★★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: **Schieffelin & Co.,** NEW YORK CITY. IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Copyright, 1934, Schenley Import Corp.



It's never too early or too late for

**DIAMOND JUBILEE SHERRY**

1 The popular and fashionable appetizer
2 An ingratiating dinnerwine—when the soup is served
3 At dinner's end—when smoke curls upward

Diamond Jubilee Sherry and Diamond Jubilee Port come to you from the ancient cellars of Gonzalez Byass & Co., Ltd. . . . purveyors of wines that have graced the tables of royalty itself. The quality of these importations has been rigidly upheld for two hundred years. This year is a great year to become acquainted with Diamond Jubilee!

DIAMOND JUBILEE
1837 1897
SHERRY
GONZALEZ BYASS & CO LTD

A Schenley IMPORTATION

Look for the Mark of Merit

Send 25c for the Schenley Wine Book. Schenley Import Corp., Room 551, 18 W. 40th Street, New York.

**GONZALEZ BYASS & CO., Ltd.**
Jerez, Spain and Oporto, Portugal
*Sherries and Ports*

demonstrating his endurance and hopes that you will love him for the dangers he has pass'd. He has been calling on his technical assets, of course, but he hasn't depended on them. He has, however, been making music with the help of a singularly sensitive imagination, and the result is refreshing for everyone in the hall, including, no doubt, Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

## POPULAR RECORDS

### *Messrs. Coward and Whiteman—Songsters*

MOST of the melodies of Mr. Coward's "Conversation Piece" are assembled in a selection played by His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra under the knowing direction of Reginald Burston (Victor 36139). The potpourri is unmarred by vocal interpolations, so you may sing "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" to excellent accompaniment if you like to supply your own choruses. The selection is good without home singing, too.

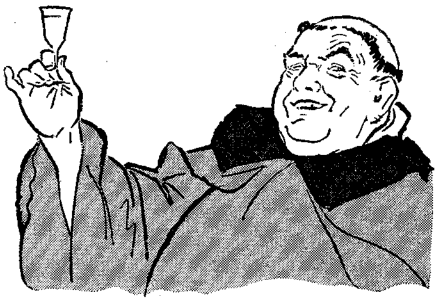
From his recent collection of short stanzas in the American idiom, Mr. Whiteman has recorded "Deep Purple," a study in rich tones, and "Park Avenue Fantasy," which has one of the most striking slow themes since Mr. Whiteman's first discovery, the "Rhapsody in Blue." The playing is virtuoso on both sides of the disc, which is Victor 36131.

MISS RUTH ETTING, returning to wax, does a "hard" characterization in "Tomorrow Who Cares?" (Columbia 2954-D), in which the heroine gets good and bitter—or maybe be bad and bitter. It's what concert-reviewers would call a graphic delineation by purely vocal methods. "Talkin' to Myself" is sadder but not wiser, and Miss Etting turns on exactly the right percentage of pathos.

In a less dramatic mood, there is "Melancholy Baby" (Decca 180), which Miss Jane Froman intones lusciously, as she does "Lost in a Fog." Miss Froman has "line," as my erudite pals might say, and she never lets you lose a word, which may turn out to be a handicap if she happens to encounter some of the current lyrics.

Les Sœurs Pickens, assisted by their

The drier the gin...
THE BETTER THE DRINK!



NEARLY a century and a half ago, Coates of Plymouth were becoming famous for their dry gin. A secret formula gave it a dryness — an aroma — a flavor that was delightful.

Today this famous dry gin—the distilled "Plymouth"—is still made by the same carefully guarded secret formula . . . Try this really dry gin in your next cocktail—and see what an amazing improvement it makes!

Coates & Co. ORIGINAL DISTILLED
"PLYMOUTH"
the quality dry GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

* FREE! Send for Souvenir Book—containing Cartoon History of Coates "Plymouth" Gin with Limerick text, and Improved Recipes for America's Favorite Drinks. Address our New York office, G. H. Mumm Champagne (Société Vinicole de Champagne, Successors) and Associates, Incorporated, La Maison Française...610 Fifth Avenue.

© 1934

Ten Park Avenue
at 34th St.
New York
UNUSUAL HOTEL SUITES
Living Room-Bedroom Combinations, complete kitchens large dropped living rooms, dressing rooms.
$6 to $8 daily
2 rooms $12 to $15 daily
*Special Monthly Rates*
RESTAURANT
CAledonia 5-5200
*Management*
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. Inc.

# Next time you stop at a filling station

***REMEMBER THESE FIGURES:***

## Here are the FACTS behind the FIGURES:

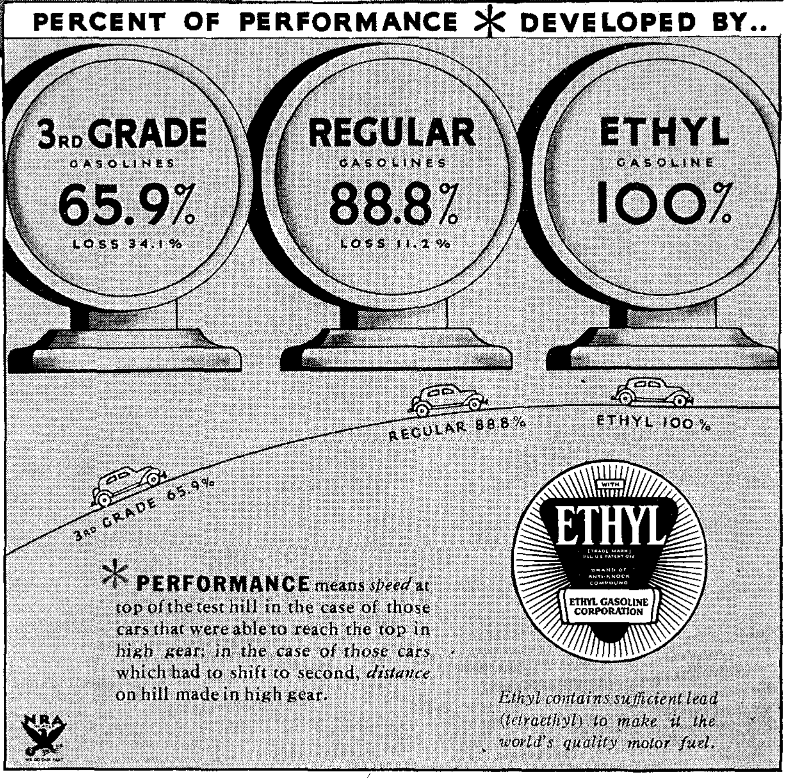
TODAY many filling stations offer you a choice of three grades of gasoline: Ethyl, regular, and third grade. The figures posted on the pumps tell the difference in *price.* But they don't tell the difference in *what you get.*

The figures at the right *do.* They are the averaged results of tests involving 10 makes of new cars, representing every price class and more than 80% of all cars sold so far this year; tried out on the same test hill with 17 different gasolines.

Remember too that the 100% car performance Ethyl delivers now averages only about $10 a year in cost over regular gasoline—a small amount compared with getting the most out of the $500 to $5,000 you invested in your car.

Next time you drive into a filling station, remember that only Ethyl gives 100% performance. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

***NEXT TIME GET ETHYL***



* **PERFORMANCE** means *speed* at top of the test hill in the case of those cars that were able to reach the top in high gear; in the case of those cars which had to shift to second, *distance* on hill made in high gear.

*Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.*

Barbara Gould
IRRADIATED SKIN FOOD
BARBARA GOULD

**"IMAGINE HOW RADIANTLY YOUTHFUL a Beauty Cream Irradiated with ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS Can Keep Your Skin!"**

**says** Barbara Gould

"While you sleep, *my new Irradiated Skin Food sheds tiny rays upon your skin—slowly, gently, safely. But you don't* see *them or* feel *them!"*

FOR YEARS you have been urged by scientists to take advantage of the remarkable *vitalizing* power present in the ultra-violet rays of sunshine!

"If ultra-violet rays could be introduced into a Beauty Cream, how marvelous *that* would be for a woman's skin!" thought Barbara Gould.

So, in collaboration with a scientist in a great Eastern university, she developed her new Irradiated Skin Food, into which is introduced just the right amount of ultra-violet rays to *benefit* the skin, without inducing "tan" or sunburn.

First you cleanse your skin with Barbara Gould's filmy cleansing cream, which liquefies the instant it touches the skin and floats away impurities and make-up from within the pores. Remove, and follow with Barbara Gould Skin Freshener.

Then—pat over your face and neck Barbara Gould's new Irradiated Skin Food and allow it to remain all night. Gently, slowly, safely, tiny rays do their work, *while you sleep.*

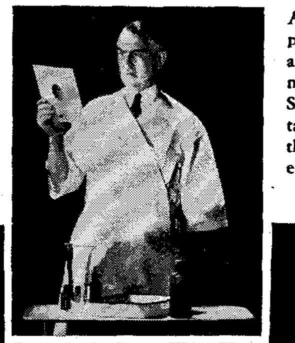
If you wish to have lovely, youthful skin, radiantly clear and soft—begin *tonight* with this remarkable new irradiated skin food!

Barbara Gould

Barbara Gould Irradiated Skin Food—
$2.75 for a Generous Jar—Smaller Size $1.25

Irradiated Face Powder—$1.65

Barbara Gould Cleansing, Finishing, Tissue, and
Circulation Creams—$1.10 the Jar, 50c the Tube



A photographic plate placed over an open jar of this new Irradiated Skin Food, actually takes a picture of the mild rays present in the cream!

own orchestra, do all sorts of amusing things to "Happiness Ahead" and "Be Still, My Heart" (Victor 24751), becoming at times an orchestra in themselves. The airs are sung in dance rhythm, so the two of you can hop around the room while the Pickenses sing; but it doesn't seem polite to the three sisters from Joejah.

THE combination of Bing Crosby and Carrie Jacobs Bond may appear a bit eccentric, and if you expect the old-home school of singing, don't bother with Bing's recording of "I Love You Truly" and "Just A-Wearyin' for You" (Decca 100). Still, the gentleman who used to sing bubble cadenzas has an odd and effective treatment for these ballads. With the honeyed accompaniments of Georgie Stoll and his orchestra, Bing makes novelties of the songs, and there probably will be plenty of satisfied customers.

DANCE music, ranging from hot to sweet, sometimes being both, is available in quantities this time of year. The list begins with calorifics and works down to blandishments:

CHINESE RHYTHM and WEAKNESS—Cab Calloway and his Orchestra. *Toujours chaud,* this Calloway. The Chinese rhythms are as Chinese as a bowling alley, but the Chinese patter develops into a useful new extension of scat-singing. (*Brunswick 6992*)

BUGLE CALL RAG and NITWIT SERENADE—Benny Goodman and his Music Hall Orchestra. Ye olde jazze, dished up with modern harmonic touches, garnished with astonishing solo passages. (*Columbia 2958-D*)

POP! GOES YOUR HEART and HAPPINESS AHEAD—Ted Lewis and his Band. The wayward Lewis clarinet is at its peak in "Pop! Goes Your Heart," which has one of Maestro Lewis's best vocal presentations. Nothing wrong with "Happiness Ahead," either. (*Decca 239*)

TEA FOR TWO and AVALON—Richard Himber and the Studebaker Champion Orchestra. Now we're in sweet territory, with expert business by harp and bells. (*Victor 24750*)

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS and TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN GEORGIA—Ozzie Nelson and his Orchestra. Excellent dance material, with pleasant chantings by Mr. Nelson. Semi-sweet. (*Brunswick 6991*)

OUT OF THE NIGHT and TEN YARDS TO GO—Ted Weems and his Orchestra. A melting one and a collegiate outburst, both done by a practiced band. (*Columbia 2956-D*)

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA and GIVE ME A HEART TO SING TO—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Extremely smooth doings of the Lombardos. (*Decca 104*)

I'LL FOLLOW MY SECRET HEART and NEVERMORE—Ray Noble and his Orchestra. Two soothing but not syrupy waltzes from "Conversation Piece," performed sentimentally, and correctly! (*Victor 24749*)

—POP

# END YOUR THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED BLAZE OF GLORY!

Four Roses
Whiskey
Four Roses

IT'S your first Repeal Thanksgiving—so celebrate it right!

Over a fat plum pudding, pour Four Roses Whiskey until the pudding is fairly soaked with the fragrant liquor. Then set it aflame, and bear the masterpiece to the table in a blue blaze of glory. What an ending for your dinner! No whiskey was ever used to better purpose.

And no *finer* whiskey could be used for this purpose. For the Four Roses of today has all the rich aroma and dulcet flavor that made it famous in the old days.

Four Roses is a product of Frankfort, a company that has been making fine whiskey for four generations. And it is made in their traditionally painstaking way—from mellow, hand-made, aged-in-the-wood whiskies. *No tricks!*

Right now, lay in a supply of Four Roses for Thanksgiving. Mix your pre-dinner cocktails with it—use it for your after-dinner highballs. Ask for Four Roses, too, in hotels and restaurants. You can be certain of its purity. For it comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack *that must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," written as only Mr. Cobb could write it, is now ready. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. 411, Louisville.

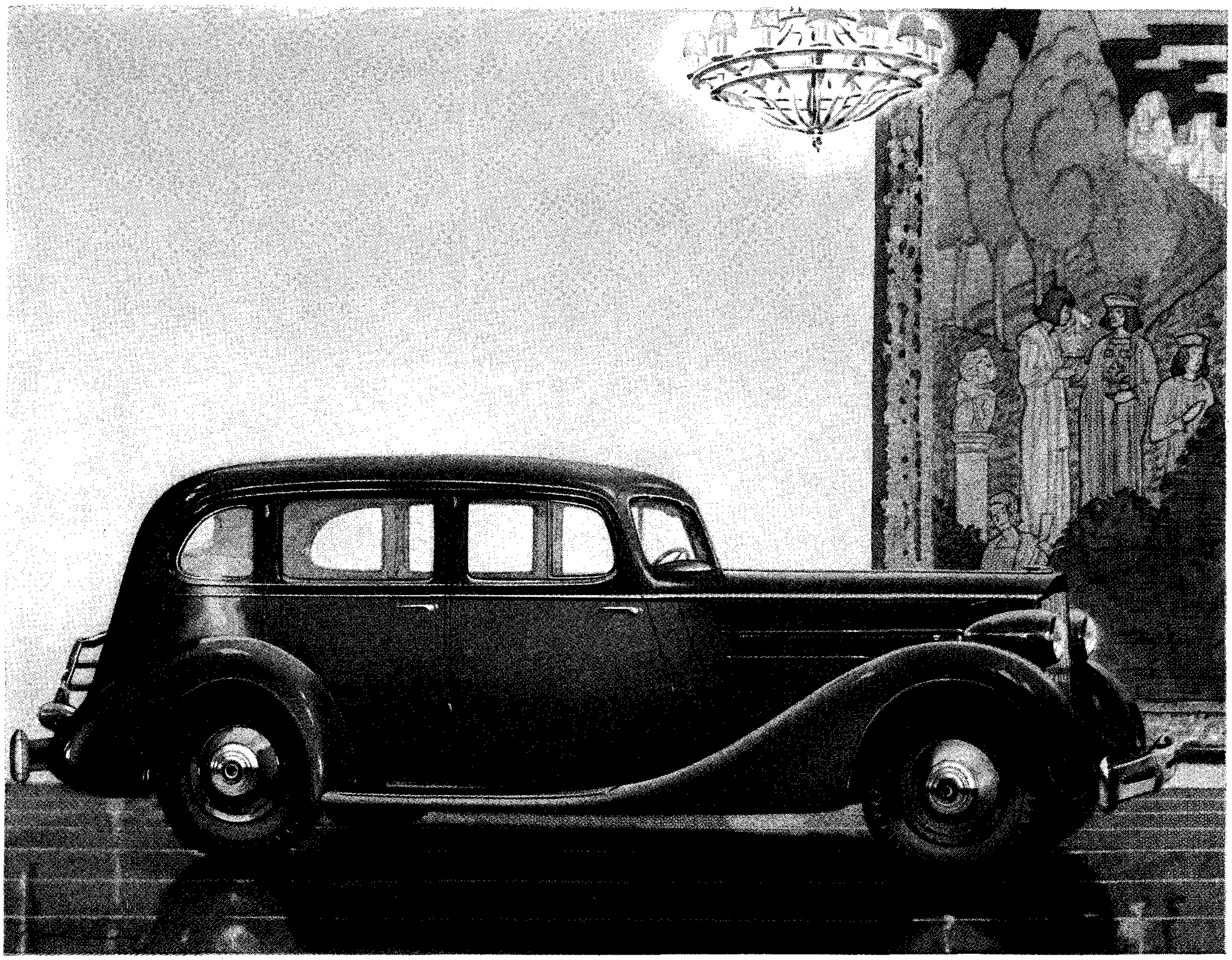
## FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

**MADE BY FRANKFORT**

LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE

**Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste and purse: PAUL JONES, Antique, Old Oscar Pepper, Shipping Port.**

*This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful*



*The Packard Eight Sedan for Five Passengers*

# *What a Packard!*

WE URGE you to see the new 1935 Packard.

Inspect its modern streamlining, its magnificent new interior treatment. Notice that the famous Packard identifying lines have not only been retained, but actually have been emphasized. *What a beautiful Packard!*

Then enter the car. Here's a roominess you've never known before. The widest, most comfortable seats you ever sat in. The doors are easier to get into and out of. The windshield is wider, the windows larger, giving you greater vision than ever before. *What a spacious, comfortable Packard!*

Now drive the car. Packard engineers, by increasing the tread and redistributing weight, have made the new Packard even easier to ride in and easier to handle than last year's car. *And what a brilliantly performing Packard!*

Packard engineers, by utilizing new materials and redesigning parts, have also produced the toughest, longest-lived car in Packard's history. They have created a motor so perfect that, were the equator a road, you could drive the car half-way around the world *in a week* without harming the motor in any way. *What a rugged Packard!*

We repeat the invitation: See and drive this new car. After that, we believe you will soon be driving one of your own, while people exclaim as you pass: *"What a Packard!"*

ON THE AIR: *Packard presents Lawrence Tibbett, John B. Kennedy and a distinguished orchestra every Tuesday evening, 8:30 to 9:15 E. S. T., W. J. Z. Network, N. B. C.*

**PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF NEW YORK**

**BROADWAY at 61st St.**

**ELEVENTH AVE. at 54th St.**

**6 East Fifty-Seventh St.**

**BRONX**
**696 East Fordham Rd.**

**BROOKLYN**
**Atlantic at Classon Ave.**

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE

EVERYTHING is going along smoothly on the Triborough Bridge project. About five thousand men are at work, and although on the main span the two towers are at present only half-completed, they are building away on the system of boulevards, which will be quite as important as the bridge, in the end. There are no money troubles. And the people in charge are able to announce in extremely forthright fashion that the whole thing will be finished and ready for business on July 1st, 1936.

There have been a great many changes in the plan for connecting the three boroughs of Manhattan, Queens, and the Bronx since the idea was first approved by the State Legislature. When I went down to the office of the Bridge Authority, in Eighth Avenue, the first thing I saw was an enormous scale model of the project, complete with bridge, roadways, ornamental planting, and even automobiles, all done in plaster, signed by a commission whose chief was James J. Walker, Mayor. But a man came up and said I need not bother to look at it any longer. Everything had been changed since the model was made.

This same man then led me to a series of airplane photographs and maps, hung on the walls of his office, and showed me exactly what the thing is going to be like. To go over it, you had best begin in Queens:

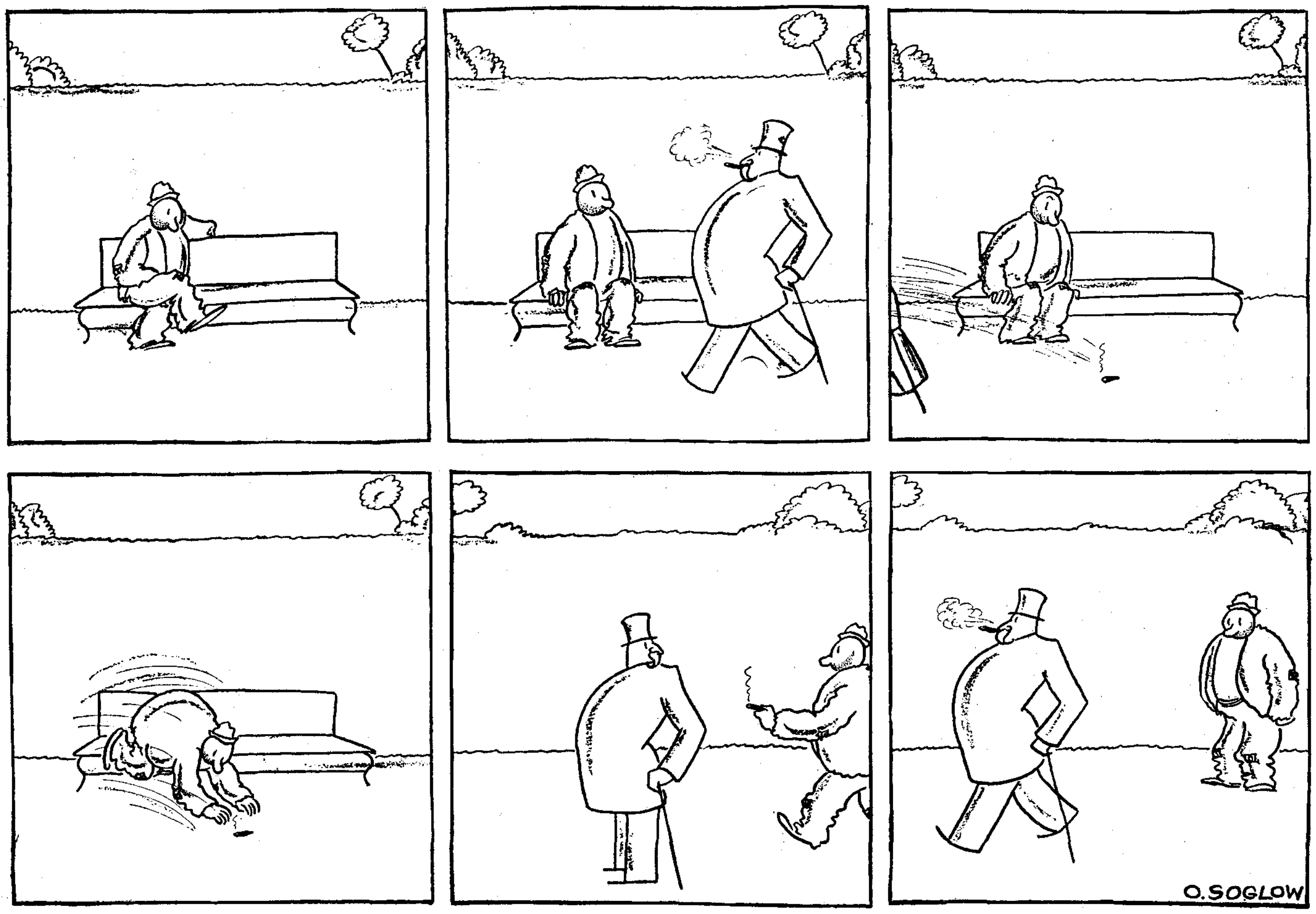
IF you come in from anywhere on Long Island, you are likely to use either the Grand Central Parkway or the Southern State Parkway. These two highways converge, after a fashion, at Kew Gardens, where the Grand Central Parkway runs into Queens Boulevard. Just at this junction, a new road leads off to the right, and this new road is the beginning of the Triborough Bridge approach. It is called, now, the Grand Central Parkway Extension.

They are filling in the waters at the southwestern edge of Flushing Bay to make a foundation for the new road, the Parkway Extension. This fill will stretch for a mile or more, and as the road goes back to solid ground they are building, not far from its edge, a yacht basin. This will be for pleasure craft only. Nobody knows yet exactly how it will be operated, whether on a rental basis, or under lease to a private corporation, or simply as a free anchorage for anybody who sails in. The decision to build it—which means a great deal of dredging work and masonry—grew simply from the discovery that there is no adequate haven for pleasure craft in all of Flushing Bay.

After leaving the yacht basin, the new highway will strike into Astoria Avenue, which is undergoing a complete transformation. The avenue is being widened, and all crossings on it are being eliminated—the side streets going under it, through tunnels, or over it by bridges. Indeed, along the whole stretch of the Extension, from Kew Gardens to the Triborough Bridge itself, a distance of about seven miles, there will be neither crossings nor traffic lights.

From Astoria, in Queens (from the end of Astoria Avenue), the bridge will take off for Ward's Island, crossing Little Hell Gate.

The bridge, a suspension affair, will be no great shakes if it is compared to the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson. Its span will be 1,380 feet, with two approaches of 672 feet



MACDONALD & MUIR
HIGHLAND QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY

Compare it with any other Scotch whisky —*of course, Highland Queen is* 10 *years old*

HIGHLAND
SCOTCH
10 YEARS OLD
STRENGTH 86° U.S.A. PROOF SPIRIT
43% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
OLD VATTED
HIGHLAND QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY
Macdonald & Muir
DISTILLERS
LEITH
Guarantee

SPONSORED BY
FCG
IMPORTERS INC.

*SOLE AGENTS FOR:*
Louis Roederer Champagne
Courvoisier Cognac
Highland Queen Scotch
Wynand Fockink Cordials
Hudson's Bay Company's
Canadian Whisky and Gin

each (a total length of 2,724 feet) whereas the George Washington span is 3,500 feet, with approaches bringing the total length to 8,700. But as East River bridges go, the Triborough can hold up its head. It is longer than the Queensboro Bridge, which has a span of only 1,182 feet; approximately the same length as the Manhattan, which spans 1,470; and only just shorter than the Brooklyn and Williamsburg Bridges, which span 1,595 and 1,600 feet respectively.

From Ward's Island, a viaduct will lead to Randall's Island, close by. And it is on Randall's Island that the divergence of routes occurs—one road leading to Manhattan, the other to the Bronx. From a wide traffic circle, the Manhattan route swings out westward, crosses a lift bridge, and strikes our perfect island at 125th Street.

But the Triborough Bridge project means a good deal more than this to Manhattan. A new express highway along the East River is in the plan—a wide boulevard, untroubled by traffic lights, which will dump the traveller into the maelstrom only after he has reached Ninety-second Street.

The route to the Bronx, diverging from the route to Manhattan on Randall's Island, goes straight north, crosses the Bronx Kills by another lift bridge, and strikes into Southern Boulevard.

Southern Boulevard will be much enlarged, and although it will not be freed entirely of crossings and traffic lights, every reasonable thing will be done to make of it an express highway. The same thing holds true for Whitlock Avenue and Eastern Boulevard, which are the streets the Triborough highway will follow after leaving Southern Boulevard.

At the last, after traversing these face-lifted streets, the motorist will find himself in Pelham Bay Park—dead on the line for either the Boston Post Road, if he wishes to go north, or the George Washington Bridge, if he wishes to go west.

The whole linear stretch of roadway, including the bridges, the new roads, the highly ambitious changing of old roads and streets, totals seventeen and a half miles. And the whole cost will be fifty million dollars. This is ten million dollars less than the George Washington Bridge cost.

A GOOD many things will be accomplished by this great expenditure of money and effort, provided that we acknowledge the speeding up of

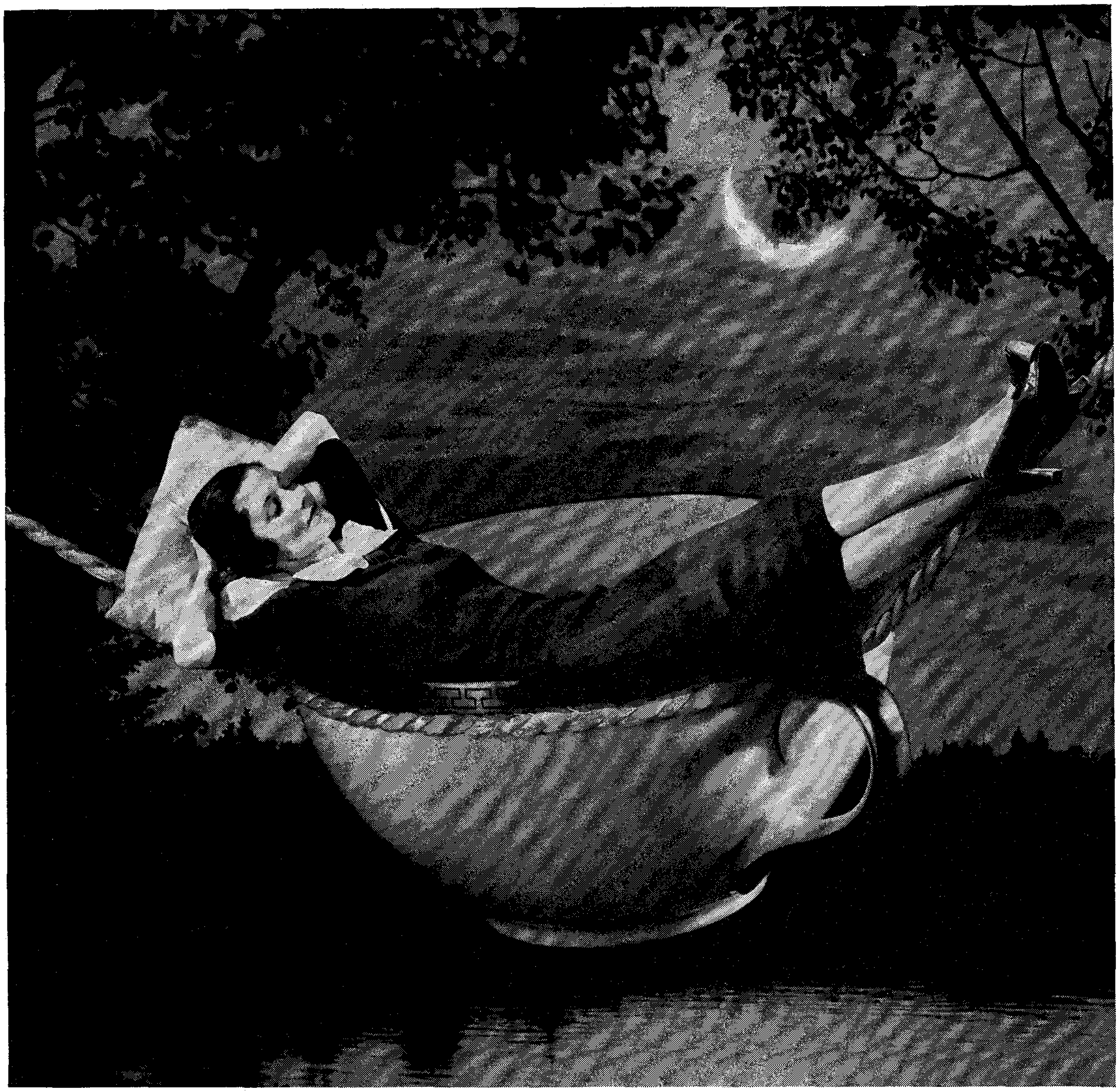
*SMART ONES
*have discovered*
**truly Continental *atmosphere—view* of Central Park; superior *service;* invitingly *inexpensive* rates.**
Single, $3.50-$5
Double, $5-$7
**The popular CONTINENTAL GRILL, the CAFE de la PAIX and America's *only* RUMPELMAYER'S**
*smart, meaning the clever, the knowing and, of course, the fashionable.

ST. MORITZ
on-the-Park
50 Central Park South
NEW YORK

WHY THEY LOVE
. . . to sit and sip on the boulevards of gay Paree!

- DUBONNET COCKTAIL
½ Dubonnet
½ Silver Wedding Gin
Slice of lemon peel

A Schenley IMPORTATION
DUBONNET
"THE LIFE OF PARIS"
Write for a free copy of "Delicious Dubonnet Drinks".—Schenley Import Corp., Room 551, 18 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.



# But a coffee cup should be more than a hammock!

● Are you one of those people who thinks a good cup of coffee is even more important than a good night's sleep? Do you like it so well you keep right on drinking it, even though you know it is going to frazzle your nerves? Have you failed as yet, to *find coffee-satisfaction and good sleep in the same cup?*

*Then here's news!* At last there's a decaffeinated coffee with all of coffee's goodness! *Real* coffee. *All* coffee. *Fine* coffee. 97% of the caffeine is removed by a new, improved process which doesn't disturb one atom of the flavor.

But don't take our say-so . . . let your palate judge. Compare Kaffee-Hag with your ordinary coffee. Make a cup of each, only be sure you percolate Kaffee-Hag twice as long; this extra perking is worth the trouble, because it develops the coffee's fullest, richest flavor.

Then make a "blindfold" test. Maybe you can spot your own brand and maybe you can't. It's worth trying.

You can get Kaffee-Hag at your grocer . . . or send 15c and the coupon, and let us send you a trial can of this grand coffee that lets you sleep . . . that won't disturb nerves, heart or digestion. Buy it for protection . . . drink it for pleasure.

**THE DELICIOUS COFFEE THAT'S 97% CAFFEINE-FREE**

Kellogg's
97% CAFFEINE REMOVED
KAFFEE HAG
97% CAFFEINE REMOVED
Coffee

(Pronounced Kaffee-HAIG)

*KELLOGG CO., Battle Creek, Mich.*

Send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee and booklet. I enclose 15c in stamps. (Only one sample to a family.)

(82) NYL11.10

Mr.
Mrs. ..............................
Miss
Street ....................
City ............ State .....

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

*I prepare coffee by*
Percolating ☐ Dripping ☐ Boiling ☐

transportation as an accomplishment. The Long Islander can get to upper Manhattan, the Bronx, Connecticut, New England, or the West without crossing either the Queensboro Bridge, or the Sound by way of ferry. The reverse holds true, of course, for the motorist going to Long Island. The dweller on Manhattan has an entirely new line of escape: He, too, can avoid the Queensboro Bridge if he wants to get to Long Island. Even more important, he can avoid the Grand Concourse and the early stages of the Boston Post Road if he is headed for Westchester or Connecticut, because, at the end of the new highway in Pelham Bay Park, he is within quick shooting distance of either the Hutchinson River Parkway or the Bronx River Parkway—with traffic smoothed out for him as much as possible.

In short, the Manhattan motorist who can struggle and curse his way to Ninety-second Street and the East River will find himself on pleasure lanes which will get him beyond the environs of the city with virtually no interruption and with an extraordinary saving of time, no matter what direction he wishes to take. For while there will be no perceptible saving of distance for the motorist bound toward Westchester or Connecticut, the traffic problem will be enormously simplified; and as for the man on his way to Long Island from uptown Manhattan, he will save about three miles in distance, if headed anywhere east of Kew Gardens, and get an equal relief from traffic jams.

It is estimated that the new bridge, and its associated roads, will strike about thirty per cent from the Queensboro Bridge traffic, and an even larger proportion from the Grand Concourse and the streets which feed it.

I AM still a trifle awed by, and altogether respectful toward, a government which can get around to doing things like this for people. Al Smith was one of the first people to think about a Triborough Bridge, but then a lot of other men, including the Honorable John F. Hylan, saw that it was a good idea, and so it is almost impossible to discover who really got the project under way.

At any rate, the State Legislature, in 1933, passed a bill making the construction possible and Governor Lehman signed the bill. This measure set up a corporation, called the Triborough Bridge Authority, with in-

Here's a NEW cocktail canapé

AND HERE'S HOW YOU MAKE IT . . . .

Chop a hard-boiled egg quite fine . . . Moisten with mayonnaise, mix with Underwood Deviled Ham and spread on squares of toast or thinly sliced bread. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Let us send you a copy of the leaflet: "Cocktail Canapés of Distinction." It tells you delicious new ways to use Underwood Deviled Ham in canapés and hors d'oeuvres.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., Watertown, Mass.
*Address: Dept. N-8*

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

UNDERWOOD
ORIGINAL
DEVILED HAM

*"Branded with the Devil . . . but fit for the Gods"*

Facts ABOUT IRISH WHISKY

NO OTHER WATER BUT IRELAND'S CAN MAKE GOOD IRISH WHISKY. IT DRAWS VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM IRISH MOORS • • • • GIVES THE DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR TO "IRISH"

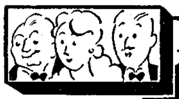
PADDY
IRISH WHISKY

PADDY
Ireland's
over 10 YEARS OLD
IRISH
IS IRISH WHISKY AT ITS BEST • • •
MELLOW AND FRAGRANT

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.
Austin, Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

CHARBERT

GENTLEMEN'S
EAU DE COLOGNE
2 50
ENDORSED BY WILLIAM GAXTON
24 West 57th Street, New York

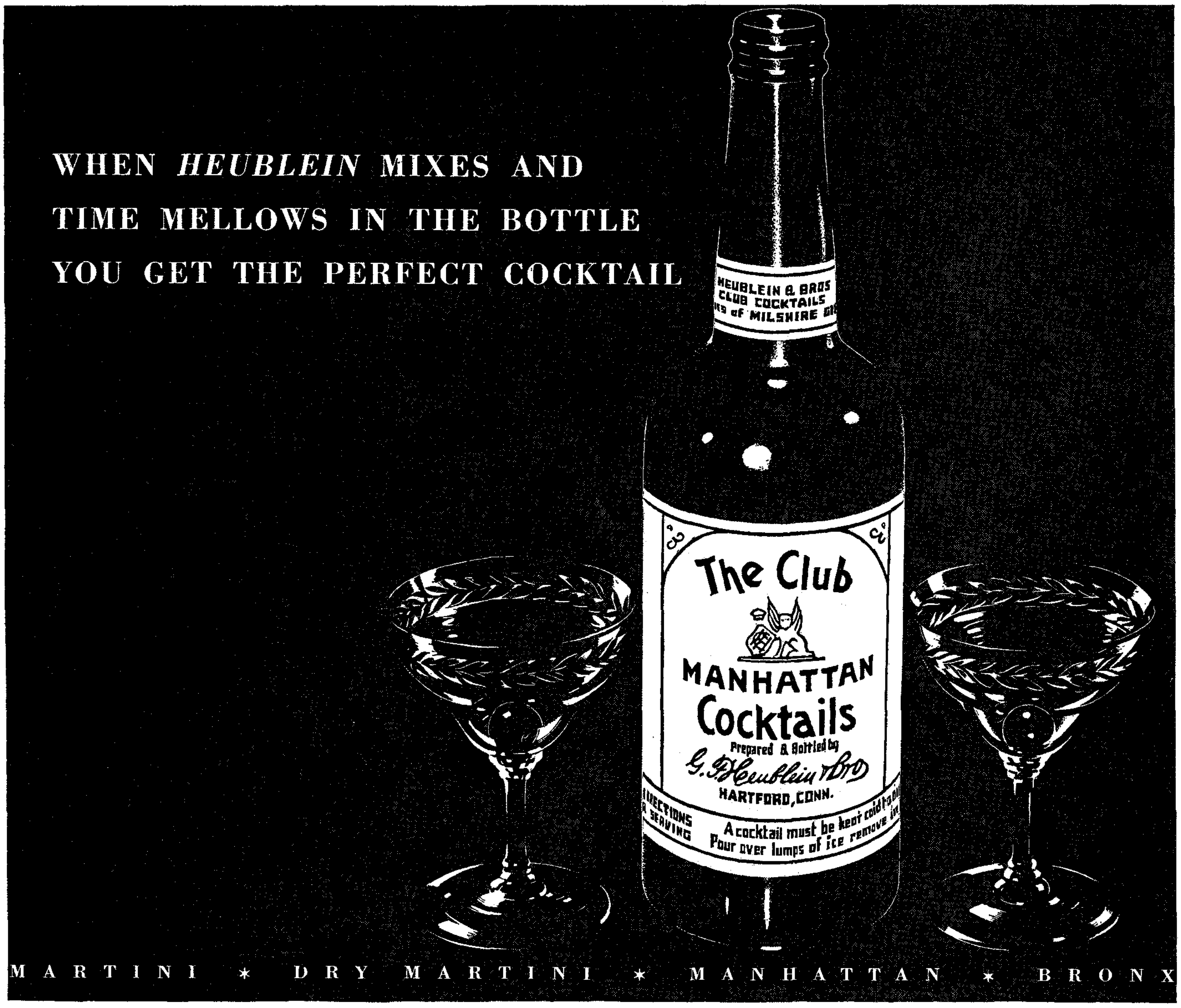


The DE WITT CLINTON

They all speak well of it

Albany's newest smartest hotel...
• a Knott hotel •
John J. Hyland Manager

*400 spic span clean, outside rooms with bath. Faces Capitol Park. Splendid meals. Attentive service. Moderate rates. Come . . . we'll make you happy.


WHEN *HEUBLEIN* MIXES AND
TIME MELLOWS IN THE BOTTLE
YOU GET THE PERFECT COCKTAIL
HEUBLEIN & BROS CLUB COCKTAILS MAKERS of MILSHIRE GIN
The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro
HARTFORD, CONN.
DIRECTIONS FOR SERVING
A cocktail must be kept cold to...
Pour over lumps of ice remove ice
MARTINI ✶ DRY MARTINI ✶ MANHATTAN ✶ BRONX

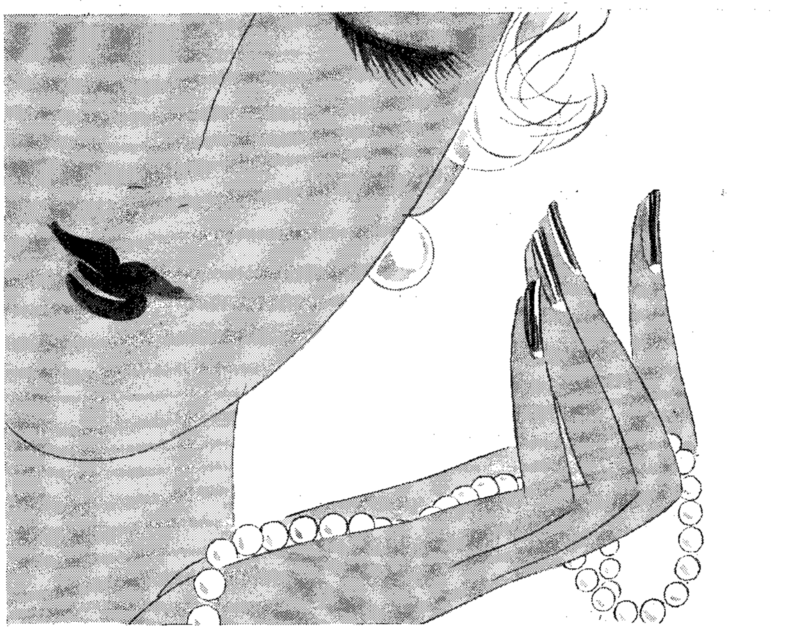
This bottle contains
Club Cocktails . .
They are made from the
finest ingredients money can buy . .
Mixed by masters according to
a formula already
two generations old . .
When they are bottled
the Club Cocktails are as fine
as any you'll find in
the world's most famous bars . .
But from that minute
Nature begins to work a change . .
As hour succeeds hour
the ingredients slowly blend
to form a truly *perfect* cocktail . .
Vermouth "marries"
superb Milshire Gin to form
perfect Dry and Regular Martinis
and the Bronx — blends with
really old whiskey to give you
such a Manhattan as
you never tasted before . .
Silky smooth
and gloriously flavorful!
You have the right to suspect
that Club Cocktails cost more
than ordinary kinds. But
they don't. Not a penny more
than their ingredients
bought separately . .
That's why you'll find them
where savings count, as well as
on fine trains, in exclusive clubs . .
Try Club Cocktails today . .
All you have to do is chill and pour!

**A HEUBLEIN PRODUCT . . . THREE VERY IMPORTANT WORDS**

*We stress these facts for your protection. The Club Cocktails were the world's first bottled cocktails, have always been the world's largest sellers. Today, as before prohibition, they stand alone in ingredients, formulas, purity, flavor. There's as much difference between Heublein-made Club Cocktails and ordinary bottled ones as between home-made wines and those of ancient vintage. That's why it will pay you to insist on the genuine Club Cocktails — to look for the name of* G. F. Heublein & Brother *on each bottle. If your dealer can't supply you — write us direct. Also write for our* FREE *book,* "New Ideas in Cocktails and Canapes." G. F. Heublein & Brother, *Dept.* N-2, *Hartford, Conn. Distillers of* Milshire Dry Gin *and makers of* A-1 Sauce.

# The Club Cocktails

**A HEUBLEIN PRODUCT**



Fashions in Fingertips

**CREATED BY PEGGY SAGE**

IT TAKES a touch of Peggy Sage's genius to make fingertip fashions the rage of the smart world on two continents.

From subtle Cyclamen to daring Diane . . . she creates reds for every whim and every occasion. She was first to match polish to your lipstick, your costume, and even your jewels.

And who but Peggy Sage would launch the gay vogue for pretty toe-tips! Who but she would originate the all-over-nail application of deep shades, to add grace to short or athletic hands . . . an innovation Paris was proud to copy!

It's all in the original Peggy Sage ideas and her exclusive Manicure Preparations that keep your fingertips forever sparkling with chic.

LUBRICANT POLISH REMO
CONTAINS OIL TO NAILS AND CU SOFT AND SM
Peggy Sage
N.Y.
MANICURE LIQUID POLISH
MEDIUM
Peggy Sage
N.Y.

**• PEGGY SAGE SALON MANICURE PREPARATIONS**

- *Liquid Polish* $1.00
- *Lubricant Polish Remover* 75c
  *Contains oil to keep nails and cuticle soft and smooth*
- *"Set of Two" with Polish and Lubricant Polish Remover* $1.50
- *Hand Mask Cream* $1.00
- *Cuticle Remover* 75c *Hand Lotion* $1.00
- *Hand Smoother and Softener Cream* $1.00

**PHONE PLaza 3-9011** *for appointment*
**PEGGY SAGE, 50 EAST 57th ST., NEW YORK**
**NEW YORK . . . PARIS . . . LONDON**

structions to the Mayor of New York to appoint the three members of its commission.

The Mayor appointed Nathan Burkan, lawyer, as chairman; George McLaughlin, once Commissioner of Police; and Robert Moses. These three appointed Colonel Paul Loeser as general administrative head, and appointed O. H. Ammann chief engineer. Mr. Ammann is chief engineer for the Port of New York Authority. He was in charge of the construction of the George Washington Bridge and is now directing construction of the Midtown Tunnel.

THE Legislature gave the Triborough Bridge Authority the right to issue its own bonds as it saw the need, the interest and retirement on the bonds to be paid by the Authority from its earnings after the project is completed. The earnings, of course, will come from tolls, though the nature and amount of these has not yet been determined.

When the Authority went to issue its first bonds, the market was in such a severe state of depression that everybody became a trifle upset. If the bonds were thrown out on the open market, they would be drastically discounted, and the project put in a hole before it started. So the Authority appealed to the federal government for help.

Down in Washington, they agreed to buy up the bonds of the Authority whenever the latter - named needed money—to buy them at par, and hold them in the Federal Treasury until the bond market comes back. All of the money spent by the Authority so far has come from this source—the sale of bonds in three- and four-million-dollar lots to the federal government.

In addition to this kind of favor, the federal government allowed to the Authority an out - and - out grant of thirty per cent of all money spent on actual construction work. This was because of the obvious stimulation to employment afforded by the building of the bridge and its tributary roadways, and the money will come eventually out of the Federal Unemployment Relief fund. None of it has been paid over yet because it has not been asked for.

This federal grant will total about seven million dollars, according to present estimates. For out of the total cost of fifty million dollars, only about twenty-three million will be spent on actual construction. The rest goes for

BOND & LILLARD
MADE 16 YEARS AGO
Bourbon de Luxe
For Connoisseurs
Old McBrayer Whiskey
OLD RIPY
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
BLUE GRASS
BRAND
SUNNY BROOK
Mount Vernon
Pure Rye
Whiskey
OLD
Boone's Knoll
BRAND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

**IMPORTANT INSURANCE AGAINST THE FUTURE**

Our standard bottled-in-bond (as distinguished from pre-prohibition) stocks of famous old whiskies will soon be available, including such favorites as *Old Taylor, Old Grand Dad, Blue Grass, Old McBrayer, Black Gold, Bourbon de Luxe, Sunny Brook, Mount Vernon, Old Ripy, Bond & Lillard* and *Boone's Knoll*. As a safeguard of quality and adequacy of supply in future we are selecting and retiring for aging between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 gallons from this year's distillations.

# The last roundup from our pre-prohibition casks..

## *all 16 to 18 years old..*

**And it won't be long before they're just a memory**

SOME time ago we announced in this magazine that we still had a limited stock of pre-prohibition Old Grand Dad and Old Taylor (16 to 18 years old) in our bonded warehouses at Louisville. And we urged people to hurry if they wanted some.

*Whiskey so rare as this is really "occasion" whiskey —not for the everyday cocktail or highball, but for the unusual occasion*

Apparently people *did* want some, and hurried. We haven't a bottle of either left—though we understand you can still find a case or so, here and there, in the hands of far-sighted dealers.

The point is this. We gave you the facts then and we give them to you now.

The eight marvelous old pre-prohibition whiskies pictured and named in this advertisement are just about gone too. In fact we very much doubt if they'll last till Christmas. And in some parts of the country dealers will unquestionably be completely sold out long before then. So, again, we sincerely urge you to act quickly if you want to lay by a case or so for special occasions.

Long before prohibition, these famous whiskies were regarded by connoisseurs as the very choicest in the land—aristocrats, every one of them. Today, mellowed and sweetened 16 to 18 years in charred oak, they are collectors' items of the tastiest and ripest order.

There'll come times when you want and require something of this exclusive sort—why not anticipate those occasions before it's too late and buy today against the future?

THIS EMBLEM NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROTECTS YOU

AMERICAN MEDICINAL SPIRITS CO. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOUISVILLE • SAN FRANCISCO

News for "THIN" Skins

We speak of Du Barry contour cream—the cream that looks like pink satin mousse—and feels like a Bali breeze to fine, sensitive skins. Delicate beauties use it as a double-duty cream—a little for cleansing—a generous mask as a "rest" facial before gala evenings. Wonderfully freshening! And like all Du Barry creams, it is absorbed easily. Nice note—bedtime creamers! Better ask your favorite shop for Du Barry contour cream.

Richard Hudnut

DuBARRY CONTOUR CREAM
DuBARRY SKIN TONIC AND FRESHENER

DU BARRY
Beauty Preparations

WEATHERING PROTECTION FOR DELICATE SKINS:

Du Barry Contour Cream .......... 1.50, 2.50
Du Barry Skin Tonic and Freshener .......... 1.00, 1.75, 3.50

SOME SKINS NEVER GROW UP... *keep their baby-fine texture always. The Richard Hudnut Salon invites this type to come for a Sensitive Skin Treatment. Address: 693 Fifth Avenue. Telephone: PLaza 3-6930*

NEW YORK · RICHARD HUDNUT · PARIS

the purchase of land and materials, and for administration. The City of New York gave a good deal of land here and there, but still many an acre had to be purchased from private owners under condemnation proceedings.

All of the building of roads and piers and spans is being done by private corporations under contract. Neither the State nor the City nor the Authority is building anything directly. Just at this moment, twenty-three concerns are laboring away on as many contracts, though of course this number varies as certain fragmentary jobs are finished and others have to be taken up.

In view of all the words that have been written and spoken lately about the good old simple days, and how we are beating ourselves to pieces on complex efficiencies, I suppose we ought to be against the Triborough Bridge. I'm certain that nobody will be able to drive over it, simply and leisurely, in a buggy. We'll probably have a hell of a time remembering where we can make a right turn, and at least half of us will wind up in the Bronx when we wanted to go to Corona—for a while, at least. If anybody challenges us, we will have a tough ten minutes explaining what we did with the extra hour saved getting from Joe's Bar in Fifty-first Street to the host's bar in Cold Spring Harbor. But I am ready to go ahead and like it. I couldn't manage a buggy horse even if I had one, and I am a little baffled, a little ill at ease, when confronted by the fine old simplicities. Furthermore, no matter whether the time saved is of the slightest importance, the new route is bound to be an improvement on the agonies of the Queensboro Bridge and the triple agonies of the Grand Concourse, Webster Avenue, and the Post Road.

Then, at the last, I am still in a mood to revere any government which can get right down to brass tacks—start work on so vast a project, and announce with an indulgent smile that it will be ready to cut the white ribbons and hold the dedication services at high noon, July 1st, 1936. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

## WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPARTMENT

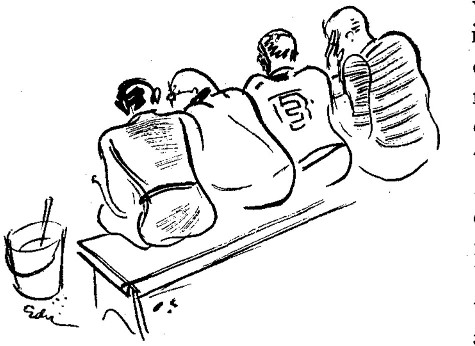
[*From the Watertown* (*N. Y.*) *Daily Times*]

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 4. (UP)—Ruth Chatterton, actress, received a divorce today from George Brent, her leading ham in many films, after a quiet hearing in which she accused him of extreme cruelty.

# FOOTBALL

## *Mathematician's Funeral —Old Friends Are Best*

THE statisticians—a statistician, you know, is a brokendown alibi man—are unhappy again. We're thinking of Army's defeat by Illinois and Yale's victory over Dartmouth. There was considerable difference of opinion about these two games, but all the charts and figures we were shown made it rather plain that Army was going to do very well last Saturday and that the best Yale could hope for was a tie. Well, all the mathematicians we ever knew seemed to spend most of their afternoons working in their studies, instead of trying to make the hundred-and-fifty-pound football squad.



OF course, we have surprises ourself, too. The brief and expensive collapse of the Dartmouth line last weekend is one of them. We didn't see the Yale-Dartmouth game — we were at Soldiers Field in Boston, helping to keep the peace—but our candid-camera man, who takes very good pictures indeed, did. He is ready to prove that it really wasn't the Yale Bowl jinx which upset Dartmouth, but this business of the roving centre. We forget the first roving centre we ever saw—maybe it was Mike Callahan, of Princeton, a dozen years ago—but at the time he was a novelty. Now, the roving centre, like the kick out of bounds and the huddle, is standard equipment almost everywhere. It's a showy business, deliberately weakening your line on the defense by pulling the centre into the backfield, where he can make a lot of conspicuous tackles and, in between times, when things are not going so well, walk up and down the line, slapping his linesmen encouragingly. (They, unfortunately, are in no position to slap him back.)

This formation worked well, for instance, against Harvard a fortnight ago, and it allowed Ray, the Dartmouth centre, to be in position to intercept a pass and run some forty yards before he was brought down, a break which made Hagerman's field goal possible. Since Dartmouth came up to the Yale game unscored upon, it must have seemed a good idea to use that formation and stick to it, especially since the coaches were obviously worrying about Yale's short passes over the line. But in the very first test, when Yale started its touchdown drive, this arrangement could stop only a couple of the nineteen plays Roscoe used to cover those eighty-four yards. All but three plays went inside tackle, and Ray, coming up from his position rather deep behind right guard, made most of the tackles, but not until the ball-carrier had gained several yards. The backs, waiting for the passes which never came, couldn't do anything important either.

Yale's attack never worked as well after that, but it didn't matter, for Dartmouth's counterdrives were matched by Yale's good luck—two successive blocked kicks cost Yale only a safety. Incidentally, we've been told that the first five minutes of all Yale games should be eliminated; it's then the team has its weekly attack of buck fever. However, if—as seems fair enough—the five minutes had been added to the end of the game last Saturday, Dartmouth would certainly have banged through the very tired Yale team for the winning touchdown.

OUR last boat ride of the season is over, and we're sorry. We always enjoyed the overnight run to Boston, the real clam chowder at lunch in the market around Faneuil Hall, and the leisurely trip out to the stadium afterward. The boat trip back, with the rough weather off Point Judith quickly quieting any celebrations aboard, has its points too. Somehow, after eight years, all Boston seemed as aware as ever that a Harvard-Princeton match was being played last Saturday afternoon, and as interested—newsboys, subway guards, taxi-drivers, and the shocked lady who asked the ship's steward at dinner that night, "Did Princeton really *win*?" Then, too, there were old, familiar faces, looking much the same (why do football-players seem to grow older so much more slowly

*Four (of several hundred)*

**MACY MAKE-UP IDEAS**

★

**Why have GREEN CHEEKS**

Eye-shadow used to be greasy. We discovered—then made—an Eye Shadow *cake*—dry—just like cake-rouge. It shadows your eyes without giving them a greasy halo. It's clean, and it shades well—and we are told that it dusts off a dress-shirt-front in no time. You could, if you liked, dab it on your cheeks, just like cake-rouge, and have green cheeks, sky-blue, violet, or midnight-blue—but why, why? It's elegant for eyes. Our Eye Shadow cake is selling like hot ditto. Costs a mere 69¢.

**Right at your FINGER TIPS**

Granted, the gents detest screaming fingernails. Granted, the gals *will* have them. And unless a gent is willing to give a gal a sizable precious stone to wear at the base of her finger, the gal is wholly justified in painting jewels on her nails. What's more, Macy's has conspired with her to produce, for 47 paltry cents, such hues of Pearly Nail Polish as Cleopatra herself never dreamed. Look: brilliant jade, onyx, sapphire, ruby, mother-of-pearl, gold, and silver. (If you want to speed the gift, bring this topic up with him.)

**FERMEZ VOS YEUX . . .**

Dip a Macy Eye Pad in warm water—it's a tiny bag filled with soothing meditations. Lie down. Close your eyes. Put a pad across your eyelids. Now, relax . . . And just wait and see what happens when you wake up and look in the glass. They're only 6 for 49¢.

**INDISPENSABLES**

Macy's Jewel Tone Cleansing Tissues are only 26 cents for 250 sheets, exquisitely soft. We call their colors coral, sapphire, and jade. We may be wrong, but they're nice colors.

**MACY'S MAKE-UP**
**Street Floor**

DE PINNA OUTFITS GENTLEMEN WITH CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES THAT ARE CONSIDERED SMART EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

**Introducing "The Wilton"**

In the new dark Fenway brown or Baltic grey. With distinguished hand-stitched edge of silk. Quite in keeping with the trend toward the tapering crown.

$7.50

**DE PINNA**
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

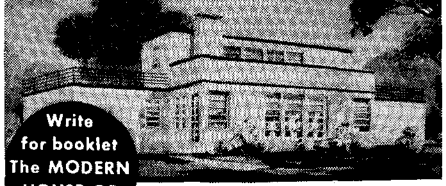
*Steer a clear course with*
**P.O.N.**
**INDIA PALE ALE**

*Dick Vandercraft, the owner*
*Of the schooner "Hard-a-lee",*
*The trimmest little beauty*
*That has ever sailed the sea,*
*Writes a letter in to tell us*
*That he drinks, in reefing gales,*
*Just to keep the old ship steady,*
*P. O. N.—the finest of all ales!*

**SEASONED skippers make "India Pale Ale" their first port of call when winter whistles down the wind. In this grand cold-weather drink, Feigenspan offers you a choice vintage ale — fully aged, superb in bouquet and flavor. On draught at most good bars —your grocer carries it.**

CHRISTIAN **FEIGENSPAN** BREWING COMPANY · NEWARK N J
New York Office: 74 Varick Street—Phone: WAlker 5-2163, 2138

**A HOME BUILT OF**
**STEEL**
**SMART • ECONOMICAL • ENDURING**



Write for booklet The MODERN HOUSE OF STEEL
INSULATED • AIR-CONDITIONED
Dealer for GENERAL HOUSES, Inc.
ULTIMATE HOME CORP., 60 Broad St., N. Y. C.

*Unusual*
**LUXURY VALUES**

2 room suites designed in the days of luxurious space and charm—15 x 21 ft. living rooms, 12 x 17 ft. bedrooms, high ceilings—now completely and beautifully MODERNIZED with superb NEW kitchenettes. Fine hotel service. Exceptional values at $115 to $175 for those who prefer Quality and Convenience—FIFTH AVE. BUS, Seventh Ave. subway, Broadway trolley at door, Sixth Ave. L one block.

*Hotel*
**DAUPHIN**
*Broadway at 67th Street*

than most of the men we graduated with?): Century Milstead, of Yale, casually charting the game (we forgot to ask for whom); Tack Hardwick, of Harvard; Ralph Gilroy (remember Gilroy's Gallop?), of Princeton. It was the largest crowd we'd seen this fall, and the noisiest.

Harvard, looking better than it did against Dartmouth, was of course unable to do more than temporarily hamper a slightly muscle-bound Princeton team. After Moseley, who had been saved for this game, and Jackson were injured, what had been a close battle became a hopeless defeat. Now that Garry LeVan is able to play regularly, Princeton's worries are over for this year. Next year's worry, if you care, will be replacing John Kadlic, the one good quarterback the team has had these three years. Kadlic's choice of plays against Harvard seemed perfect, even when they didn't click—the pass MacMillan dropped at the goal-line, and the MacMillan-to-Kalbaugh lateral which scored a touchdown and wasn't allowed by the referee.

NO one is going to believe rumors about Columbia any more. Lou Little, who has been audibly short of material all season, waited until Barabas was badly hurt in practice to send a sophomore named Vollmer into the first-string backfield. Vollmer is hardly as adept and deceptive at carrying the ball as Barabas—few players are—but on his showing in the Cornell game, he'll do. In fact, the weakness of Mr. Little's team is not so much lack of material — Brown and Pennsylvania, the next two opponents, seem to have had much more difficulty on that score —but, as has been suggested before, a certain lack of imagination in the quarterbacking. It is only the noticeable change in the team's tactics after Little's speech in the dressing-room between the halves which has won Columbia's last two games.

AT Soldiers Field: Princeton making its usual three fumbles, which our Wall Streeter claims is par. . . . Sandbach absent-mindedly throwing a long pass to Weller, Princeton guard, who, since he was ineligible, wasn't even looking as the ball floated over his head. . . . Captain Kalbaugh of Princeton keeping Captain Gundlach of Harvard waiting in midfield for the coin-tossing before the game. . . . And Garry LeVan giving old grads the jitters by the way he caught punts on the dead run.

—J. W. L.

# THE RACE TRACK

### *Black Helen Defeated—The Return of Equipoise—Numbers, Not Names*

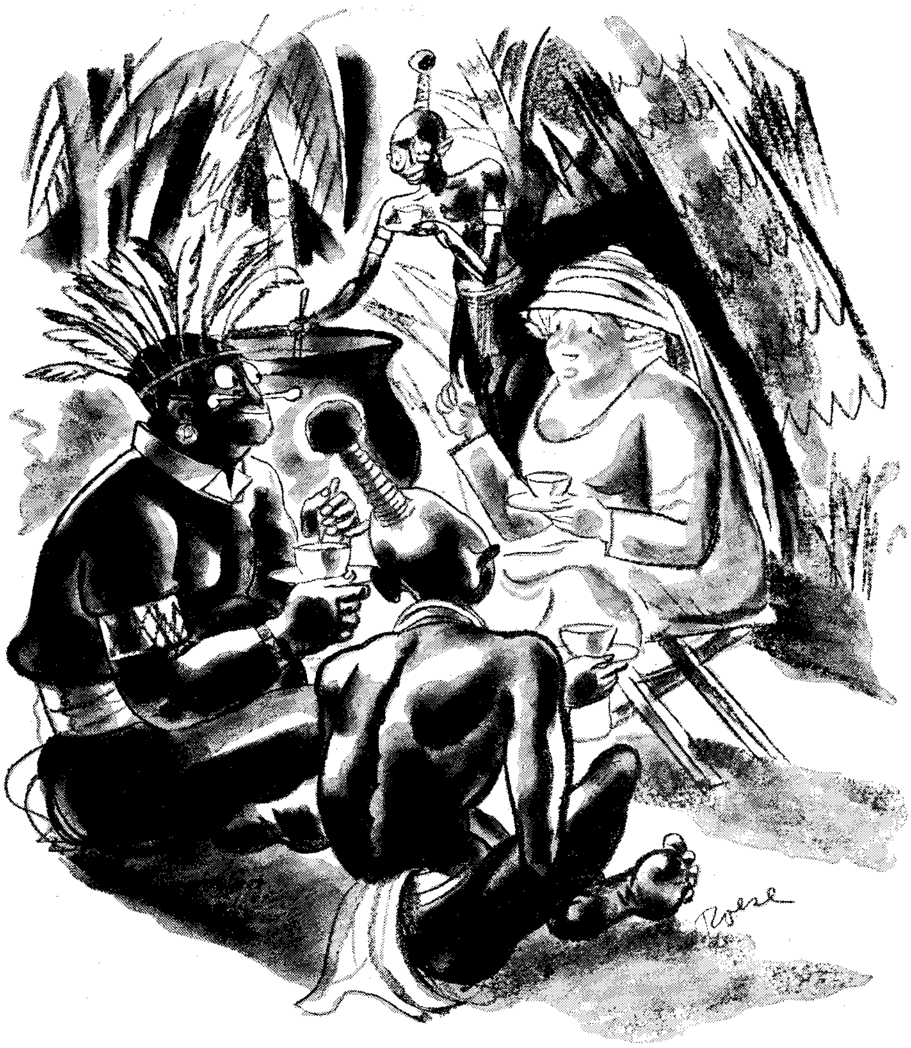
PERHAPS Black Helen isn't an Amazon after all. She's a delightfully keen, bright-eyed little thing, with an action as smooth as a high-speed sewing machine, and up to last weekend she'd run and won seven races, all in a gallop. However, high weight and the outside post position were too much for her in the Walden Handicap at Pimlico. She was fast enough to cross the track on a long tangent, for Meade doubtless had been cautioned by Ed Bradley against any rough riding that might endanger the filly, who is the pride of his stable, and she took the lead at the clubhouse turn. There Polar Flight slipped past her, and everyone waited for Black Helen to leave him stone-cold. Instead, she tired badly at the end of six furlongs, and was eased up. Meanwhile Walter Jeffords' Firethorn, a 10–1 chance, came up to win from Morpluck, who seems to be improving. Firethorn is a big brown colt by Sun Briar, around whose neck I will not hang that dubious label "promising." Frankly, I'm more interested in Black Helen's next race. I don't think she enjoyed being beaten.

I MISSED the opening of Pimlico, for I slipped off to Narragansett Park to see Equipoise (there was also a twenty-five-thousand-dollar race that afternoon, but I was more interested in this department's favorite horse). Although beaten, he ran well; and if he hasn't won the Whitney Trophy Handicap at the United Hunts before you read this, I'll be disappointed.

He looked as well as I'd ever seen him, and he was more placid than usual, but then he's getting older.

The Invitation Purse—and a tempting invitation it was, too, being a five-thousand-dollar event—was his first start since the Suburban, five months ago. Several times since then he's been patched up, but something always went wrong with his feet or legs. For weeks he had been trained on long, slow gallops—Tom Healey didn't dare risk anything else—so it wasn't surprising that he was slower than usual to get

THE CANNIBALS AND THE MISSIONARY



"*Speaking of quick conversions, Chief Knucklebones, have you heard that it takes only 5 hours to change to automatic GAS heat?*"

SOME people, we know, dread furnace surgery as desperately as they would a cannibal's stew-pot! But it's all so speedy and painless with *automatic GAS Heat.* No complicated mechanisms to be installed and adjusted. No elaborate and time-consuming provisions for fuel storage. 5 hours puts a simple gas burner in your *present* furnace—the *quickest conversion* on record!

Then it's hey, hey for a carefree existence this winter. Not only no furnace tending whatever with this completely *automatic* system, but *no fuel worries*, either. Piped direct from the gas main to your furnace, you don't have to store it or even remember to order it.

Absolutely *clean*—absolutely *noiseless*—automatic GAS Heat is surely the most modern and satisfactory way to conquer cold weather. Serviced free of charge, too, at any time by your GAS Company . . . Only $25 down for the average size home, and 16 small monthly payments of $15.75, skipping the winter months, if you prefer. *Enjoy GAS Heat this winter!*

*Send for our new booklet—"Tips on Keeping Warm and Well." It's FREE. 4 Irving Place, New York City.*

CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY *of* NEW YORK

*AND AFFILIATED GAS COMPANIES*

*So we dropped the idea...*

531
FIFTH
AVE.

FRANK PICKERING, our General Agent, suggested we get a *peon* and have him take a *siesta* out on the sidewalk so people would know this is the place to find out about a *trip to Mexico this winter.* Hugh Gray said he thought it was a good idea, and wired Louie Hoff, our General Traffic Manager at Guadalajara, to send us a *peon,* quick.

Well, Hoff wired back that he couldn't find a *peon* who'd take the job. Too cold in New York, he said. So we had to drop the idea.

Anyhow, if you ever want any real help in planning a trip to Mexico, or California, or Southern Arizona, drop in at 531 Fifth Ave. It's the New York ticket office of the biggest railroad in the West—the only U. S. railroad with a line in Mexico. The telephone number is MURRAY HILL 2-8400.

**Southern Pacific**

FRENCH... SPANISH... ITALIAN...

30 West 34th St., N. Y. C.
Telephone Penn. 6-1188

**BERLITZ**
**SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES**

1 De Kalb Ave., Bklyn, N. Y.
(Albee Theatre Building)
Telephone TRiangle 5-2123

GERMAN... RUSSIAN... PORTUGUESE

**MAYFAIR ACADEMY**

*America's Original Mannequin School*

| | |
|---|---|
| **Display of Clothes**<br>***Poise***<br>**Make-Up**<br>**Commercial**<br>***Photo Posing*** | The profession of distinction and charm for girls of high type. Individual *training in fashion modeling and* commercial photo posing. Placement service included. Send for Booklet "N".<br>**GERTRUDE L. MAYER, *Director*** |

**545 Fifth Avenue New York City**

★ **$475 WORLD CRUISES $2150**

Write for our complete list of World Cruises . . . new, steady, clean passenger-freight ships, for as little as $475, to deluxe special cruises on the world's finest ships. Phone, write or call for Cruise List N, or other travel suggestions.

**Margaret Cone *and* Elizabeth Whitmore**
***Travel Service***
**Room 2111 745 Fifth Avenue PLaza 3-6090**

Quality
Old Time Home Made
Fanny Farmer
Candies

going. In the stretch he showed some of his old dash, but bore over to the rails and tired, obviously short of condition. Workman, his jockey, said that Garner, who rode Okapi, hit Equipoise accidentally, which also didn't help.

Oh, well, Mrs. Dodge Sloane's luck seems to hold on, for Okapi, who is her favorite after Cavalcade, won by half a length from All Forlorn, with Equipoise third, a short head behind.

TIME SUPPLY, whom I hadn't seen since Miami, won the Narragansett Special rather easily. Mrs. Frank Carreaud, who owns him, received a perfectly huge silver cup, and the Governor of Rhode Island's presentation speech was broadcast over the loudspeaker, a trick (old Audax always thinks of the most helpful things) that Matt Winn might remember for the Kentucky Derby next year. The Special really wasn't much of a race, though. High Glee led most of the way, and looked the winner until Time Supply pegged her back in the last furlong, and Mr. Khayyam, who really didn't seem to mind the rain as much as his stable feared he would, came on to finish second. Faireno was sleek, fit, and the favorite; he may have been having one of his bad days. Azucar was the biggest disappointment. He'd won the Washington Handicap so easily that his supporters thought this was only a matter of laying their money down and picking up more.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE, of Virginia, suh, who has been entertaining his friend Colonel Bogy of Carolina, complains of the increasing machinal influence on racing. So many people nowadays, he says, seem to have forgotten that horses have names. They love to shout for horses at Pimlico, but now they call them by number: "Come on, you Number Eleven!" instead of "Come on, Black Helen!"

NOTES ON AN OLD MUTUEL TICKET: At Narragansett: Lucky and his friends on the clubhouse veranda. . . . John Rogan trying out the tote. . . . The sign " 'Gansett Flyer" on all the special trains from Boston. At Pimlico: J. Edgar Hoover looking for 6–5. . . . The steeplechase jockeys wearing football helmets and shoulder armor while schooling jumpers. . . . The Honourable George wondering if Equipoise really will run for the Riggs Handicap this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

# HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

## *Tanbark in the Garden*

A GENTLEMAN high up in the affairs of the National Horse Show remarked a while ago that it neither wanted nor needed more entries than last year, but we doubt that he is weeping over the surprisingly large number that came in. Not since those vaguely dated, and almost incredibly perfect, good old days have all the divisions been so well filled. It has been standing room only for the horses—as it's sure to be for the spectators on the big nights—and a headache for the official who assigns the stabling, for he knows that when the one-horse, two-class exhibitor is told his pet must sleep six blocks away in a livery stable, he has an even more acutely sensitive set of feelings than the owner of fifteen prizewinners from California.

So many famous horses and people came this year that the committee had enough talent to put on that practically extinct function, a real horse show. As it is, the judging contest, Gay Nineties parade, costume ride, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and such irrelevant diversions merely add two unnecessary days, and are so inextricably woven into the program that the most perfect planning in the world won't save the serious horse-lovers from having to watch them.

MRS. LOULA LONG COMBS, the Mrs. Fiske of the tanbark, is back after several years' retirement from Eastern shows. Most lady whips sit in a phaëton as though they were leaving town on a rail, their faces furrowed by knowledge of the fact they are showing too much leg. Mrs. Combs, however, is completely at home in what is intrinsically the most comfortable and becoming vehicle for a lady. She puts on a Lillian Russell hat, plenty of silver fox and orchids, snatches up the handiest of her tiny dogs, braces her feet against the dash, and gives everybody lessons in how to drive.

Very few people realize what a tradition of gallantry and pure womanhood a ladies'-phaëton class represents. The manners of the horses count in some judges' eyes as high as fifty per cent. They must be a solid, rich, but reticent color, without any flashy markings; their manes should not be braided with wool, as they are in most classes, and must hang chastely. The livery of the groom, the expression on his face, and the upholstery of the phaëton must strictly follow the laws of sombre dignity. Needless to say, such a specialized turnout is expensive, but Mrs. Paul Moore, Mrs. William Cox, and Miss Judy King, to mention only a few, feel, with all lovers of the romantic tradition, that of all the classes this is the one most worth winning.

MRS. M. F. YOUNT, of Beaumont, Texas, is the owner of Spindletop Stables. Formed only a little over a year, the stables have had a remarkable record in the West and South, which is not hard to explain when one considers that their star is Roxie Highland. Undefeated since her first appearance in the East four years ago, when Dark Rex beat her at Devon, the mare has been hailed as the greatest American saddle horse. Herbert M. Woolf of Kansas City developed her, and she was sold for $27,500, an all-time high for show horses, to Mary Fiers, who rapidly became the *only* woman in America who could outshow the professionals. Maybe Roxie Highland is as good as ever—this week will tell—but she'll never be the picture she was when Miss Fiers, with her golden curls and horizon-blue jodhpurs, used to carry off the ribbons with her.

Mrs. Lewis L. Bredin, of Detroit, is another potential lady headliner. At present her stable consists of only one horse, but as he is Prince Charming II, the most successful Eastern hunter of the year, he should be a more effective entry than five or six lesser lights. Mrs. Bredin plans to add to her stable as fast as possible—the hitch is that even if you are prepared to put down a good deal of money for a horse, you can't always find the right one to spend it on.

THE National, after years of using the red inkpot on its accounts, seems well on the way to breaking even, or perhaps miraculously making a bit. The latter contingency has been so undreamed-of that a suitable charity hasn't been selected as the beneficiary, but that's where *any* profit would go, as the show has no reserve fund. Its directors are trusted to make up the deficit each year, a duty for which they've always been ready.

—TOUCH AND GO

**Let's put a Bee in your Drinking Bonnet**

(*. . . and, incidentally, a little honey in your cocktails*)

*by* DANNY DRONE *and* BETTY BEE

*Well, here we are in The Big Town! We were perched on some orange blossoms out in southern Cal where those Hollywood dolls do their stuff when the message came: "Buzz East and see what the Big-wigs are doing to your Golden blossom honey." So, after a non-stop flight, we coasted into the Waldorf.*

BUZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z

**Buzzing 'round the Waldorf**

Made a three-point landing on the rim of a Peacock Alley Cocktail and . . . whoop-e-e-e! Why sip orange blossoms? Take this down at once: For each serving a hooker of Rhum Sarthe, juice of half a lime, a half teaspoonful of Golden blossom honey, shake, add ice, shake some more — and there's the famous Peacock Alley.

**Says Jimmy, Says Jimmy to Us**

"Listen!" says Jimmy, the genial joy-mixer at the Ritz bar. "Some people think honey's just a sweetener. Wrong! It's the perfect marrying agent. Put honey into any cocktail, stir well before icing and it blends all the ingredients into one smooth whole. But, mind you, not any honey—only Golden blossom, because it's got the three best nectars." Swell idea! Do that tonight when you shake up your favorite.

**NOW have one on the house!**

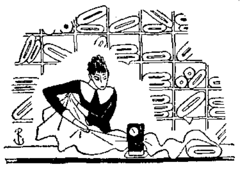
Shoot us your name and address (Address us DANNY DRONE and BETTY BEE, care The John G. Paton Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York City) and we'll send you a swell little booklet "13 Stingers", unusual drinks that bring down the house.

**Golden blossom honey**

*"The Bee Line to Pleasure"*

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, NOV. 5

ROSE, WE ARE SORRY TO SAY, A REALLY OLD-FASHIONED OLD ROSE, RATES HIGH AT THE NEW MIDSEASON OPENINGS. OTHERWISE THE GREAT ONES STAND BY THEIR PREVIOUSLY ESTABLISHED COLORS, SILHOUETTES, AND FABRIC FASHIONS. MOLYNEUX OUTMOLYNEUXES HIMSELF IN SOME NEW SPRING SUITS WITH FULL-BACKED FINGERTIP JACKETS, EVENING DRESSES THAT BLOUSE, WIDE CLOTH BELTS, AND SOME SOFT YELLOWS AND REDS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT. SCHIAPARELLI MUTES HER OWN SILHOUETTE WITH SOFTER LINES AROUND THE SHOULDERS, WITH A NEW VERSION OF HER GLASS FABRIC, WITH SOME NEW CRAVAT-TOPPED COATS, AND A FINE NEW RANGE OF BROWNS, OF WHICH THE GINGER ONE IS OUR FAVORITE. MAGGY ROUFF SURPRISES EVERYONE WITH SOME SPRING TAFFETAS THAT RESEMBLE LINEN DONE IN CHECKS LIKE YOUR KITCHEN CURTAINS. HER NEW AFTERNOON DRESSES ARE SOBER SATINS APPARENTLY WITH NO SEAMS, BUT WITH SHIRRINGS THAT DO THE WORK. HENRY CREED HAS TAILORED SUITS OF CREAM-COLORED WHIPCORD OF THE RIDING-BREECHES VARIETY, OF PINK TUSSOR, AND A DOZEN OTHER NEW TAILLEUR FASHIONS. EVERYONE SHOWS LOTS OF CAPES OR COATS THAT LOOK LIKE CAPES, COTTONS HEAVY AS WOOL, AND AN INCLINATION TOWARD FLOWERS AND BOWS AT THE NECK AND SIMILAR LITTLE FEMININE BRAVERIES. B. M.

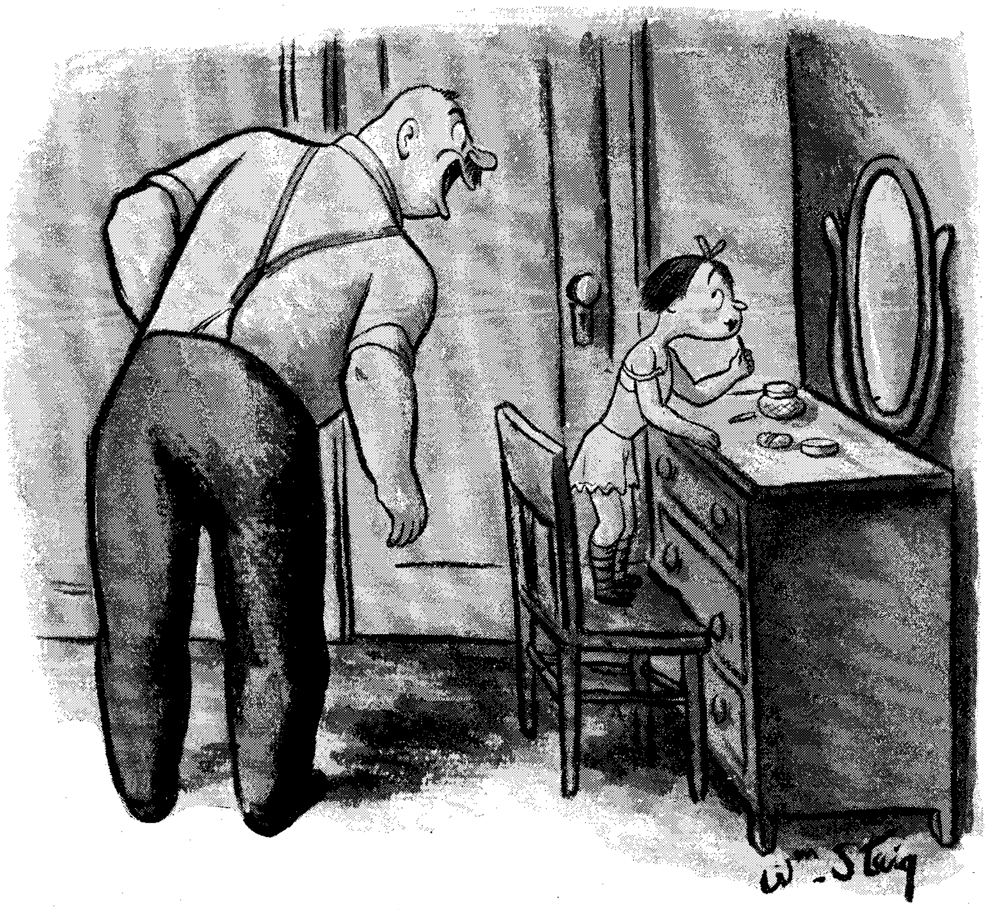
### AND IN NEW YORK—

I CANNOT look at another dress this week without having a serious breakdown of the type known to laymen as the godetwodies. The life is all right for clear-eyed young people like B.M., to whom everything is a glorious, surging adventure, but this hag has had enough. I want to retire to the country, with my horses and books and old family retainers, and brood quietly. And maybe write articles denouncing those folk who spread the rumor that brandy and champagne get along fine together. I might even delve into the scientific reasons most psychoanalysts are dangerously insane or, at the best, critically neurotic.

But my meditations, alas, must apply to fashions. That's orders. And I may say here and now that I am baffled by the blind spots in the chic of the smartest women. Despite the evidence of the mirror, a rumor still persists that soft and fluffy hair around the face makes a woman already haggard look younger. And women who were blondes in their youth (and, perchance, still are by hook or crook) cling to their pinks and blues and other pastels, fondly imagining that they will make them cuddlesome once more. Pale blue or lavender eyeshadow on young blondes not only looks glaringly artificial but hideous besides. And the more brunette and sallow a woman's hair is, the more she seems to yearn to have it touched up with henna. The result of the clash between skin and hair is such that despondent Nature dares to hope again that cosmetics can't make an entire fool of her.

IN the question of figures, too, there are many strange illusions. Women large in the rear may put a bustle there and fondly imagine that the resulting projection is all bustle and no girl; girls with broad hips adore peplums (which should be worn only by snake-hipped belles), thinking they are getting superb at camouflage. And why women with short necks and round faces ever go in for high, bunchy Ascot scarves, which cause their faces to settle further into the shoulders, will forever remain a mystery. Some of them even pull brimmed hats low over the eyes to turtlefy themselves still more, and the truly inspired ones have curls low on the nape of the neck besides.

Despite loud cries from everyone, women ignore the fact that belts make the figure look shorter and squatter, and princesse lines make it seem taller and slimmer. Pert little soubrettes who pine to be smart and eagerly follow the "correct" fashions are utterly cra-



*"Startin' kinda early, ain't we?"*

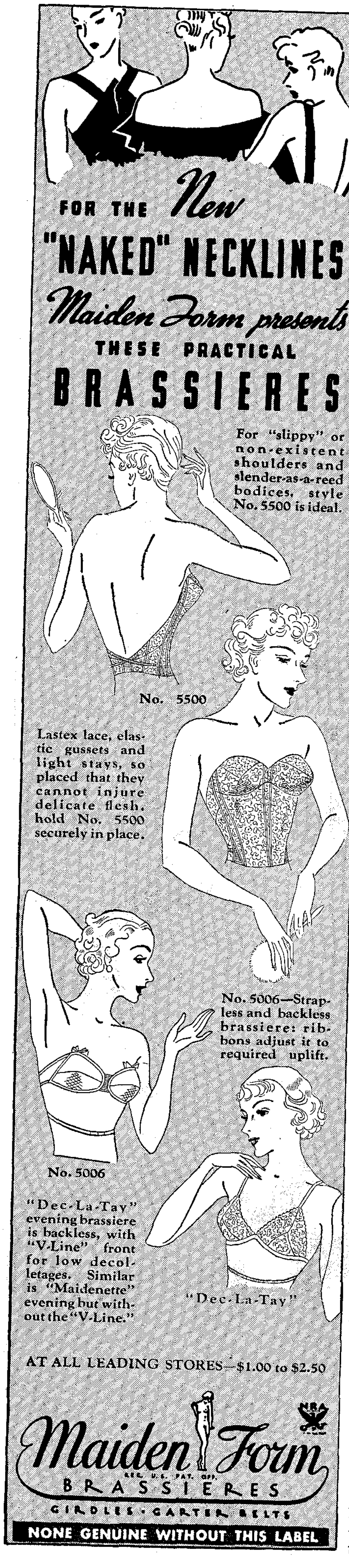
# Formal Furs

by **JAECKEL**

The classic mink, broadtail and caracul are this year joined by Hudson seal, which in the past has been looked upon as a utility fur. The Jaeckel collection has never been more unusual or more varied. Both the coats photographed are from our Custom-Made department and price depends on the quality of the pelts selected. In our Little Shop of Ready Furs Natural Mink coats from $1350. Hudson Seal coats from $285.

**Jaeckel**

**546 FIFTH AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY**


FOR THE *New*
"NAKED" NECKLINES
*Maiden Form presents*
THESE PRACTICAL
BRASSIERES

For "slippy" or non-existent shoulders and slender-as-a-reed bodices, style No. 5500 is ideal.

No. 5500

Lastex lace, elastic gussets and light stays, so placed that they cannot injure delicate flesh, hold No. 5500 securely in place.

No. 5006—Strapless and backless brassiere: ribbons adjust it to required uplift.

No. 5006

"Dec-La-Tay" evening brassiere is backless, with "V-Line" front for low decolletages. Similar is "Maidenette" evening but without the "V-Line."

"Dec-La-Tay"

AT ALL LEADING STORES—$1.00 to $2.50

Maiden Form
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

zy. Technically, smart clothes are designed for tall women; don't let anyone tell you different. Squudging them down to small sizes ruins the proportions of both the dress and the wearer. To my mind, the only possibility for chic in kitten women rests in their making themselves the lovable pocket editions to which tall, handsome men are so irresistibly attracted. It is big of me to state that I infinitely prefer them to wear impudent chorus-girl fashions than to struggle into severe efforts by Molyneux, for they are more competition when they do.

THE antics of women who are anticipating a little stranger are more understandable, for God knows they feel unattractive enough not to give much of a damn. They may feel sacred, but they can't feel dashing. But the unnecessary disfigurations, aided and abetted by salesgirls for whom the worst is yet to come in life, are perfectly astounding. Because one part of the figure is distorted is no reason to select clothes that make the entire figure shapeless. But those women headed for the Valley of the Shadow still cling to jabots that make the bosom more maternal and expansive, and to huge "concealing" fur coats that would be trying for the slimmest women. Dark colors are dreary to the spirit and don't necessarily make a woman look slimmer. Transparent materials over carefully fitted slips give the illusion of a figure receding way back from the surface of the material; so do bright prints on dark grounds.

This all applies to large women, too. I know one superb belle who is massive (Junoesque to you; she's my pal) from her shoulders to her waist. No one has yet got on to the fact that she has slim hips and lovely legs, because she goes in heavily for jackets that hang straight from the shoulders, making her entire figure appear in proportion to them.

I COULD go on for years about people with olive skins who wear sapphire blue, which gives them a jaundiced look, and things like that. And about hats, which are hopeless. Practically no American women seem to be able to wear a smart hat. They look terrified under the crazier of the creations that have been bopping around town. You shouldn't wear maniac millinery unless you have a minx face that reflects a sense of humor. The sombre handsomeness of a Mrs. Harrison Williams lends itself badly to anything touched by madness, and besides it's a

★

Life
Begins at 4:30 in
THE
CORINTHIAN
ROOM

Arctic tinkle of amicable ice cooling cocktails in gleaming crystal or transforming highballs into musical glasses that chime in with the chat of life's most communicative hours! . . . then, out of the Cocktail Lounge into the spacious beauty of The Corinthian Room for dinner and the culinary conceits of the cuisine Pierre.

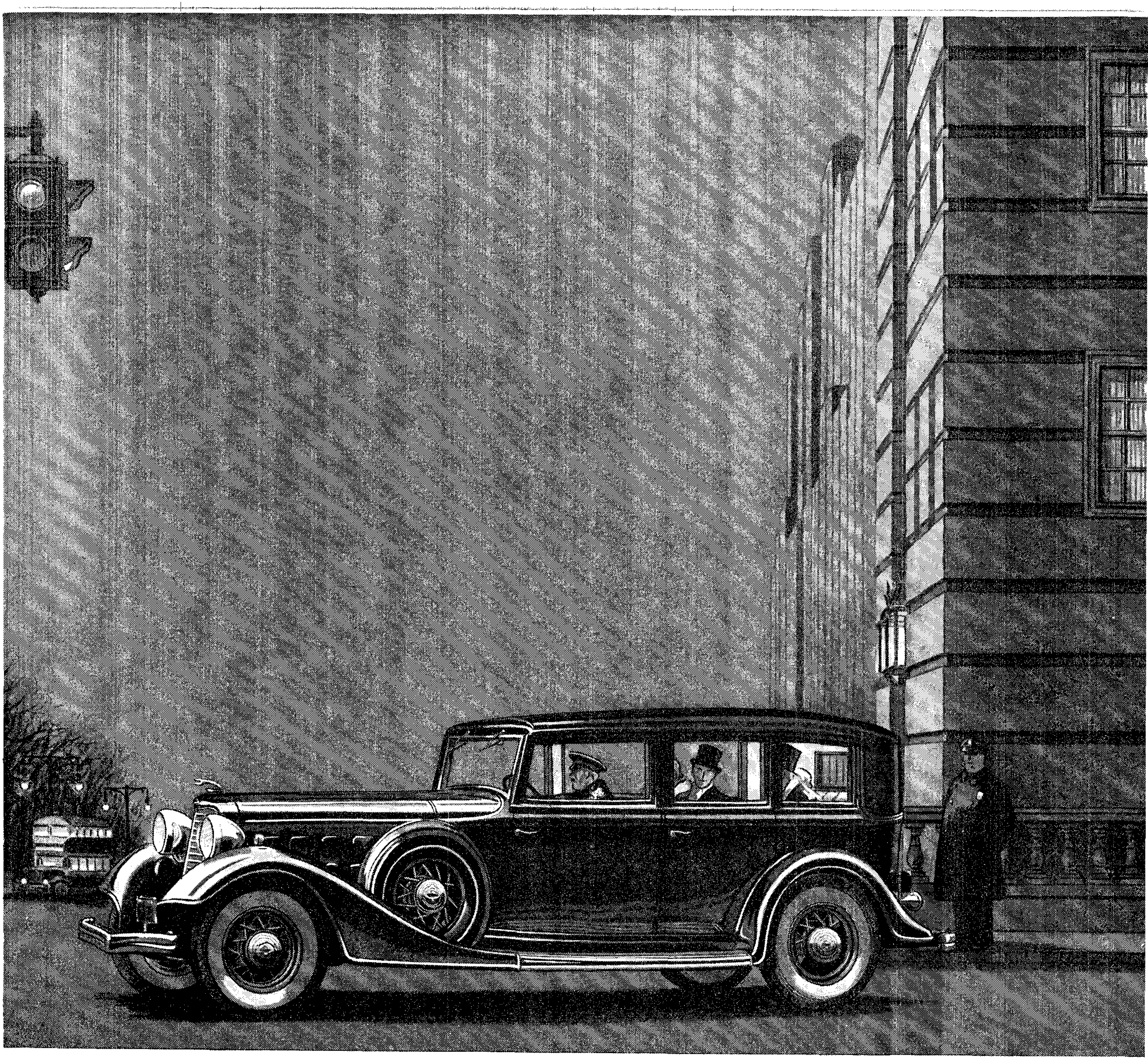
★

Dinner Dancing
PANCHO and his ORCHESTRA
Sunday Dinner Concerts
REGENT 4-5900
EDWARD H. CRANDALL
Managing Director

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE at 61st STREET • NEW YORK

HAIR
—can be started on the road to health by a treatment at our salons.
WORLD-FAMOUS SCALP TREATMENT $1.50
Ogilvie preparations to correct each scalp condition on sale at all department stores and the finer drug stores. Valuable booklet on "Care of the Hair" on request. Diagnosis and advice without charge. Address of Salon nearest you sent on request.

Ogilvie Sisters
604 5TH AVE. NEW YORK
BRYANT 9-5290
PARIS CANADA WASHINGTON



***THE WILLOUGHBY LIMOUSINE***

# *The LINCOLN*

---

The Lincoln, a versatile car, continually astonishes loyal owners who put it to supreme tests of one kind, and then, on another occasion, find that it can meet wholly new and different tests. Thus, a rancher in Wyoming, accustomed to mountain and desert driving, learns from his wife of the car's agility in city traffic. A business man, to whom the Lincoln is a triumph of engineering, suddenly realizes, as he emerges from the opera, how beautiful a car he drives. The Lincoln is all things to all people. . . . This is a luxurious car, a safe car, with a V-12 cylinder, 150-horsepower engine powerful enough to take steep hills in high and at an almost incredible pace. Lincoln engineers affirm it the finest they have yet designed, and experience on the road confirms that judgment. And it is a car which imparts to the owner, no less than to the maker, pride in its beauty and pleasure in its high achievements. Available in twenty-three standard and custom-built body types.

*No Hocus-Pocus . . .*

**JUST BETTER COFFEE AND TEA**

The Macbeth "Crystal Chef" makes coffee and tea more delicious, more sanitary and more wholesome because it is based upon scientifically proved principles of brewing. It is not only the modern way of brewing beverages but also the only way by which standard excellence of taste can be maintained every day at every meal. If your store cannot supply you write: MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY, Charleroi, Pa.

**MACBETH**

*Crystal Chef*

**COFFEE & TEA MAKER**

8-Cup Size . . . $4.25
5-Cup Size . . . $3.75

shame to distract attention from the face itself. Another thing to ponder when you have your next hangover is that brimmed hats don't necessarily soften those battered features. It is often better to shudder in full sunlight than to skulk around under a brim that makes your eyes vanish entirely and casts shadows which make you more gaunt than usual.

I am just the person to advise you, too. I think I look best in careless things that are open at the throat and seem sort of thrown on me. And the experts at every shop in town will tell you that I am probably the most heinously dressed woman in the industry, which is stepping along handsomely. Apparently, dressing the don't-give-a-damn type can be carried too far.

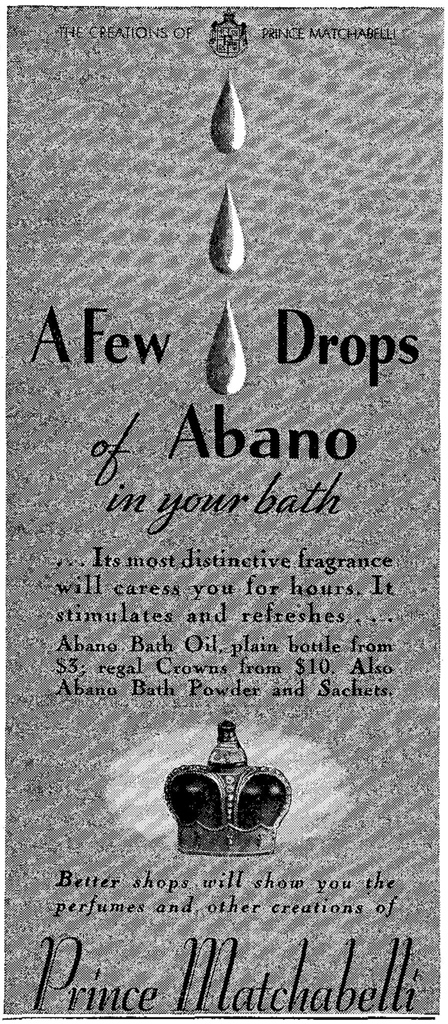
—L. L.

## MARKETS AND MENUS

*News for Norsewomen*

I HAVE spent this last week doing a momentous work, and although I don't hope for any gratitude from those Francophiles who think you have knifed Lafayette if you praise a *risotto* or a *Wiener Schnitzel,* I do expect to be tenderly cherished by New Yorkers who merely are looking for fine food. However, running my legs off collecting addresses of places where Swedish food can be had in our town is, I have to admit, only one part altruism to two parts appetite. For just as I couldn't be happy myself until I found where I could get smoked eel and yellow-pea soup and such, I can't imagine anybody else settling down to a really good winter without knowing the same things.

A PLACE that all of us hardy Norse girls will undoubtedly haunt this winter is Du Nord, Inc., a new Swedish delicatessen and grocery (with a little Swedish hardware on the side), which has opened up at 859 Third Avenue (52nd). If ever there was a meal that helps you survive those bleak days in the kitchen when even the stove seems discouraged, it is Swedish *smörgasbord.* Just opening a lot of cans for it is both impressive and satisfying. Of course they have to be the right cans, and nothing could possibly be righter than the assortment of herring in lobster sauce, anchovies, Swedish caviar, and the like at Du Nord. They also have a fine selection of home-made Swedish delicatessen,



THE CREATIONS OF PRINCE MATCHABELLI

A Few Drops of Abano in your bath

. . . Its most distinctive fragrance will caress you for hours. It stimulates and refreshes . . . Abano Bath Oil, plain bottle from $3; regal Crowns from $10. Also Abano Bath Powder and Sachets.

*Better shops will show you the perfumes and other creations of*

*Prince Matchabelli*

*NOW READY!*

**New, large 64-page F.A.O. SCHWARZ XMAS CATALOG**

EST. 1862
F.A.O. SCHWARZ
TOYS

*Unusual* **TOYS**

Hundreds of the most fascinating toys, books and games you have ever seen . . . specially selected from the exclusive stocks of the famous SCHWARZ Toy Shop on Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Sixty-four beautiful large pages, with actual photographs and complete descriptions, make it easy to order by mail. Prices are most reasonable, setting a precedent in value. Orders filled promptly and accurately. The coupon brings this Christmas catalog gratis and postpaid.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY

*Mummy Daddy-write here!*

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, DEPT. 10
745 Fifth Avenue (At 58th Street)
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Your catalog at once, please.

NAME ............................................
ADDRESS ............................................
CITY ............................................ STATE ....................

## Bollinger CHAMPAGNE

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO.
NEW YORK
Extra Quality
BRUT
Renaudin Bollinger
1924 Vintage

● Nowhere is champagne chosen with more discrimination than in England. And there Bollinger champagne has been the favorite for a hundred years. We especially recommend the '24 and '26 vintages. Bottled in France.

## JULIES ROBIN COGNAC BRANDY

JULES ROBIN & Co's COGNAC
JULES ROBIN & Co
COGNAC
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO
NEW YORK

● Jules Robin cognacs are unsurpassed in quality. We offer six ages, ranging from 3-Star (10 years old) to Grand Reserve (50 years old). Each is smooth, mellow—the finest cognac obtainable at its price. Bottled in France.

# 3 GENERATIONS OF CONNOISSEURS

## Have made this selection for you

● You probably have had neither time nor inclination to try out *all* liquor brands for yourself. But you *can* find out which are the best. For you can secure and follow the advice of experts!

For 57 years the house of Julius Wile Sons & Co., has been selecting and importing outstanding foreign wines and spirits for exacting tastes.

Repeal found our organization ready with the finest products of 28 leading foreign shippers for whom we are sole U. S. agents—a list thoughtfully assembled during 3 generations.

Shown here are just a few of our importations. Each has been chosen for superb *quality* rather than mere popularity. We recommend these brands to you unreservedly.

Look for the Julius Wile Sons & Co. name on the label. It assures you that the contents have passed the tests of most exacting connoisseurs.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
Importers
WINES & LIQUORS
Since 1877
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK
*Sole U. S. Agents—Established 1877*

## PETER DAWSON SCOTCH WHISKY

DAWSON
SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
DAWSON'S WHISKY

● Every drop of this famous Scotch whisky has been aged 8 years or more. It has just the right peat smoke taste which makes better highballs. *Look for the dimples in the bottle.* Bottled in Scotland.

## D.O.M. Bénédictine

D.O.M.
BENEDICTINE
FECAMP

● There is only one D.O.M. Bénédictine—still made at Fécamp, France, from the same secret formula perfected by the monks in 1510. King of after-dinner liqueurs for 400 years, Bénédictine also mixes royally in many cocktails.

RAIN!

SNOW!

THIS COAT IS STYLED BY MURDOCKE OF LONDON

United States Rubber Company

SHOWROOMS OF U. S. RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC.
New York: 71 West 35th Street
Chicago: 440 West Washington Street

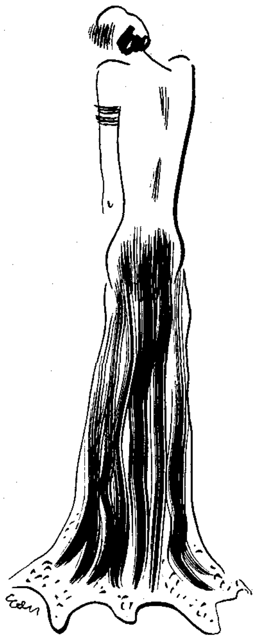
and the very best Swedish cheeses, among them *kumenost*, which has caraway in it.

Philip Johnson, at 554 Third Avenue (36th), has that excellent Swedish smoked salmon which is like no other smoked salmon, and he also keeps the fragrant little lingon berries that are always served with Swedish pancakes.

At Nyborg & Nelson, 841 Third Avenue (near 51st), you can get that delicious sweet rye loaf called *söt limpa*, as well as every variety of hard bread that even a Swede could think of, and they have cans of those small meat balls which are used in the *smörgasbord*.

THE Pantry Shelf, which is Wanamaker's new food department, has got off to a good start by specializing in some very fine Swedish canned fish, and a good choice of *knäckebröd*. They also keep Ramlosa water, which is one of the very pleasantest table waters. The hard bread is supposed to be good for you, and doubtless is, although that's not why I think well of it; it's flavor and not calorie content that gets itself discussed with gusto in this department.

Both Macy and Charles, seeing how popular *smörgasbord* has become, have jumped on the bandwagon with a wonderful assortment of Swedish delicacies that haven't been seen in this town before. To begin with, both these shops (as well as Du Nord) have imported smoked eel, which to my taste is the best appetizer ever made—and if this be treason, let the manufacturers of antipasto and hors d'œuvre make the most of it. They also have smoked reindeer

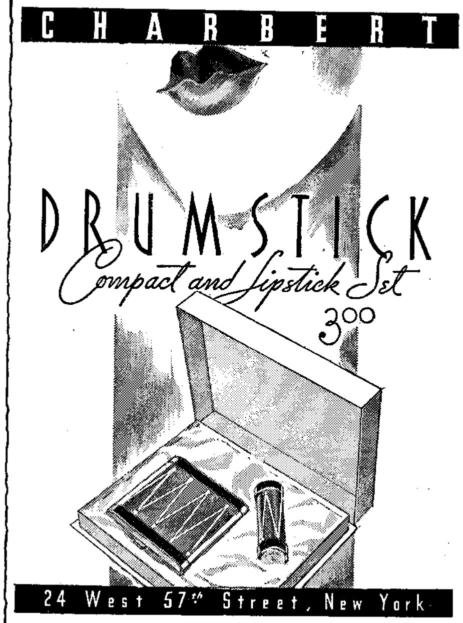


PRIZED POSSESSIONS

● *De Luxe bottle, as above, from $10 to $30, according to size. Others from $1.25 to $6. This same scent also available in face powder, dusting powder, talcum powder, eau de toilette, Sachette.*

Crêpe de Chine
PARFUM by MILLOT · PARIS

CHARBERT



DRUMSTICK
Compact and Lipstick Set
3.00

24 West 57th Street, New York

Knit a Gift for Xmas

a. Man's cashmere slip-over
b. Jiffy Knit Afghan *(easily made in a few days)* of cotton chenille, pastel colors
c. Silk Chenille Beret
d. Open mesh scarves
e. Child's angora muff set
(made in few hours)

*FREE INSTRUCTIONS*

Individual measurement charts with mail orders

SYLVIA HERR
903 Madison Ave., New York City
Southampton Miami Beach

meat, which is very fine indeed for a buffet supper, and of course first-rate Swedish cheeses are no novelty at either store.

Gimbel's Epicure Shop hasn't gone quite as Swedish as the others, but all the same it is carrying some very fine herrings, sardines, anchovies, and such like in the various sauces, and it has all the different thinnesses and thicknesses of *knäckebröd.*

OF course no *smörgasbord* is authentic (or for that matter even really savory) without aquavit. Hearn, Gimbel, Macy, and most of the first-class liquor stores have the slightly spiced aquavit known as O.P., which Americans seem to prefer, the stronger varieties being too much for any but a Viking gullet. —S. H.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

HERE we go again, encouraging one and all to be thoughtful, generous, rich, full of good taste, and utterly charming for Christmas. Our emotions, however, are sadly divided this week. We have always thought good luggage an ideal gift, but the subject of men's haberdashery fills us with tremulous qualms. There is something in all those gags about the neckties women pick out for men, and we must face the facts. Since some women insist on giving their men wearing apparel regardless, it seems our duty to lead them, as far as possible, in the right direction. It is discouraging to realize, however, that we probably won't be able to do much good, women being what they are.

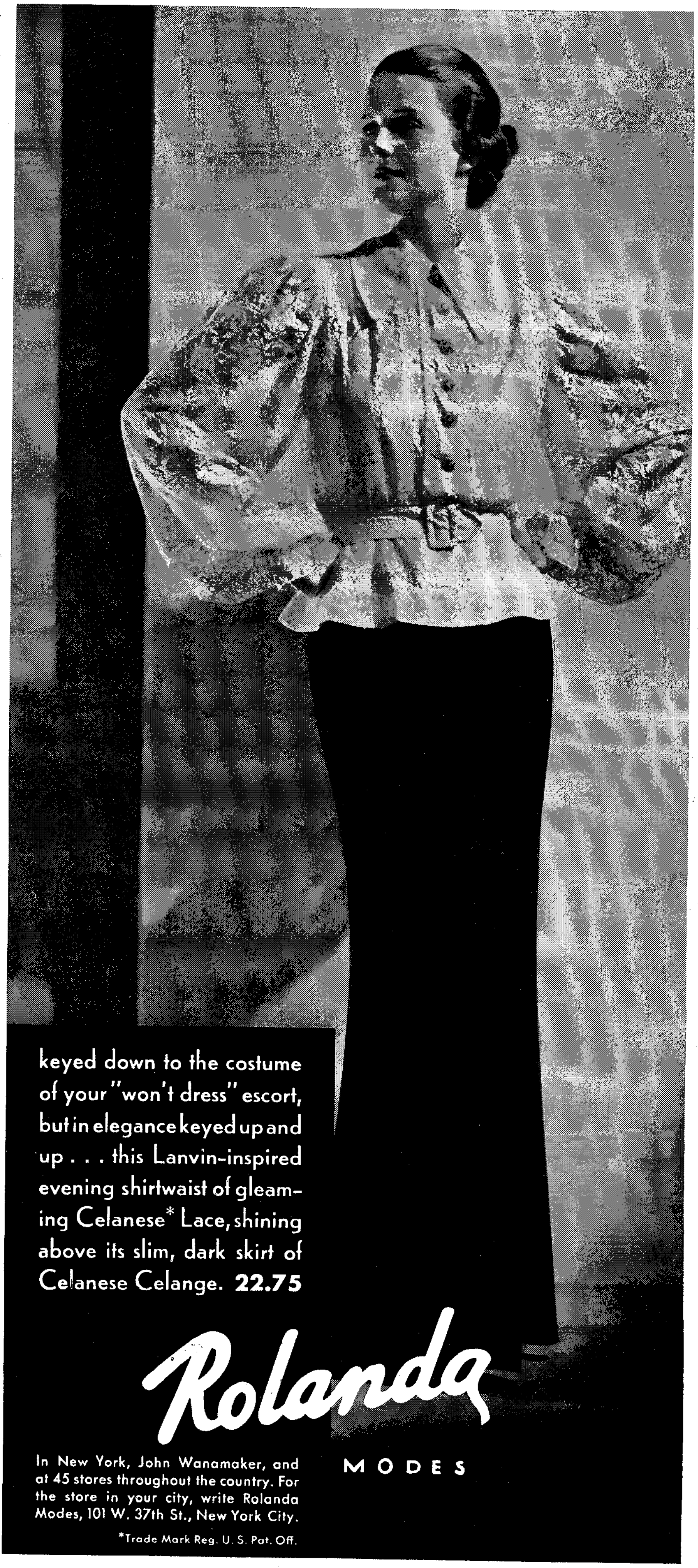
Last week, we went charging through the following vital subjects: Christmas cards, stationery, playing cards, and handkerchiefs.

This week, lookit:

Custom luggage, below
Special orders for men, page 99
Special orders for the house, page 101

### CUSTOM LUGGAGE

ALL of the big shops have services for "special orders," but usually are so infinitely bored by fussy people who can't find exactly what they want in stock that their disdain wears you out. Our idea is that custom luggage is necessary. Every year, at this time, we beg our readers to remember that a fitted case is the best gift in the world only if it is arranged for the recipient's

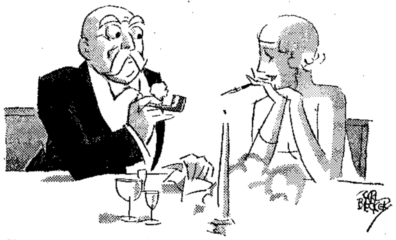


keyed down to the costume of your "won't dress" escort, but in elegance keyed up and up . . . this Lanvin-inspired evening shirtwaist of gleaming Celanese* Lace, shining above its slim, dark skirt of Celanese Celange. 22.75

**Rolanda**
MODES

In New York, John Wanamaker, and at 45 stores throughout the country. For the store in your city, write Rolanda Modes, 101 W. 37th St., New York City.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



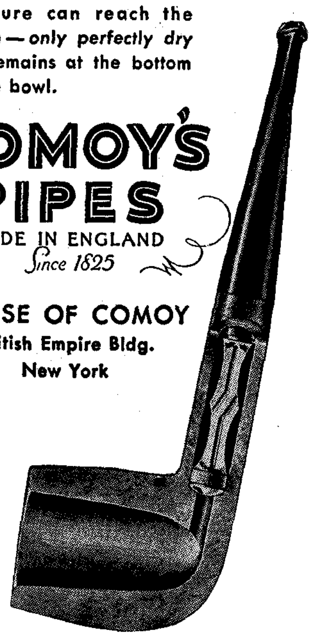
**THE MAJOR:** "Mind if I smoke a pipe?"
**ELOISE:** "Not if it's a Comoy."

COMOY'S new Supreme Patent Bruyere Pipe gives you a cool, dry smoke. No moisture can reach the mouth — only perfectly dry ash remains at the bottom of the bowl.

COMOY'S PIPES
MADE IN ENGLAND
*Since 1825*

HOUSE OF COMOY
British Empire Bldg.
New York

At Your Tobacconist's from $4.00 to $7.00



AFTER-SHAVE COMFORT

Williams
AQUA VELVA

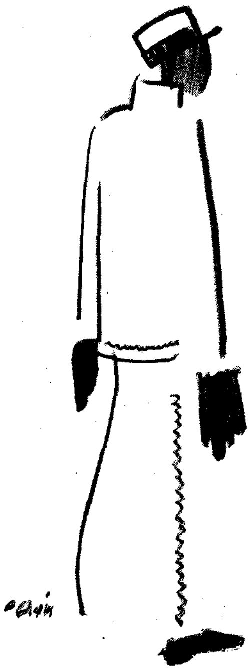
FOR YOUR FACE
IN A DASH OF WILLIAMS
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVING

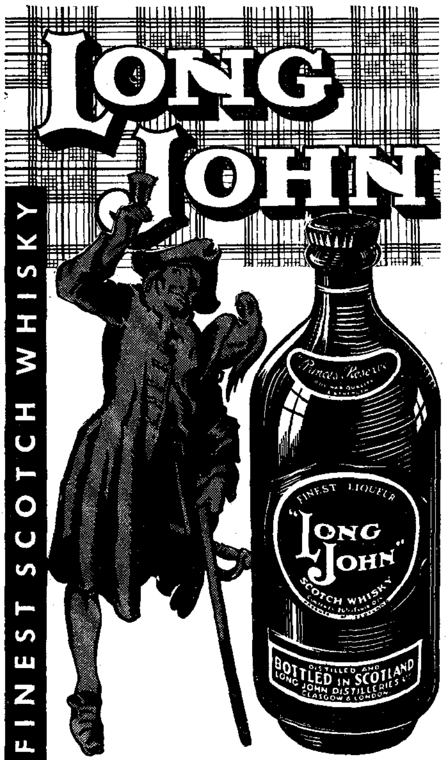
1. It feels great.—2. Soothes tiny nicks and cuts. — 3. Helps keep your skin from getting too dry and rough.—4. Lessens windburn.—5. Aids in preventing chapping. — 6. Improves your appearance.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM—AND GLIDER, THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

individual needs. You must take the trouble to find out exactly what make-up and toilet articles your friend uses. The luggage shops we mention not only delight in special orders like this, but have workrooms on the premises, so you can supervise the execution of any whim.

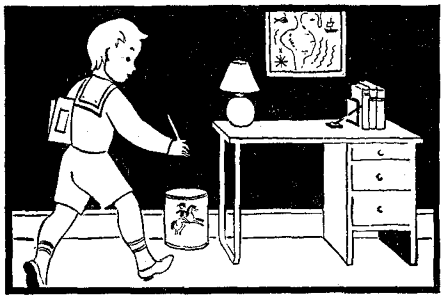
Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd, is our idea of perfection in the luggage business. His skill in working leathers so as to preserve the gloss is noteworthy; his locks work forever and his corners remain intact (nine years now, and our leather hatbox from him is just reaching its zenith); his ingenuity is rivalled only by the joy he takes in working out new ideas. Agreeing with us that a bottle case which can be kept upright and arranged to suit the individual is the ideal fitted case, he is always experimenting with new versions. The latest has a tray on top, deep enough for cleansing tissues and gadgets, that goes only part way across, leaving room for the tops of extra-large bottles. This in natural cowhide with a waterproof Permatex lining; $40. He sees eye to eye with us, too, in realizing that men ordinarily don't like fitted cases, preferring a separate box of fittings that can be taken out of a large case bodily and put on the dresser. His latest is very flat and compact, and includes a corkscrew and bottle-opener. There are lots of cases on hand, ready to be lined and fitted and partitioned off as you wish. Travellers will like his pillow and blanket cases of morocco, with space between the two bulges for magazines, cigarettes, and last-minute items; $28 and $38. But the main thing to remember about Mr. G. is that he





. . the Scotch in the round, brown bottle. *Real* Scotch, distilled and bottled in Scotland's largest distillery.

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U. S. A.
Austin, Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK



It's just about time that you planned to order your youngster's Childhood desk for Christmas.
Write for Booklet Y.

CHILDHOOD, INC.
Designers and Makers of Furniture for Children
32 EAST 65th ST • NEW YORK

The zibeline lipstick is as perfect as the perfume for which it is named.

makes, to our mind, magnificently swanky luggage.

Crouch & Fitzgerald, 400 Madison Avenue (48th), also stand ready to serve you, and have their own workroom for the purpose. You'll like the plain chromium-topped bottles they have ready to install in cases. Their man's suitcases, lined with tan linen unless you want them otherwise, are handsome indeed. Their pigskin book-carrier at $35 is another grand gift. They are also happy about an "executive case," an affair about 17½ x 11½ x 4 inches; a strap inside the bellows top holds down a separate zipper envelope for important papers. Room for an executive pajama, clean shirt, and incidentals. Boarded cowhide, lined with leather composition; $22.50. Don't, however, give it to an executive who insists on dressing for dinner. There isn't room.

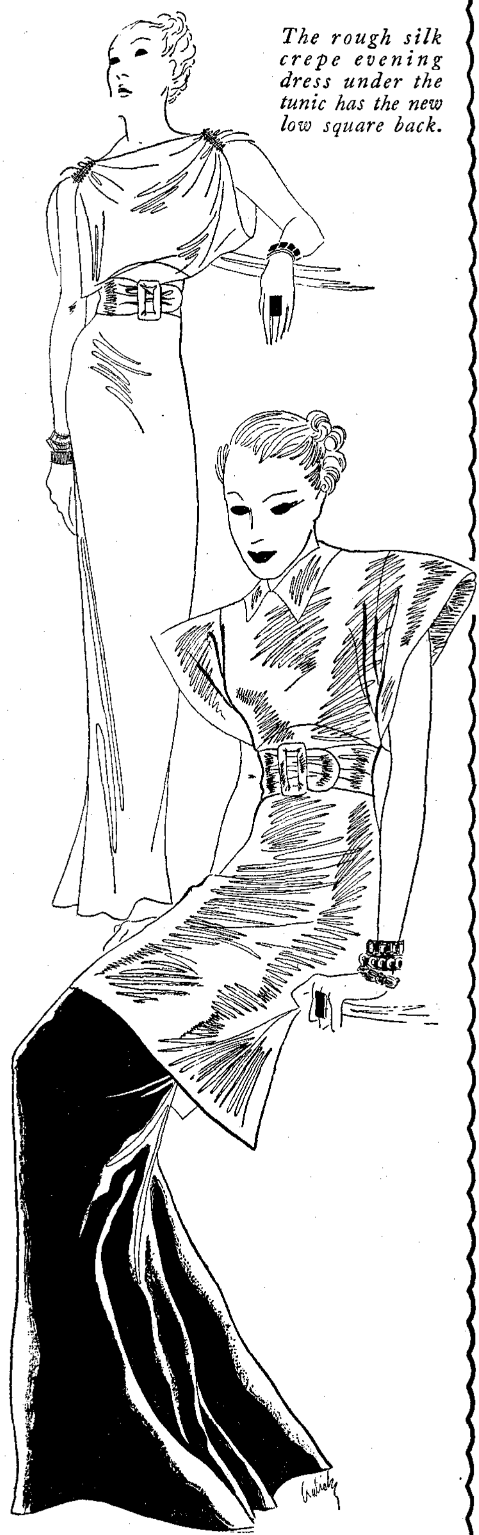
M. Cherry, 150 West 56th, isn't a shop at all, but a great dingy workroom, one flight up, with lots of integrity (in the custom business since 1868) and atmosphere. They don't bother with fancy things any more, concentrating mainly on making bag covers for from $5 up, doing expert repairing, and such. They have the patent on that slanting-top saddle-and-boot trunk; $35. A good place to go, too, if your sainted grandmother wants a linen trunk like the one she has used for fifty years and can't find in the shops any more. They are good for suitcases, too, but you'll have to trust them. They don't keep samples.

### SPECIAL ORDERS FOR MEN

IF something extra special in shirts, pajamas, or dressing-gowns is on your list, you had better allow at least a fortnight for the monogramming and so on. If it is to be a surprise, find out the name of your friend's haberdasher; custom-made things are a waste of money unless they are just right. Have monograms put on (practically any shop will get up a design for you if you wish), but remember that most men don't care for elaborate ones. And whether handkerchiefs are of French or Irish linen and have hems or rolled edges (some men are fussy about such things), be sure to get them large enough.

The custom-made haberdashery department of Saks-Fifth Avenue, which has reason to be proud of the shirts and luxurious silk pajamas it turns out, is going in for ties now. You'll find a wide selection of new and unusual silks, from which you may order four-in-hands and those new English bow ties

*A Most Disarming* TUNIC
*...Its Skirt is an Evening Dress...*



*The rough silk crepe evening dress under the tunic has the new low square back.*

SILVER lame, tailored within an inch of its life, makes this shining tunic . . . and when you call its collar "naive"—smile! Who'd guess, seeing it at the theatre all covered and correct, that for dancing the tunic whips off, and, look . . . an evening dress! We wish to add also that it's royal blue rough silk crepe with a low square back . . . and quite a fancy for gems of all kinds, which will make it different every night of the week—to say nothing of Sunday, which is, of course, dedicated to the tunic . . . Also in black and silver.

$25

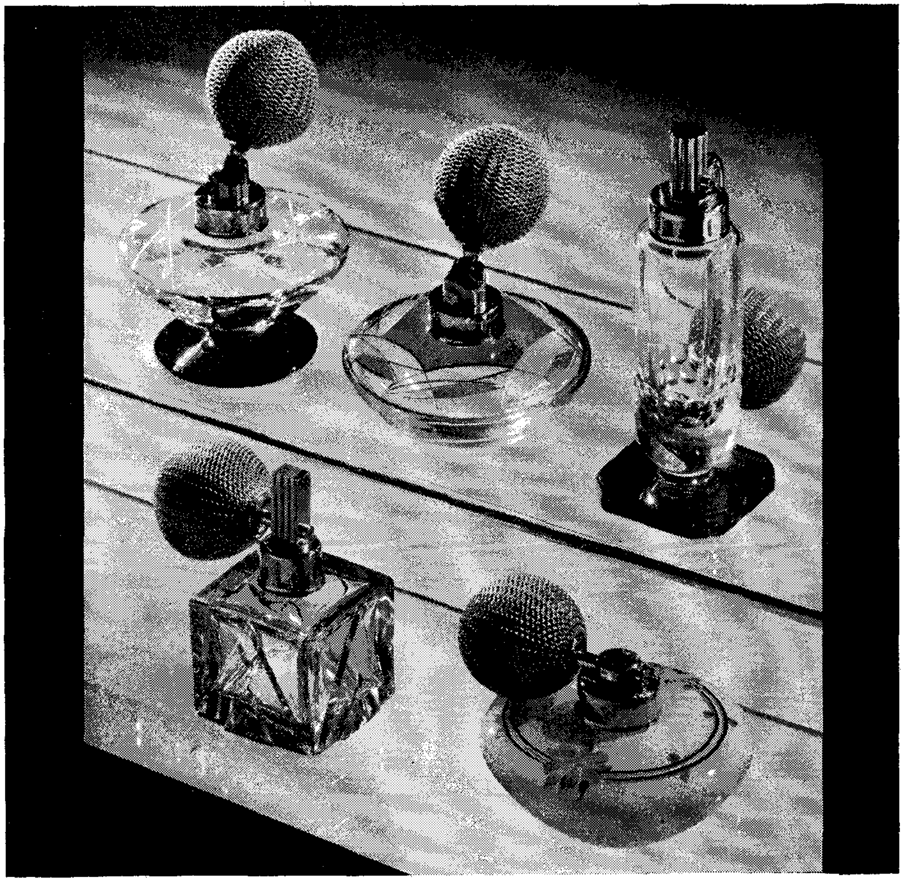
*This is another New* MIMI *Fashion . . . exclusively in the New York and Philadelphia stores of . . .*

JOHN WANAMAKER
New York Philadelphia

SPRAY
*Your Perfume to Enhance its*
FRAGRANCE

Leading perfumers agree that only by spraying can you bring out a perfume's fullest fragrance. The DeVilbiss Atomizer diffuses a single drop of perfume into 2000 fragrant atoms . . . Spraying also removes danger of staining frocks, and the DeVilbiss Closure guards against evaporation of your costly perfumes . . . DeVilbiss Atomizers are available in beautiful designs, in both imported and domestic glass. Larger sizes for eau de cologne . . . The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

COTY SAYS: "For fullest appreciation of a fine perfume—spray it . . . 'A SUMA' Coty's newest and most exotic odor yields its most subtle qualities when an Atomizer is used."



DE VILBISS
*Perfume Atomizers*

with the wide knots; and as there's never more than one square of the same pattern, you're not likely to meet someone wearing your favorite. . . . Dudley Eldridge, 5 East 52nd, has those rich Spitalfields squares for four-in-hands and Ascots. (Tying an Ascot has become such a forgotten art that he keeps a man to teach you the tricks.) Among his specialties in shirts are oxford cloths and Scotch madras. . . . The only place in town, we're told, where you can get the authentic cardinal-red shade of silk for ties—a distinguished color, not so formidable as it sounds—is W. A. McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue (55th). They also have tobacco pouches covered with the same sleek but durable French handmade silk they use in their ties. The specialty of the house, however, is shirts with bosoms and cuffs of corded, instead of pleated, linen—the kind bankers wear. And you can have a dressing-gown of brocaded silk, stiff enough to stand alone, for $185. . . . If you're looking for gorgeous corded silks and poplins, and linens for shirts and pajamas, there's Sulka. We suggest that you inspect some printed velvet with a design of dragons' heads on a background of royal blue. They make it into dressing-gowns for $175. And, of course, you know all about the Sulka ties. . . . Charles Dillon, 16 East 54th, has the sort of shirts and things the old Kaskel & Kaskel shops used to do to order. Ask to see the English foulard ties and fine printed terry-cloth dressing-gowns. . . . Doyle & Black, 51 West 49th, will make up shirts of your own material—which is something to know, because a lot of other shops don't—and have a big selection of their own patterns. They specialize in Irish poplin ties, but also have some of those woollen ones woven by the Indians in Colorado. . . . And Steffin, 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), likes to do those cutout monograms on silk mufflers for evening wear. We admired his latchkeys, with monograms cleverly worked into the handles.

Oh yes, and Brooks; Rogers Peet; Keep, 5 East 44th; Albert Leonard George, Rockefeller Center, and 608 Madison Avenue (58th); Charvet et Fils, 18 East 53rd; Yamatoya, 781 Fifth Avenue (59th); Hutchinson, 15 East 40th; and, of course, De Pinna,

Tripler, and Budd, have a wide range of materials for custom shirts, pajamas, and dressing-gowns.

If you want an excellent likeness of your favorite Scotch terrier, dachshund, polo pony, or race horse carved in crystal and colored, in a set of cufflinks or a cravat pin, Marcus, 671 Fifth Avenue (53rd), will do it for you and do it well. However, you must submit photographs of the animal and a bit of its hair, so the artist can get the correct conformation and color. It takes from six to eight weeks to fill an order, and —to give you an idea of the price—sleeve links cost around $250.

### SPECIAL ORDERS FOR THE HOUSE

THE one way to please morbid friends who are always suspecting you of running out on Christmas Eve to buy them gifts (after, of course, you have received *theirs*) is to order something made up especially for them that could have taken no less than a month to do. Special-order gifts like this are pleasing even to normal people, on account of the flattery involved; and besides, since most Christmas orders must be placed either immediately or very soon, they keep you out of the awful last-minute scramble and allow you to observe with amused scorn the Christmas-list jitters of everybody else you know, which is good for the soul.

The way shops are run nowadays, you can have almost any gift in the world made up according to somebody's special fancy and be pretty sure of its turning out even better than you hoped. There was a time not long ago when clerks in the big, busy places would simply stare you down and go wait on somebody else if you intimated that the regular stock perhaps wasn't *quite* what you were looking for, and maybe a special order— Now, however, you can scarcely find a store that won't leap at the chance to show you what it really can do, given a few weeks' time and a little leeway.

There is Mosse, for instance, the linen house next door to Bergdorf Goodman, on the Avenue. They love nothing better than the customer who comes in wanting something made to order. You choose from shelves of cotton and linen weaves, fantastically or conventionally beautiful, and you have a supper or luncheon cloth or a set of finger towels made up for your sensitive sister-in-law that she will not be able to find the like of in this entire land. They have wonderful ideas about monograms, too, putting them on in all sorts

» *Ybry presents*

**FEMME DE PARIS**

*the jewel of Parfums in the new crystal flacon*

EXTRAIT
Femme de paris Ybry

**One ounce**
**FIVE DOLLARS**
**½ oz. 2.75**
**¼ oz. 1.50**

**THE JADE FLACON**
**IN ITS DELUXE**
**JEWEL CASE**

**4.25**
**8.25**
**15.00**

*FOR A COMPLETE FEMME DE PARIS TOILETTE*

*INFUSION DE PARFUM . . . . . a delicate fragrance for daytime use, after the bath, or on your lingerie*
*2 oz. 1.00 4 oz. 2.00 8 oz. 3.50*

*FACE POUDRE, BATH POUDRE AND LIPSTICK 1.00 each*

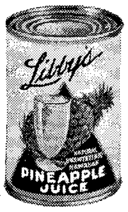
*An atomizer is a delightful way to enjoy this parfum*

FROM HAWAII

Have you tried it for breakfast?

Libby's Natural PINEAPPLE JUICE Unsweetened

IT'S EXCEPTIONALLY DELICIOUS. In this juice you taste the full luscious tang of ripe Hawaiian "pines". That is because Libby's Juice is *rich in natural Esters*, and Esters are the flavor-carriers of the fully-ripened fruit.



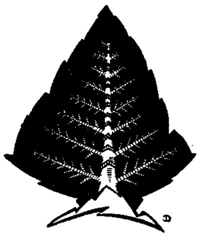
of unexpected spots, with an artistry that comes of being firmly grounded in tradition.

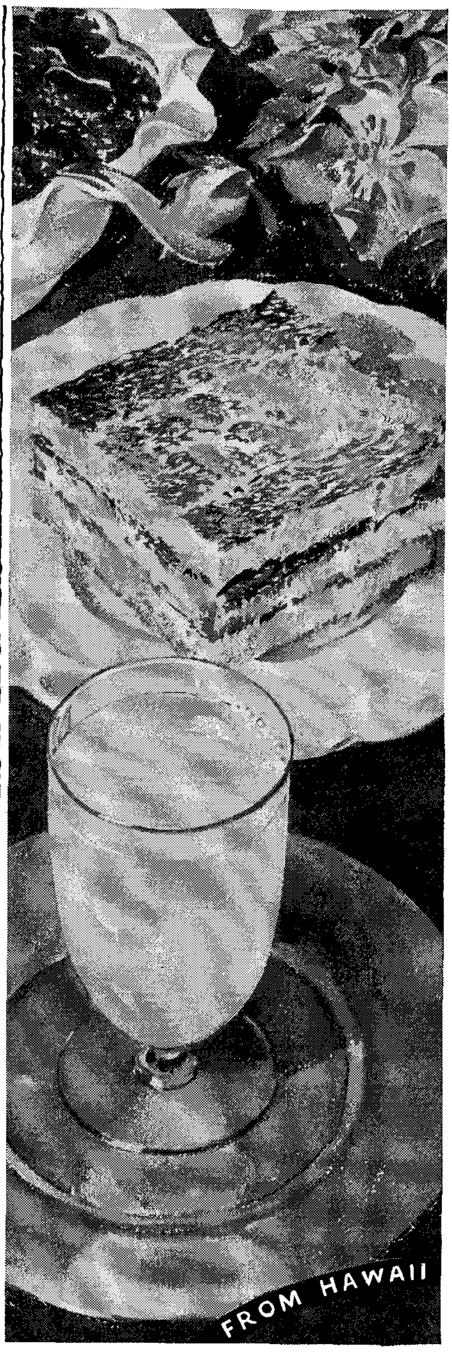
HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER have just installed a design studio at their 57th Street shop which will undertake to decorate anything, from a condiment jar to a guest closet or an entire bathroom, using a motif taken from a bit of favorite wallpaper or chintz that you bring them yourself, or else going to all the trouble of submitting designs to suit your personality or something. They have done grand things with coats of arms and crests and even family trees (these work out fine for wall panels and screens), and are smart about helping you with suggestions. They make up a wonderful bathtub tray in any colors you like, monogrammed, decorated with a design, or left plain, according to your dear one's desire; it goes across the tub and has, in addition to a mirror and a bookrack, compartments for creams and lotions and such, or complete shaving equipment.

At Steuben (748 Fifth Avenue, near 58th), you can indulge all your darling's pet fancies in glassware with less trouble than you would believe possible. Steuben dotes on the special order, and its artful blowers and engravers will duplicate any one-of-its-kind glassware gem you take in; they will steal the design from a piece of silver, or china, or damask, and reproduce it in glass; they are tireless in tracking down elusive family crests; they will create for you out of thin air, if there is nothing that strikes you as worth copying. Plain, everyday monogramming on clear crystal is, of course, a specialty of the house.

Firescreens for sportsmen are among the things they encourage at Abercrombie & Fitch. Take in the measurements of the fireplace you want to fit up for Christmas, together with a good snapshot of the marster bringing down a duck or taking that phenomenal jump, and Abercrombie will turn out a screen with the picture reproduced on it in silhouette. It takes a couple of weeks and probably will cost around $75, but the results justify all.

They also have that celebrated painter of animals, Gorainoff, decorating





Grand for breakfast!

Libby's Natural PINEAPPLE JUICE Unsweetened

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

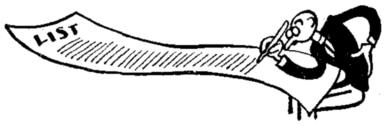
DOCTORS SEE THESE VALUES IN IT: Libby's Juice is a good source of essential vitamins A, B, C. It supplies important food minerals, including iron needed by the blood; aids in keeping the blood stream normally alkaline. It is a *dependable* fruit juice.

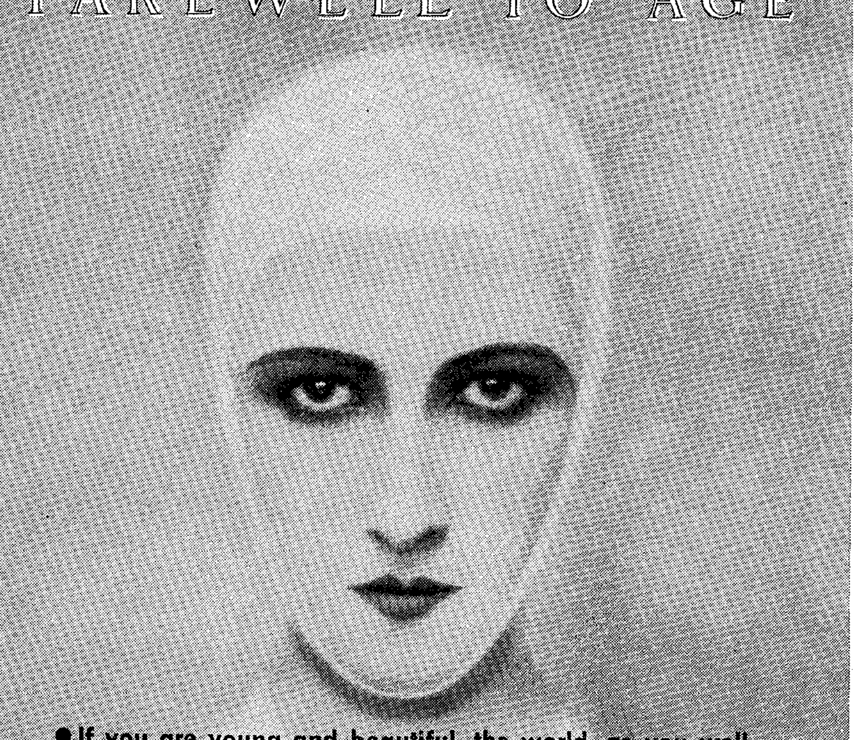
china and glass for them. This, again, is generally done from photographs or snapshots, but they will submit sketches of special designs. This sort of thing makes grand presents for country houses.

SOME of the most useful gifts you can get in this town, as well as some of the most charming, come through orders left at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison (51st). Their scented flannel drawer and shelf pads, made up in any size or color with prettily pinked edges, would be a delicate attention to any lady. You choose the scent from among such old-fashioned pets as verbena, lavender, rose-geranium, and the like. These usually come to around $5, and go on smelling lovely for an average lifetime. Their bathroom sets are good, too—oilcloth-covered containers for soap flakes, used razor blades, cleansing tissues, etc. Any colors, of course; plain, monogrammed, decorated with dogs, fish, birds, anything. A New England lady makes enormous and handsome pie-crust tea trays for the Exchange out of tin, painted up any way you like; sneak a piece of fabric or wallpaper or china and have her take a motif from the design. Or order hand-hooked rugs, crocheted lunch cloths starched stiff as a board, woolly knitted hot-water-bottle covers, special pincushions, work boxes; they are wonderful with such things.

In the fish department at Lewis & Conger is Mrs. Barker, who can do the most exotic and beautiful aquaria you ever saw. If you want to go to great lengths for somebody's Christmas, she will duplicate for you the gem she built into Sloane's House of Years, the one that has the Louisiana wharf scene on top, with fish swimming around below under dripping Spanish moss, and a little skiff floating on the surface (this is a circular business, thirty-six inches across and let into a wall), or she will work out something with a more personal significance, or you can have special aquaria built to match a period room—Victorian, Chippendale, Neo-Classic, anything. It takes two to three weeks to do one of these, and longer for the built-in kind.

The Bath and Closet Shops in this store have numberless ideas, all good, and the Sleep Shop will tailor mattresses





"FAREWELL TO AGE"

● If you are young and beautiful, the world, as you well know, is practically yours for the asking. Elizabeth Arden can keep you young and make you beautiful.

She will do it in her Salon, where you merely close your eyes and let the Arden attendants work their blissful magic. And in between Salon treatments, you can do it for yourself at your own dressing table.

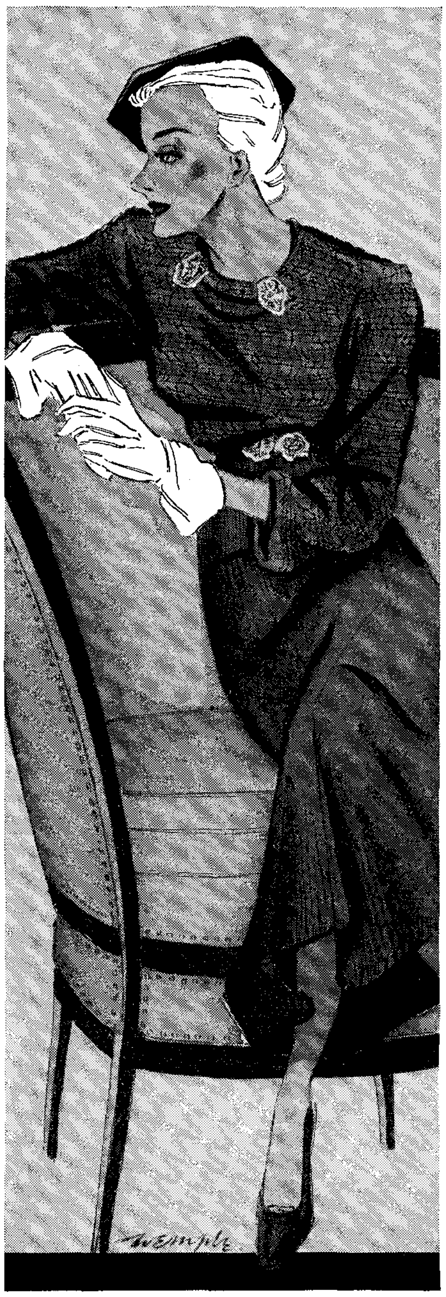
For the basic treatment, you will need but three things: Ardena Cleansing Cream to reach into the pores and cleanse them deep, deep down; cool Ardena Skin Tonic to stimulate the tissues and bring up your color; fragrant, soothing Velva Cream to keep your skin petal-soft.

If you have been neglecting your skin (especially around eyes and throat) add Ardena Gland Cream to the treatment . . . so rich and penetrating that a half hour's application will bring results you can hardly believe. In winter, use Amoretta Cream before making up, to protect your skin against wind and cold . . . and finally, Poudre d'Illusion for an indescribably lovely finish.

ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM AND VELVA CREAM, $1 TO $6
ARDENA SKIN TONIC, 85 CENTS TO $15
LA JOIE DE VIVRE (FAMOUS GLAND CREAM), $10 AND $25
AMORETTA CREAM, $1 AND $2
POUDRE D'ILLUSION, $1.75 AND $3

ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
London: Elizabeth Arden Ltd. Paris: Elizabeth Arden S. A. Berlin: Elizabeth Arden G. m. b. H Rome: Elizabeth Arden S. A. I. Toronto: Elizabeth Arden of Canada, Ltd.
© E. A. 1934



**ARNOLD CONSTABLE**
FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK

A "Sunday Night Knit" solves many of life's major problems of "what to wear". This one is too divine with its lacy hand-fashioned blouse caught up in front with antiqued gold clips, matching the buckle. Bound to make you tingle with the joys of possession. $22.75.

*Look for this label*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF KNITTED WEAR
Sunday Night Knits
Marinette

**Marinette**
**SUNDAY NIGHT KNITS**
MARINETTE KNITTING MILLS, MARINETTE, WIS.

and pillows to the exact requirements of your high-strung, insomniac love which will make a new man of him overnight. They also do a new blanket with initials woven in; it costs $45 and ought to make whoever gets it your slave.

CARLIN COMFORTS, 536 Madison (54th), are making skirted dressing-tables in their best boudoir manner this year for flat rates—$100 in taffeta, $125 in satin; this includes mirror top, triple makeup mirror, and all. Drix Duryea, 54 East 57th, and Leize Rose, 22 East 49th, are both wonderful about photo-murals, making up wall panels and screens from greatly enlarged snapshots, favorite prints and etchings, or almost anything. Frances T. Miller, 1 East 53rd, makes the kind of to-order rugs you dream about; hooked ones in the new manner that sit gracefully on the floor of any kind of room. Joseph Piston, 896 Third Avenue (54th), metal craftsman, fixes up ruined antiques or copies museum pieces so you can't tell the difference. The Greenwich House Workshops, 16 Jones Street, carve out estate signs or do any kind of fine woodwork to order; they are full of suggestions, in case you have no ideas of your own. Leila Ranger, 970 Park (83rd), makes special bedside reading lamps, incorporating whatever you like in the base, even pill boxes, carafes, and bell-pushes for invalids, disguising the utilitarian works so that the whole thing becomes an object of admiration to all. You can have these with French porcelain figurines, Chinese jades and quartz and Ming pieces, antique American pewter, old or reproduction Staffordshire, etc., etc. William H. Plummer, 7 East 35th, have a trick with photographs, drawings, anything like that; they reproduce them on china. These people are superb, anyway, as you know, at whatever they do with china and glass, including monogramming.

•

As spring comes to New Orleans, Mrs. Walter Barnes catches fish off Horn Island and Elizabeth Pharr does a little crabbing before breakfast at Pass Christian.—*Town & Country.*

Don't we all!

•

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Sun*]

Clay Morgan, the genial press representative of the French Line, tripped over a cable while running down the deck to round up a bank president and fell heavily on his left thumb and lip.

*for*
**YOUNG WOMEN**

THE BARBIZON invites the patronage of the finer type of young woman. Here she has a chance for physical and mental development—an opportunity to cultivate worth-while friendships with people who are notable in art, music, literature and the drama. Many a young woman has obtained a flying start to a *successful* career because she chose her residence wisely!

Consider The Barbizon. Here your dollar buys *more* than a room and a mail box—it provides intelligent living!

AS LITTLE AS $10.00 PER WEEK*
AS LITTLE AS $ 2.00 PER DAY
*(Rooms now available at $12.00 and up)
Write for the Barbizon Booklet "C"

The Barbizon
*New York's Most Exclusive Residence for Young Women*
LEXINGTON AVENUE
at 63rd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

CHARBERT
The Scent is
de toi je chante
[Of Thee I Sing]
EAU de COLOGNE
CHARBERT
Paris New York
1.75
24 West 57th Street, New York

**PIRIE MACDONALD**
**Photographer-of-Men.**
576 FIFTH AV · COR· 47TH ST
TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-1074
(If he has fallen arches,
better have them fixed first—
I make pictures of dispositions.)

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*War Album—La Sten Turns to Tolstoy—Claptrap Department*

YOU should perhaps know at once, if the news has not already come to you, that there is a new Silly Symphony out. It's called "The Goddess of Spring," and isn't one of the best, perhaps. But even a lazy Disney is better than most of the energetic material handed to us.

THE only other item of the moment which offers any interest is quite a different matter. It's Laurence Stallings' "The First World War," another sheaf of pictures from the albums of the war years and those just preceding. The film in general would seem to prove that there aren't many of these pictures left which we have not already seen a number of times. However, there has been discretion with a purpose in the handling of the whole collection, and they can stand being looked at again. The emphasis is not laid now on the atrocities and the horrors of trench life and sea and air warfare, though these are not left out entirely. By far the best part of the film, I think, is the first half, with its newsreel views of the royalties and personages who allowed themselves to parade before the camera while maneuvering the events which led to the catastrophe. Of course these, too, are familiar for the most part, although there are some shots of old Franz Josef which are new to me and which seem especially well done. The old royalties put up a great show, and Stallings has appreciated it, and underlined its significance by the final sequences of his film, which are devoted in a sort of epilogue fashion to contemporary events and the makers thereof. These present magnificoes have less feathers and flourish, but it would appear to be Mr. Stallings' point that they are leading us to the same goal. His argument as set forth here is forceful enough, leaving us with only the bleak solace that the next war, when it comes, will certainly be more fully and more skillfully photographed than was the last, some guaranty of this, I suppose, being offered by the recent

**BLACK & WHITE**

*Scotch Whisky*

The perfect Scotch today. If you like it now you can rely on it for life as 18,000,000 gallons are aging in bond to assure your continued satisfaction. To open your first bottle is an adventure. To taste it is a discovery. To drink it is a delight.

Our trade mark **SHAW** on every bottle

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY

ALEX D. SHAW & CO., INC., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

HENRY HAMMOND Inc. presents
**FRED STONE** in
**JAYHAWKER**
by **SINCLAIR LEWIS**
and **LLOYD LEWIS**
with WALTER C. KELLY
**CORT THEATRE** 48 St. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

**WINTER GARDEN** B'way & 50th. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
4 MATINEES THANKSGIVING WEEK:
WED., THURS., FRI. AND SAT.
**LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40**
BERT **LAHR** RAY **BOLGER** LUELLA **GEAR**
FRANCES **WILLIAMS**

MAX GORDON presents
**WALTER HUSTON**
in SINCLAIR LEWIS'
**"DODSWORTH"**
Dramatized by SIDNEY HOWARD
**SHUBERT** Thea. W. 44th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

*ARCH SELWYN & HAROLD B. FRANKLIN present*
A LE GALLIENNE PRODUCTION
***"L'Aiglon"***
By Clemence Dane
*with*
EVA **LE GALLIENNE** ETHEL **BARRYMORE**
**BROADHURST** Thea., 44 St., W. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30, 55c to $2.75
Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, 55c to $2.20

*Sybil Thorndike*
*in John van Druten's*
*The Distaff Side*
"A masterpiece of our time."—*World-Telegram.*
*with* ***Estelle Winwood—Viola Keats***
***Booth*** *W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.*

"A GREAT PLAY, SUPERB PRODUCTION."
—*Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times*
*GEORGE BUSHAR and JOHN TUERK present*
*Sean O'Casey's*
*"Within the Gates"*
with LILLIAN GISH, BRAMWELL FLETCHER
MOFFAT JOHNSTON, MARY MORRIS and a Cast of 70
NATIONAL THEATRE—41 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

• By far the funniest play of the new season."—*Anderson, Journal*
BROCK PEMBERTON PRESENTS
**"Personal Appearance"**
with **GLADYS GEORGE**
A New Comedy by LAWRENCE RILEY
*Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton*
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:40—Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"The town has its first exciting and exhilarating show."
—*Walter Winchell*
COURTNEY BURR presents
**SMALL MIRACLE**
***by Norman Krasna—directed by George Abbott***
**GOLDEN** Thea. W. 45 St. Eves. at 8:45
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

SAM H. HARRIS presents
***"Merrily We Roll Along"***
*The New Kaufman-Hart Play*
with Kenneth MacKenna, Walter Abel, Mary Philips, Cecilia Loftus
"THE HIT OF THE YEAR."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, American.*
MUSIC BOX THEATRE, 45 St., W. of B'way
Eves. 8:30—Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

newsreel of King Alexander's assassination.

PLUMP Anna Sten's "We Live Again" turns out to be a thoroughly dreary picture. As Mr. Goldwyn has taken pains to notify the awestruck public, this title is a paraphrase in words we can all understand of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Having already toyed with Dostoevski and Zola, Miss Sten should easily take Tolstoy in her stride. As all movie fans know, "Resurrection" is a denunciation of class injustice and of the prison system of czarist Russia, as well as a story of the moral regeneration (or being born again) of its two leading characters. Being acquainted with the movies, I was surprised that this picture follows the outline of the Tolstoy novel as far as it does without introducing a comic element, or even a ballet, and only substitutes for the original a happy ending which implies that the lovers will eventually settle down in a cosy Siberian bungalow with central heating.

Aside from the benign finale, the movie has other difficulties. The opening, with its long cinema seduction, birds and budding boughs and all, wears one out long before Fredric March, as a radical as well as amorous prince, starts his diatribes against the existing order. Mr. March manages to make his various speeches, such as "all those who are crushed are holy," sound as violent as the opinions of a sophomore who thinks his allowance is stingy. Miss Sten, as Katusha Maslova, is much better, especially once Katusha has been well seduced and is used to the notion. In one or two prison scenes, she is even tragic without any effort to be winsome at the same time.

AMONG ordinary claptrap we might list for your wary perusal such films as "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" and "The Broken Melody." We might even add "The St. Louis Kid" to this list. It's a Cagney, to be sure, but routine, commonplace Cagney. —J. C. M.

•

### HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Herald*]

Charles Townsend Copeland, Boylston professor of oratory and rhetoric, emeritus, of Harvard, delivered one of his now infrequent readings yesterday afternoon in Winthrop House. . . . He devoted two full hours to his enthusiastic audience, reading selections from Kipling, the Bible, and the New Yorker.

Arch Selwyn & Harold B. Franklin Productions
**LUCIENNE BOYER**
in **CONTINENTAL VARIETIES**
with **VICENTE ESCUDERO**
and a company of international artists
Little Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way. LAc. 4-1551
Every Eve. at 9 incl. Sun., Sat. Mat. at 3. Prices $1.10 to $5.50 on sale 4 weeks in advance

"TOWN'S PRETTIEST PET, UTTERLY CAPTIVATING."—*John Anderson, Journal.*
**YVONNE PRINTEMPS**
in NOEL COWARD'S Musical Romance—
Cast of 60—Orchestra of 30
**"CONVERSATION PIECE"**
44th ST. THEATRE. W. of B'way. LAc. 4-7135
Eve's. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

**D'OYLY CARTE** OPERA COMPANY
*FROM SAVOY THEATRE, LONDON*
Thurs. to Sat. (Sat. Mat.), "Trial by Jury" and "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"
WEEK Nov. 12, Mon. to Wed., "THE MIKADO"
Thurs. to Sat.—"Cox and Box" & "PINAFORE"
WEEK NOV. 19, Mon. to Wed., "IOLANTHE"
Thurs. to Sat., "THE GONDOLIERS"
Seats for All Performances Now at Box Office
Wed. Mat. 83c to $2.20. Sat. Mat. $1.10 to $2.75
Evs. $1.10 to $3.30 incl. tax. Evs. 8:15. Mats. 2:15
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St., W. of 8 Ave.

**RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
2nd WEEK!
**ANNA STEN · FREDRIC MARCH**
in *"We live again"*
*plus a Music Hall Stage Revue*
**SHOW PLACE OF THE NATION**

*Loew's Leads in New York!*
**LEXINGTON** LEXINGTON AVE at 51st ST · **72ND STREET** 72 STREET & 3RD AVE
Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon. Nov. 9, 10, 11, 12
KAY FRANCIS—LESLIE HOWARD
in "BRITISH AGENT"
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 13, 14, 15
2—BIG FEATURES—2
"STUDENT TOUR" JIMMY DURANTE | "OUR DAILY BREAD" with Karen Morley
**ZIEGFELD** 54 ST and 6TH AVE.
Nov. 9 to 12
**MAE WEST** in "BELLE OF THE NINETIES"
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 13, 14, 15
"STUDENT TOUR" JIMMY DURANTE | "OUR DAILY BREAD" with Karen Morley

*It tells you*
what's good, what's new, what's interesting in the theatre world—with criticism which is impartial, with illustrations which are luxurious and graphic, with the enthusiasm which THE STAGE feels towards the theatre—by subscription, $2.50 a year.
THE
STAGE
50 East 42nd Street, New York City

# CYNARA

MR. CHUBB got mad with himself very often. Words troubled him terribly. He liked words, but he resented them at the same time. He twisted them around in his mind until they had lost all meaning, which would have been quite all right except that then he had to blurt them out, aloud, and generally at inopportune moments. There was the time, for example, when he was standing alone at a bar with a total and most repulsive stranger beside him, and his eye caught a gilded sign hung over the mirror. Trommer's Beer, it said. Immediately his mind started working, and before he knew it, he had leaned over and touched the stranger on the sleeve. "Trommer's Beer," he said, confidentially. "Trommer's Beer. Author of 'The Mauve Decade.'" Of course he had to flee immediately and confine himself to chocolate milks for a month.

Most of his little twists and their appalling results lasted just about that length of time—a month or so—but there was one thing which, in varying forms, had been going on for years and years. That was the line about Cynara. He came across it himself in his father's library when he was a rather fragile youth. His mother didn't really like to have him go in the library ever since she found him dancing in there once. Dancing! In front of a shelf where a small encyclopedia was kept. He was hopping and stamping and whirling, beating time, and chanting in a sort of undertone: "A to Cons—Cons to Holy—Holy to Part—Part to Theo—Theo to Zym—*Appendix!*" When he said "*Appendix*," he landed with his feet wide apart and his hands up in the air. It was terrifying, she said. She told him he'd better go and lie down.

However—to get back to Cynara—he played with the line silently for months before he knew he was pronouncing it wrongly. It was only when he was lunching with a Miss Moley, who worked in the same office with him, that he learned the truth. He didn't know her well at all and was rather scared of her because she seemed to know so much. She ordered melon for dessert, and he found himself leaning right over the table at her, with the waiter still there.

"I have been faithful to thee, Casaba, in my fashion," he said, and sat back, ghastly pale.

But somehow or other, nothing awful happened. Miss Moley merely smiled, sort of pityingly, he thought. "You're pronouncing it wrong, Mr. Chubb," she said. "It's *Cyn*ara, really. It's a common mistake." The color came back into his cheeks, but only briefly, because suddenly the vision of the years before him opened up, as the months of wasted nights went ominously slipping into oblivion behind him.

IT began very soon.

Edna Ferber's book came out, and when he was in Putnam's, opening an account, he whispered, "I have been faithful to thee, Cimarron, in my fashion," into the ear of the credit manager. He fled at once and opened his account at Scribner's. He said, "I have been faithful to thee, cinnamon, in my fashion," to an A. & P. clerk, and left with a whole bagful of empty ginger-ale bottles. In the movies, he prodded a strange lady beside him and murmured, "I have been faithful to thee, cinema, in my fashion," and the lady called an usher.

There were other times, many others, but then there came a respite. Cynara was in his mind, but it was there silently. He would breathe it to himself sometimes, at night, caressing it and wondering what it meant. Moonlight, he thought; crescent moonlight, or spiced rose leaves.

AND then the end came.

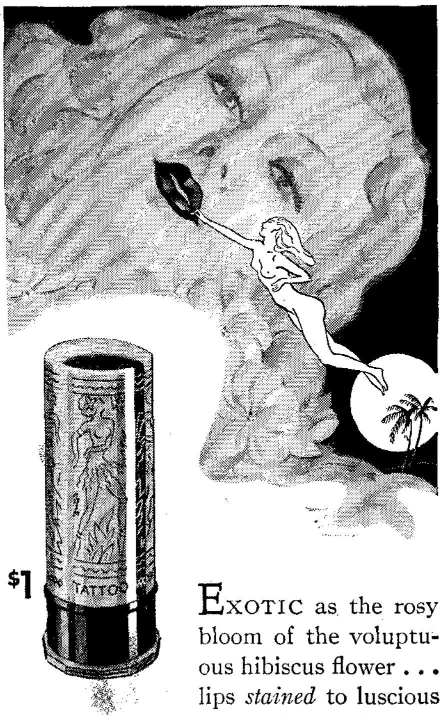
In his office there was a Mr. Bendick, with whom, against his will, he used to spend an evening now and then. Mr. Chubb was terrified of him because *he* seemed to know *everything*. On this particular evening, though, in Mr. Bendick's apartment, things went pretty well until Mr. Bendick got out his golf clubs and began to show Mr. Chubb how to putt on the carpet. Mr. Chubb didn't want to know how to putt, but he obediently took the club and made a lunge at the ball.

"No, no!" Mr. Bendick cried. "Not like that. Look! Hold it this way. *So* fashion!" He thrust the club back into Mr. Chubb's hands.

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, *so* fashion!" screamed Mr. Chubb, and hurled the club toward the fire screen.

Then a strange thing happened. Mr. Bendick walked calmly across the

TATTOO
YOUR LIPS



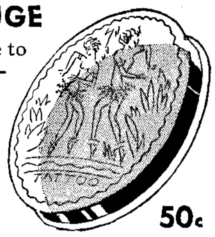
EXOTIC as the rosy bloom of the voluptuous hibiscus flower . . . lips *stained* to luscious redness by TATTOO. Your lips . . . south sea excitement with TATTOO! TATTOO never leaves the pasty coating that destroys the charm of lovely lips . . . it *stains* them to triumphant color . . . radiant, transparent color tropic sirens know and use so well!

Apply TATTOO . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. The color remains, color that can't rub off to leave tell-tale marks. And TATTOO actually lasts longer than you ever thought a lip color could . . . from dawn until dusk . . . or from dusk until dawn!

More than one shade of TATTOO will become you. Try at least two for differing costume harmonies. There is Coral, which is orangish; Exotic, bizarre brilliance; Natural, the darkest; Pastel, which changes its hue on the lips. Try all four on your skin at the Tattoo Color Selector found on all smart toilet goods counters.

**TATTOO ROUGE**

Apply Tattoo Rouge to make your cheeks perfectly harmonious with your lips. Tattoo Rouge shades exactly match the lip colors. There are four really stunning shades.



50c

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

COURVOISIER

The Brandy of NAPOLEON

By Special Appointment
to Their Majesties:
King George V of England
King Gustav V of Sweden

V.O
COURVOISIER
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON
COGNAC
F-C-G IMPORTERS INC

SPONSORED BY F-C-G IMPORTERS INC.

*SOLE AGENTS FOR:*
Louis Roederer Champagne
Courvoisier Cognac
Highland Queen Scotch
Wynand Fockink Cordials
Hudson's Bay Company's
Canadian Whisky and Gin

room and picked the club up. He turned to Mr. Chubb.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said. "You can't be faithful to an artichoke in any fashion whatsoever."

"*What!*" cried Mr. Chubb.

"Cynara," said Mr. Bendick in the same dull tone, "means artichoke. Nothing more and nothing less."

Mr. Chubb stood there for a long, silent moment, with his nails digging into the palms of his hands. Finally, "It does not!" he cried. "It can't!"

Mr. Bendick turned slowly and went into a little alcove and switched on a light. Then he came back and pointed into the alcove at a big, unabridged dictionary on an iron stand. "All right," he said. "See for yourself."

Breathing hard, Mr. Chubb fairly ran into the alcove and whirled the big book around. He ruffled its pages. And there it was:

> CYNARA: meaning artichoke. . . . From the Latin, *cynara*: meaning artichoke. . . . From the Greek, *κινάρα*, meaning artichoke.

He gathered a bunch of pages in his hand and lifted his head.

"I have been faithful to thee, artichoke," he yelled, "*so* fashion!" and he ripped the pages clear across.

—CLIFFORD ORR

•

*And then with one quick gesture he had her in his arms. "Oh, you lovely thing," he said.*

Fifi fought. "No!"
"Oh, Fifi!"
"Tony, let me go."
"Never!"
"Tony!"
"Darling!"
"Stop it!"
"No."
"No, Tony."
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"
"No!"

The telephone rang.—*From a story by George Bradshaw in the Saturday Evening Post.*

We don't blame it.

•

Is it proper to use the mother's family name as a middle name for a baby at its christening?—E. M.

Quite proper and done in the best of families. The mother's part in the birth of her offspring is considerable.—*The World-Telegram.*

Enough, anyway.

BOOKS FOR NEW YORKERS

H. G. WELLS'
Experiment in Autobiography

"A book of much historical importance. Whether or not you think Wells a major prophet, you should read his story."
—New Yorker
$4.00

MARY ELLEN CHASE'S
Mary Peters

"The tug and creak of rigging and elm trees dreaming in the sun, combine to produce an effect of general New England foursquareness."
—New Yorker
$2.50

DORIS LESLIE'S
Full Flavour

"For a sound period novel, highly readable, I refer you to Miss Leslie's; a better Victorian romance than most Victorians ever write." —New Yorker
$2.50

ROBT. P. TRISTRAM COFFIN'S
Lost Paradise

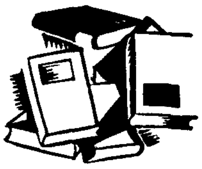
"Place it on your list of 'musts'. Read it even if it is necessary to stay away from dinner parties to do so."—Isabel Patterson.
$2.50

at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN CO.
60 Fifth Ave. New York

# BOOKS

## *Remember Your Alice?—The Vegetarian Novel—The Woman Who Did*

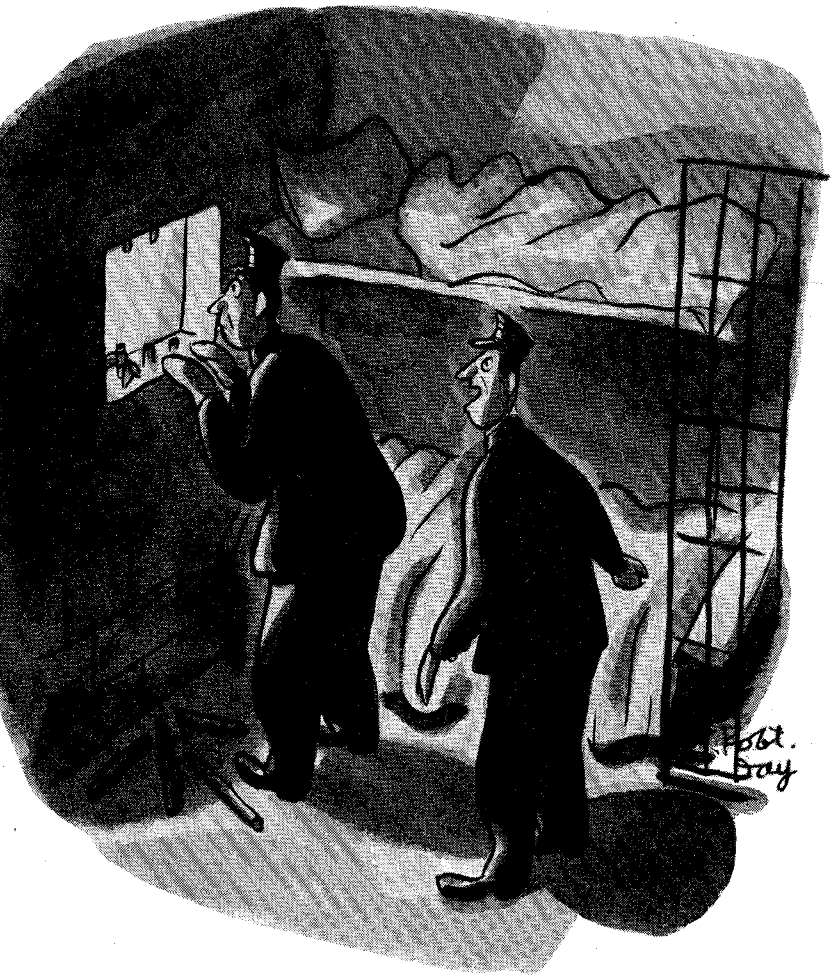


TWO serious Carrollingians, Philip C. Blackburn and Lionel White, do us a good turn this week by assembling under the title of "Logical Nonsense" all the works of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson except those that are narrowly mathematical. Here, in chronological order, are forty years of "purposeful nonsense": the two parts of "Alice;" "The Hunting of the Snark;" "Sylvie and Bruno" (with the be-good-dear-children homilies omitted); many unfamiliar poems and sketches that might, without causing undue distress, have remained unfamiliar; all the logical puzzles and mathematical recreations; and good selections from the "Symbolic Logic," the only textbook that has ever injected wit into Aristotle or made a syllogism look silly. I regret to report they have left out Tenniel; and the introduction and biographical notes might have been less flat-footed and superficial. Still, it is probable that no single volume can better serve the brave cause of whimsy.

There, to be sure, lies the danger. The devotees, who during the Carroll centenary two years ago buzzed so dismayingly, may swarm again, and coy individuals may ask us if we remember our Alice, and your kittenish dinner partner may inquire whether you won't have some of the very *best* butter, and there may be sly allusions to jabberwocks and beamish boys, and you may be informed for the hundredth time that Lewis Carroll invented the verb "to chortle," and the really profound thinkers may explain that he was a great logician (which he wasn't), and that "Alice Through the Looking-glass" is a hidden satire on four-dimensional geometry (though they will be unable to indicate the relevantly mathematical passages), and a clever adult may give an innocent child "Alice in Wonderland" and pat her on the head and say in all roguishness, "When you grow up, you'll find this has *quite* another meaning, Dolly," and the Cult may start buzzing all over again, and anyhow it will be something of a relief from the bright-eyed Savoyard humming birds, who have been just a little too audible this fall.

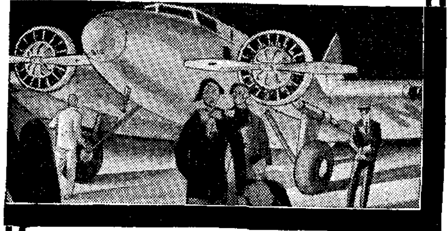
Not that I can't speculate as esoterically as the next fellow on what lies behind Carroll's whimsy. For instance—I suppose this has been pointed out very quietly before—isn't his humor in part an escape from the sticky piety, the moral molasses, that clung ever more closely to him as he grew older? One thinks of Gogol, who, like Carroll, was a great funny man, a great pietist, and who in the end broke down into simple lunacy—which Carroll, to judge by his eccentric and neurotic habits, just barely escaped. I also remember the medieval monks who, like Carroll, were peculiarly interested in plays on words, acrostics, hieroglyphics, nonsense verses, nursery incantations. Latin literature of the tenth and eleventh centuries is full of Carrollism. Perhaps in the mild heterodoxy of a mutiny against language (which is the Word), the medievals found an outlet for their boredom and their feeling of moral constriction. Parodies and a feverish, abnormal paronomasia comprised the Mother Superior with whom Frater Dodgson, though hardly with a hell of a yell, eloped from the cloister.

Carroll rebelled not only against the monkery but against its brother, the donnery. A kind of genius, he could never become the true, the genuine Academic. But he was, on the other hand, a timid man, a Milquetoast full of furious fancies; the Academy was his refuge. And so his humor, using pedantry to pull the leg of pedantry, became the little contortion by which he evaded the strait-jacket of Oxford. What, after all, is the great weapon of the scholar, the symbol of his caste? Language. Solemn, sounding, mysterious language. Hence Carroll's playful destruction of language, his elaborate spoofing of common-room reports, his careful nonsense, his scholastically jocular propaganda for petty university reforms, his portmanteau words, his enlistment of mathematical lingo in the service of irony. ("A surd is a radical whose meaning cannot be exactly as-



*"They couldn't be under the bed, could they?"*

**TRAVEL by AIR**
**2000 MILES OVERNIGHT**



TRIPS that used to be long, exhausting journeys now become "just easy overnight or daylight jumps"—in UNITED's big, comfortable, multi-motored Boeings. Economical too.

UNITED offers the same high standard of service on all routes—always a multi-motored Boeing—always two pilots. Only UNITED offers stewardess service on every plane.

**CHICAGO—CLEVELAND—NEW YORK**
9 planes daily
**NEW YORK—CHICAGO—CALIFORNIA**
3 planes daily

For reservations and schedules call UNITED AIR LINES ticket offices, hotel porters, travel bureaus, or telegraph offices.

**UNITED AIR LINES**
**70,000,000 MILES EXPERIENCE**

**LUGGAGE**
*you can trust*

**OSHKOSH**
**34th STREET SHOP**

Oshkosh Trunks, Inc., 10 East 34th Street
*Booklet "Luggage Prescriptions" on request*

• Invitation To a Dance—
Enticing, glamorous gowns for an exciting "Invitation" season. Expensive looking gowns—expensive in looks only.

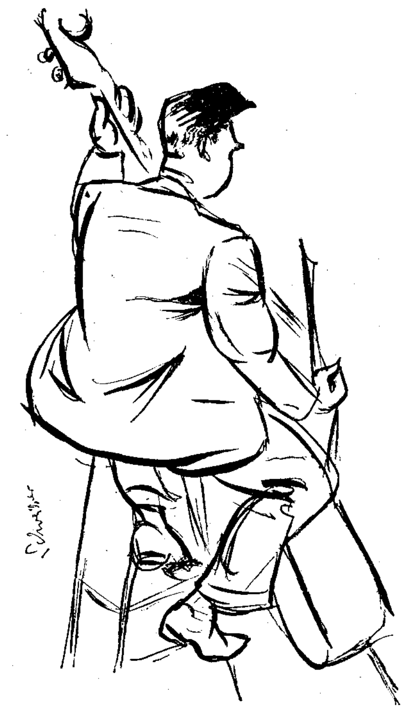
**PAIGE** *Gowns*
623 Madison Ave. (near 58 St.)

certained.") The works of Lewis Carroll are the means by which, without incurring danger, he thumbed his nose at the class to which he professed allegiance but to which his unique genius made him superior.

I am not now or at any other time placing bets on these theories.

I AM sorry that I can make so little out of "My Next Bride," by Kay Boyle, whose unconventional approach to the English language I have long admired. This must be just about the last expatriate novel. It concerns the to me mysterious activities and reactions of a group of Paris Bohemians who are a little too apparently masks for real people. There are Victoria John, the young girl who is looking for love, life, and a job; Sorrel, the nut-fooder, dancer, sandal-wearer, and lecturer on "Pourquoi l'Homme Doit Chercher la Simplicité;" and Antony Lister, the wealthy aesthete, whose phrases and actions are almost equally opaque. These people seem only half-realized, and Sorrel, in particular, impresses me as a frowsy fake. But perhaps I'm caught up in the Healthy Reaction these days. Sorrel somehow sets the tone of the book. It has that strange, slightly mad incoherence and daft Slavic purity and remoteness that one associates with vegetarians.

This is no story for people with a sound liking for common sense. It is brilliantly chromatic with odd fish, odd language, odd happenings. Miss Boyle's style, as always, is uncompromising. I hope, for my own sake, that it will shortly be devoted to a



"IMAGINE SUCH DISTINCTION AT *Luncheon* AND AT $1.25, TOO!"

in the
BILTMORE
New
SUPPER ROOM
JEAN BRUNESCO
*and his* Orchestra
●
*at* DINNER *and* SUPPER
PAUL WHITEMAN
*his* Orchestra *and* entertainers

**THE BILTMORE**
MADISON AVENUE *at* 43*rd* STREET

"THE *Only* COGNAC IN THE WORLD... ...*123 years old!*"

Imperatrice Josephine Cognac, Grande Fine Champagne, Year 1811. Guaranteed by the ancient house of Gagneur et Cie. Choice of the informed hostess—and a supreme gift $16.50
IN GIFT PACKAGE

**REESE**
BROTHERS
*Wine Merchants*
23 EAST 49 • PLaza 3-1061

**Park Avenue's Favorite**

THE only accordionist who plays smart cocktail music and swingy dance music for hours on end.
Every kind of private engagement.
DICK SCHWARZ
404 E. 55th St. Tel.: PLaza 3-0893

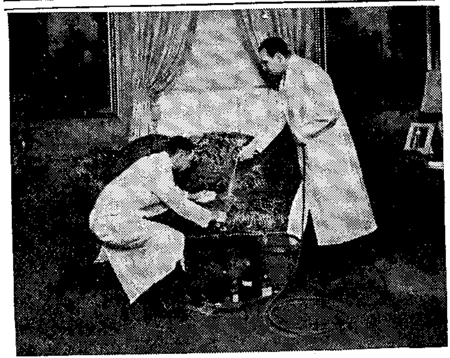
THE
ONE BOTTLE
BAR
RHUM SARTHE
Qualité Supérieure

HAITI, Island of romance and treasure, gives us RHUM SARTHE, distilled from pure cane syrups --- not black strap molasses. Makes better Cocktails---Highballs and straight drinks.

**Send for FREE Recipe Booklet**

**RHUM SARTHE**

Haytian American Sugar Company, Haiti, W. I.
DISTILLERS
**HASCO TRADING CORP.**
IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
**140 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY**



***DRY CLEANING FURNITURE IN THE HOME***

***Our skilled operators at work on a fine needlepoint sofa***

•

**Your home promptly and efficiently reconditioned by our experienced service**

•

**JOSEPH A. McANERNEY COMPANY, INC.**
***"Care of Fine Homes"***
**872 LEXINGTON AVENUE RHinelander 4-5767**

**UNUSUAL SUNNY APARTMENT**

(furnished or unfurnished)

Park Avenue, upper 80's. 5 rooms, 2 baths, 14th floor. For rent at real sacrifice. Facing South. Cross ventilation. Servant's room in building.

CULVER, HOLLYDAY & CO., Inc.
38 E. 57th St. Plaza 3-5050

somewhat less abnormal world. Miss Boyle's talent can almost vitalize these last Bohemians. But not quite. Whether for good or ill, they are dead, and can be revived only in the historical novel.

IF Miss Boyle is not literal enough for you, try Mr. Richard Aldington, and back you will fly to Miss Boyle. Mr. Aldington did a book once, called "Death of a Hero," and it looked as if he might come through in noble style. Since then he seems to have decided on the career of popular novelist. Witness "Women Must Work," which is all about Etta Morison, who revolted against her Victorian home (Mr. Aldington has now done that home a half-dozen times) and ran away to London to be on her own. There's a love affair that ends badly and a liaison with an experienced married man that results in a child. And then Etta hardens and in ten pages or so becomes a successful businesswoman, and pretty soon she has a husband and a country home, but what has she *really*, I mean? In her humorlessness, her concern with "experiments in living" and love as "an essential experience" and "part of life," in her pompous impracticality about illegitimate children, Etta takes us back to the heroine of Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did." Mr. Aldington's book has the same stuffy vulgarity, too.

It would not be worth making all this ill-tempered pother were it not that Mr. Aldington has a certain drive, energy, indignation that might have produced, and may still produce, fine novels. But he must cut out this Vicki Baumerei. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

## ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

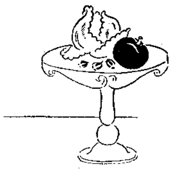
### FICTION

ALECK MAURY, SPORTSMAN, by Caroline Gordon. An outdoors novel, minus false nature sentiment, and also without the affectations of the English huntin' writer-squires. Aleck Maury tells his own story. To earn his living, he teaches Greek and Latin. He marries and has a family. But these are incidentals, woven into the pattern of his love for hunting and fishing the Southern countryside where he lives. There is lots about dogs and guns, but it is not only inoffensive, it has flavor. The book is reminiscent of Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting

The Rainbow Room
ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF
65th FLOOR

*"There is magic in your brush, my chef!"*

"Your every dish is a culinary picture ... your every course an epicurean art ... your technique is perfection. You are that remarkable person, a genius whose temperament is completely under control. I know now why a Rainbow Room dinner is the talk of the town." M. M.



6:30 to 2 A. M. Nightly
Dining · Dancing · Entertainment

**LUCIENNE BOYER**
*(By arrangement with Arch Selwyn and Harold B. Franklin)*
"You are the featured entertainer. Is it because of what you make us see or what you make us hear?" M. M.

**JOLLY COBURN**
"There is music in the air when you and your orchestra get together in The Rainbow Room. You don't miss a beat." L. M.

THE PATIO is INFORMAL
65th Floor—West
Informal Music
Cocktails 4 to 6 P. M.
Dinner—Supper till 12 P. M.
RESERVATIONS CIRCLE 7-5312

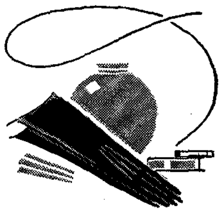
The Management of

The NEW SAKS · 34th
AT BROADWAY

invites you to visit the

Mears Salon

Mrs. Ellen Comly Mears of Tuxedo Park, directress of the Salon, will greet patrons every day. She is experienced in fashion design, and will be happy to help in the selection of suitable ensembles for those whose preference for harmonizing fashions has created the demand for a fashion focal point.



THE NEW SAKS - 34th
FOURTH FLOOR

Man," but is more orderly and more dramatic.

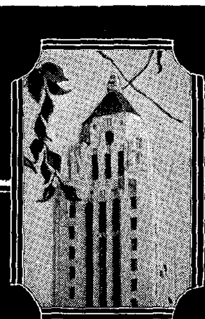
SUNDOWN, by John Joseph Mathews. The author of "Wah'Kon-Tah," himself part Osage, has done a novel about the Reservation. Chal Windzer is a handsome young Osage. He has been educated to white men's institutions, but doesn't understand them. His family has money (oil, you remember), so he is not under the necessity of working. There is nothing for him to do but drink. He is drawn to the ancestral life, but it no longer exists except in the dances the white tourists come to watch. There is no solution for him. It is all very painful, and will make you furrow your brow and blush for the palefaces.

THE PROUD SERVANT, by Margaret Irwin. A historical novel, recalling Sir Walter Scott, but not so sprawly. This is all about the great Marquis of Montrose, who rallied Scotland for Charles I and ended by being hanged, drawn, and quartered in a public square in Edinburgh. Patriotism and treachery fighting it out, with a generous accompaniment of spurting gore. The picture of Montrose is based on John Buchan's biography and emerges graphically and pretty accurately. If you like fictionalized history, note that Margaret Irwin is one of the more mature practitioners.

### GENERAL

THE EVE OF CONFLICT, by George Fort Milton. An imposing full-dress biography of Stephen A. Douglas, and a study of the gestation of the Civil War. The author believes that if Douglas's moderate counsels had prevailed, the conflict could have been prevented. Buchanan is the villain, Lincoln the semi-villain, of the piece. Some readers will continue to believe that the Civil War (see Charles Beard) was an inevitable result of basic economic clashes; but Mr. Milton's book remains none-the-less important, based as it is upon many thousands of recently discovered Douglas letters and an alarmingly sweeping scholarship. A Pulitzer Prize possibility. Illustrated with photographs.

A GUIDE TO MODERN POLITICS, by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. Another Ariadne's thread by the tireless Coles, this one a sensible analysis of the current political system of every important country; a discussion of political machines, with em-



The CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST. NEW YORK

A Residential Hotel
with a distinguished
Restaurant and Bar

ONE TO TEN ROOMS
FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED
For Transient Visits or Yearly Leases
MIDTOWN OFFICE
Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.
AGENT
15 EAST 49TH STREET PLAZA 3-9200

American Academy of Dramatic Arts
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent
THE first and foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.
Winter Term begins Jan. 15th
Catalog of all Courses from the Secretary
Room 194-K, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

NEW YORK
MILITARY ACADEMY
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK
A SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION
Milton F. Davis
D.S.M., B.A.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL
SUPERINTENDENT

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
and Cultural Subjects (40th Year). Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Una Merkel, Fred Astaire, Zita Johann, Alice Joyce, etc. Drama, Speech, Dance, Vocal, Musical Comedy for Stage, Talking Pictures, Broadcasting, Teaching and Play Directing. Alviene Theatre and Student Stock Players, appearances while learning. Write Sec'y Yorvan for catalog, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

phasis on dictatorships; and an exposition in mildly Marxist terms of the theory of the State. The Coles, as we all know, would like to slough off Capitalism without mess, fuss, or pain. A clear, helpful handbook, with a valuable bibliography.

THE CINGALESE PRINCE, by Brooks Atkinson. The account of a trip around the world in a freighter, by the dramatic critic of the New York *Times*. Green seas, misty landfalls, far-off ports, and random reflections, set down by a sensitive gentleman out for a Quiet Time. A dignified, semi-poetic travel book which hints very strongly that the world is too much with us. This is the thing to read in a hot tub when things are closing in on you.

AFTERNOON NEIGHBORS, by Hamlin Garland. The final volume of the literary reminiscences which included "Roadside Meetings," "My Friendly Contemporaries," etc. It is about an old man's friendships. Mr. Garland is seventy-four and had people like Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, John Sargent, and Sir James Barrie eating out of his hand for years. His memoirs are mild, old-fashioned, and intimate in a genteel way. Raw-boned adolescents under fifty can let this go, but it will have the William Dean Howells contingent smiling in quiet content.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, a collection of writings about the theatre—mostly reviews of plays—from 1752 to 1934, edited by Montrose J. Moses and John Mason Brown. The earlier ones are standard Americana. There are elaborately playful notes by Washington Irving. The New York *Herald* contributes a paroxysmal report on "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Many of the more recent ones you will have read—Benchley, Winchell, Hammond, Atkinson, etc. Some of them are entertaining rereading.

CONVERSATION PIECE, by Noel Cow-

DEMI-TASSE *and* CREME DE CACAO

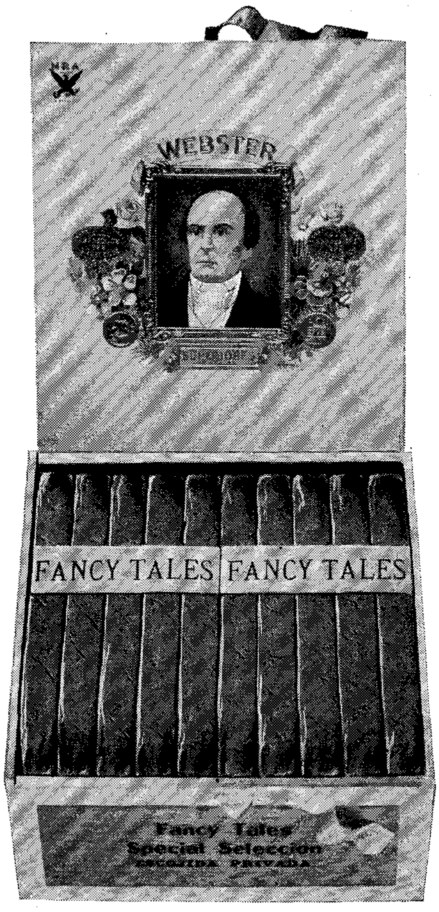
Inseparable as dim lights and soft music. No other liqueur is so popular with, or after coffee, as this sublime epilogue to the perfect dinner...Also famous as the base of the famous "Alexander" and "Presidente" cocktails. Of course, Julius Marcus Creme de Cacao is distilled only from the genuine Cacao Bean, imported from Brazil...yet it comes to you free of import taxes. At all good stores. *Try it!*

A JULIUS MARCUS Liqueur
*Original Julius Marcus, Inc., Jersey City, N. J.*

of thee I sing
de toi je chante
CHARBERT
CHARBERT
PARIS

Plaza 3-4300
Gladstone
a residential hotel of established reputation
restaurant and bar
114 East 52nd Street

WEBSTER
is a custom-made cigar. It is made to order for the taste of the connoisseur, and for the few who are accustomed to the finest of imported Cuban cigars. Packed in cedar boxes with rare artistry. At Park and Tilford, Dunhill's, the better Schulte stores, Hollingsworth stores and other good counters as well as your club. Boxes of 50 and 25.



*If your dealer can't supply you, write us*
WEBSTER CIGAR COMPANY
187 Madison Ave., New York

FIRST BOYS...
NOW FISH...
What Next?

REPRINT FROM THE NEW YORK SUN
A Modern Swimmin' Hole
West Broadway Youngsters Find Privacy and Comfort in 5000-Gallon Roof Tank.
BREDE,"
REPRINT FROM N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE
Fish Come Out With Water in Bronx Faucets
They're Called Harmless, and They're Dead, But Tenants Don't Like Them

It's poor taste to serve Fish, Flesh, or Fowl—if *Fowl* is next—in your drinking water. Why let your drinking glass be an "Old Swimmin' Hole"—or even an aquarium? Install a Puro-Purifier.

Puro will guarantee to remove every trace of Boy, Bass, or Bird—along with other oddities—and deliver to your office or home only clear, cold, sparkling water at a cost of a few cents a day.

*'Phone Spring* 7-1800 *for details*

PURO FILTER CORP. OF AMERICA
440 Lafayette Street · New York City

DINNER DANCES
in the
beautiful
DELLA ROBBIA
Room
DINNER $1.50
No Cover Charge
JOE MOSS' MUSIC
(Direction of Alexander Drasien)
*Dancing Exhibitions by Arthur Murray Teachers*
VANDERBILT HOTEL
PARK AVENUE at 34th ST.
*Phone ASHland 4-4000*

ard. Mr. Coward's *soufflé à la Régence* in a handy little edition.

The Sentimental Years, by E. Douglas Branch. A study of the period 1830-1860, the first generation, Mr. Branch says, of the American urban middle class. He thinks their orgiastic sentimentality contained the seeds of a mature romanticism which was nipped in the bud by the Civil War. Mr. Branch puts on his spiked shoes and jumps up and down on Great-grandpa. But, reading the quotations from contemporary prose, poetry, sermons, newspapers, speeches, tracts, and gift books, you will be inclined to cheer him on. Liberally illustrated with popular drawings of the time, representing "The Maid's Trial," "Sympathy for the Lambkin," "Bloomer Fashions," et al. Prejudiced but spirited. It makes pretty good reading, particularly if the recent literary flurry of tender retrospection has begun to wear on you.

The Doctor in History, by Howard W. Haggard. The author of "Devils, Drugs and Doctors" does an informative survey of medicine for the layman, from the evil eye to the conquest of yellow fever. Juicy items about plagues and poxes. The Doctor knows a good deal of economic and political history and has correlated it with the history of healing. The drawings of classical therapy and medieval surgery will do much to resign you to our speed-maddened modern world.

### MYSTERIES

Adventures of Ellery Queen. A collection of scrupulously fair short stories featuring cases in and about New York solved by the dapper Ellery Queen and his father, the police inspector.

## READER'S REMINDER LIST

### FICTION

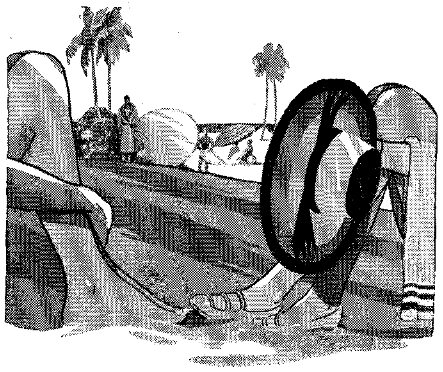
The End of a Childhood, by Henry Handel Richardson. The long title story tells you what happened to little Cuffy Mahony, whom you will remember from "Ultima Thule." There are a dozen other stories, all distinguished, of course. Particularly fine is a group of eight studies of adolescent and pre-adolescent girls.

Morning Shows the Day, by Helen Hull. A sound, unpretentious, and interesting novel about seven more or less average young people who lived in a small Midwest town some thirty years ago, and what happened to them when the Big Crash came.

The Proud and the Meek, by Jules Romains, translated by Warre B. Wells. Volume III (*Books 5 and 6) of "Men of Good Will,"* in which Madame de Champcenais and Roger Sammécaud commit a little refined adultery, Haverkamp starts his career as a promoter, and the worlds of the rich and the poor mingle and clash in five hundred fascinating pages.

The Death and Birth of David Markand,

AMERICA'S FINEST OCEAN FRONT HOTEL



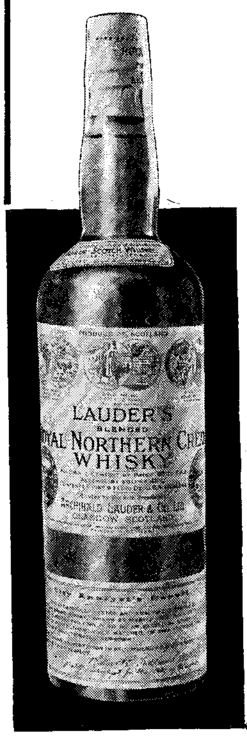
". . . and, Bob, all the nice people we know are here."
"Of course. Remember, this is the Roney Plaza. Most of the Southampton and Bar Harbor bunch make this their winter bivouac. Aren't you glad we came here instead of barging around the Riviera?"
"As blissfully enchanted as on our first honeymoon."
"Ah, it's great to loaf like a beachcomber in this South Seas atmosphere!"
"And then step right into an exciting party at the races—or a keen dinner dance. Darling, it's—Paradise!"
"With improvements, ma petite."

RONEY PLAZA
MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA

CHEZ VOUS
INCORPORATED
INTERIOR DECORATORS
20 East 58th Street
New York City
Telephone Wickersham 2-1520

HAVE YOU TRIED
*the new Edwardian coiffure? Done to perfection at G. Jean's.*
*permanents, rinses, treatments, waves, etc.*
G. Jean
*32 West 58th Street*
PLAZA 3-1470

DIMITRI'S
Dine & Dance *in* Romantic Latin Atmosphere
*Club*
245 SULLIVAN ST.
*(cor. W. Third St.)*
STUY. 9-8836
GAUCHO



FOR OVER 50 YEARS
LAUDER'S
ROYAL NORTHERN
CREAM
Liqueur
SCOTCH
WHISKY
has been served at the Officers' Mess in the Royal British Navy.

Sold by leading Liquor Stores, among which are the following:—
Gristede Brothers, 78th St. & Madison Ave.
Maison Glass Wine Shop, 15 E. 47th St.
United Liquor Stores, Inc., 247 Park Ave.
William V. Gilmartin, 112 Liberty Street
Cornelius Callaghan, 353 Lexington Ave.
Edwin Ahlefeld, 2214 Church Ave., B'klyn
H. C. Bohack Co., 101-19 Jamaica Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.
Aiello Brothers, Montclair, N. J.
Richard C. Webb, Greenwich, Conn.
This is only a partial list of dealers. Sold also by many other leading liquor stores.
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
57 Laight St. New York
Sole Agent for the U. S.

HOTEL
MARGUERY
270 PARK AVENUE
at 47th Street
NEW YORK

SINGLE ROOMS with bath . . . . $4 and up
DOUBLE ROOMS (Twin beds), bath . . $6 and up
SUITES, Living room, bedroom and bath . $10 and up
(Special Weekly and Monthly Rates)
TELEPHONE: Wickersham 2-9000

In Sydney—it's the Australia
THE AUSTRALIA
"THE AUSTRALIA" boasts atmosphere and resources that are world - famous. Perfectly located, thoroughly modern, socially distinguished, restfully luxurious. Cuisine and Service —above criticism.
*Write for illustrated booklet:*
Telegraphic Address: "Austraotel, Sydney."
The Australia Hotel
SYDNEY

by Waldo Frank. A serious and elevated study of the ways and means by which David Markand, prewar uprooted businessman, found himself in the realities of social strife.

The Folks, by Ruth Suckow. The tale, as long as it is kindly, of the Fergusons, an average American family, their folk rituals, folk emotions, and folk adventures. Pretty quiet, but genuine enough, if you can manage to forget Lewis, Lardner, and the rest.

The Salzburg Tales, by Christina Stead. A twentieth-century "Canterbury Tales," done in precise and exquisite decorative prose, creepy with gothic horrors and relieved by mockery. Marvellous entertainment, and possibly much more.

Lust for Life, by Irving Stone. Overearnest but frequently moving novelization of the life of Vincent Van Gogh.

## GENERAL

Experiment in Autobiography, by H. G. Wells. Very full outline (718 pages) of H. G. Wells, done by an old hand at the outlining business. A rich story, stuffed with interesting reminiscences, and highly self-explanatory. Loads of illustrations and funny drawings by the author. Unquestionably an important book, if a trifle dull in spots.

The Roosevelt Omnibus, edited and annotated by Don Wharton. A composite portrait of the President, created by an ingenious arrangement of photographs, articles, cartoons, caricatures, newspaper headlines, genealogical tables, memo slips, and quotations. Contains a valuable bibliography of Rooseveltiana. A daring and successful attempt to fix the general popular impression of New Dealer No. 1.

City Editor, by Stanley Walker. Crackling gossip of the newspaper business by a man who knows all there is to know about it. As lively in its way as "The Night Club Era."

Not I, But the Wind: Memoirs of Her Husband, by Frieda Lawrence. An intimate, tender, and revealing sheaf of memories, its value enhanced by the inclusion of eighty-nine hitherto unpublished letters written by D. H. Lawrence from 1912 to 1930, many of them to his mother-in-law.

Rameses to Rockefeller, by Charles Harris Whitaker. An appealing history of architecture, written with charm, discernment, and freedom from pedantry.

Retreat from Glory, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Sequel to "British Agent," being the adventures of a Byronic diplomat and financial manipulator amid the chaos of postwar Central Europe. Highly readable and entertaining political gossip on the most elevated level.

Forty-two Years in the White House, by Irwin Hood Hoover. Ike Hoover, Chief Usher, knew them all, from Harrison to Hoover, and his naïve memoirs are extraordinarily revealing. Photographs.

Every Day Is Saturday, by E. B. White, a selection from the "Notes and Comment" which Mr. White has written during the past few years for this proud magazine.

## VERSE

On the Contrary, by Phyllis McGinley. Songs and ballads of comic despair by a poet familiar to readers of these pages. Illustrated by Helen Hokinson.

•

Henry Weideman, a ticket agent, took the money from his window into the cashier's office about 3:30 A.M., and leaving it in the care of Hugh Gormley, a clerk, went out to eat. The clerk's first name was not made public.—*The Sun.*

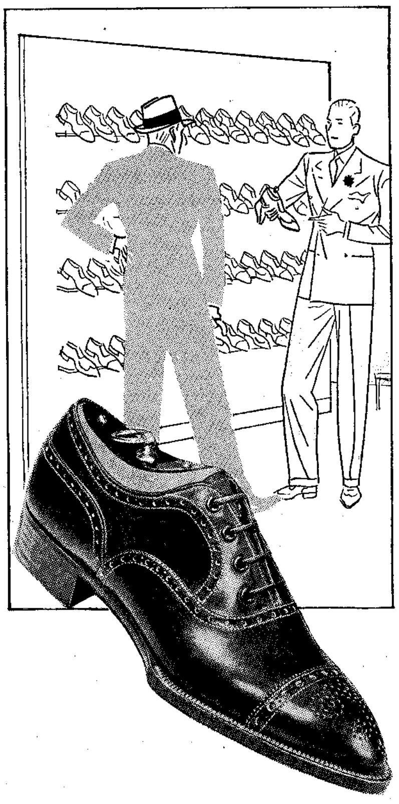
Those things get around, though.

•

Chicago, Oct. 16. (UP)—Miss Helen Urbano and Kenneth Watson are to be married on roller skates.

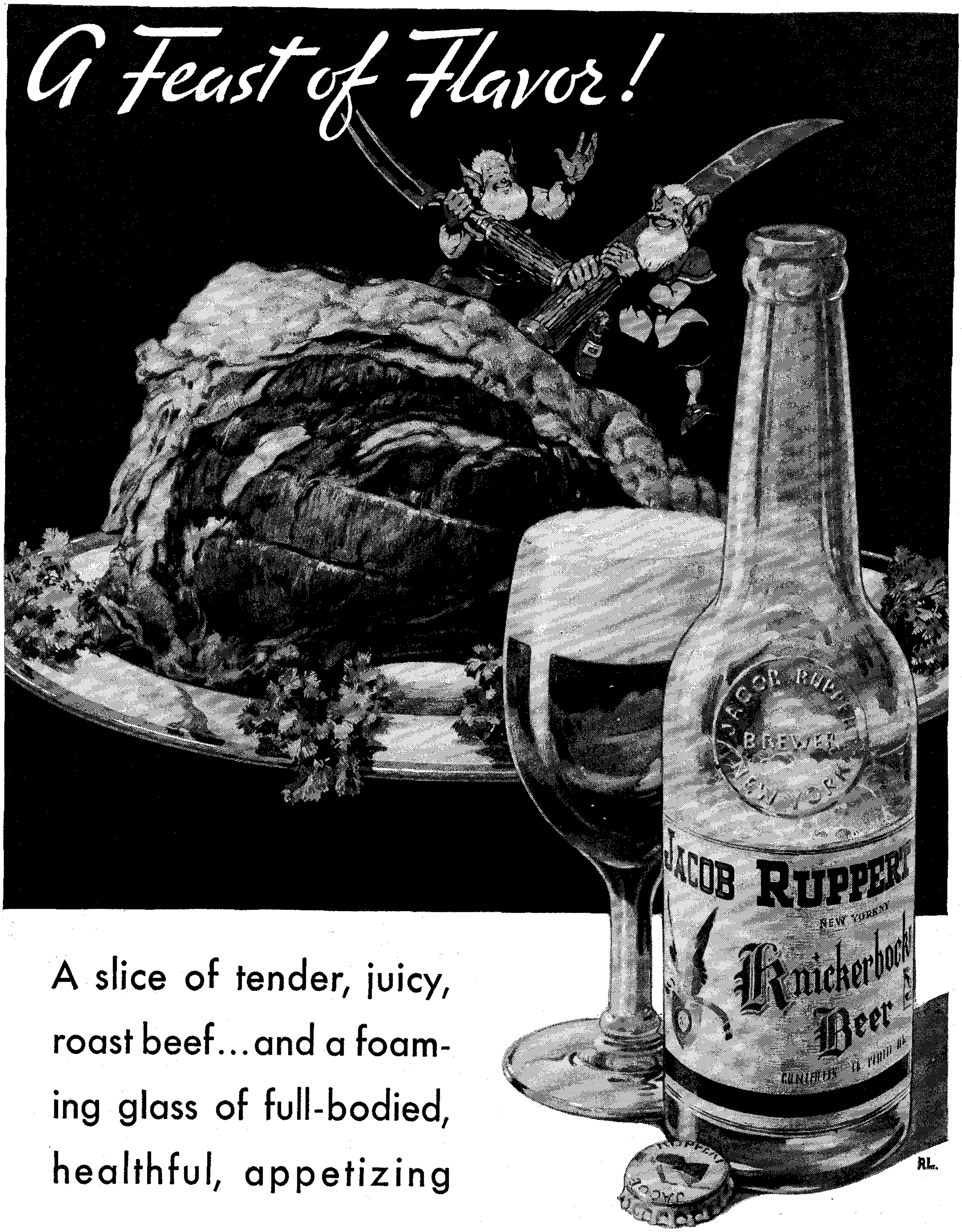
Miss Urbano works in a nut shop.
—*Los Angeles Times.*

Never mind explaining.



SPECIAL CUTTING
CHARACTER
molded by hand!
In Macy's Special Cutting Department, your shoes are made to your individual measure, according to your finicky personal ideas of design. The craftsmen who build them are honest-to-goodness masters of custom bootmaking. Each stitch, each pull of the leather over the last takes—and gets—infinite skill and patience. The leathers are the finest we can buy. The result will fit and look like you. Second Floor
Hand-finished 17.89
Completely hand-sewn 23.89
MACY'S
MEN'S STORE

# A Feast of Flavor!

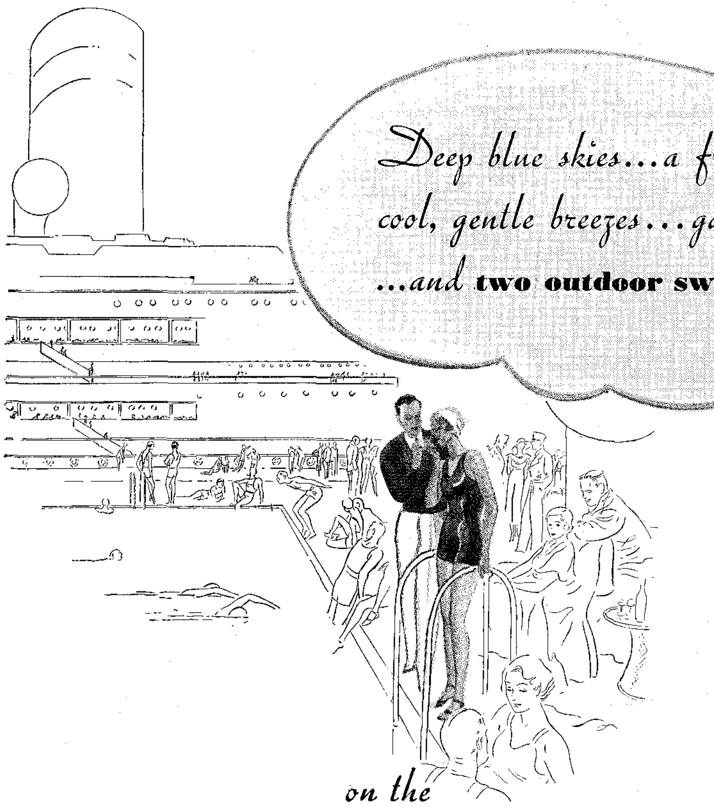

JACOB RUPPERT
BREWER
NEW YORK
JACOB RUPPERT
NEW YORK
Knickerbocker
Beer
RL.

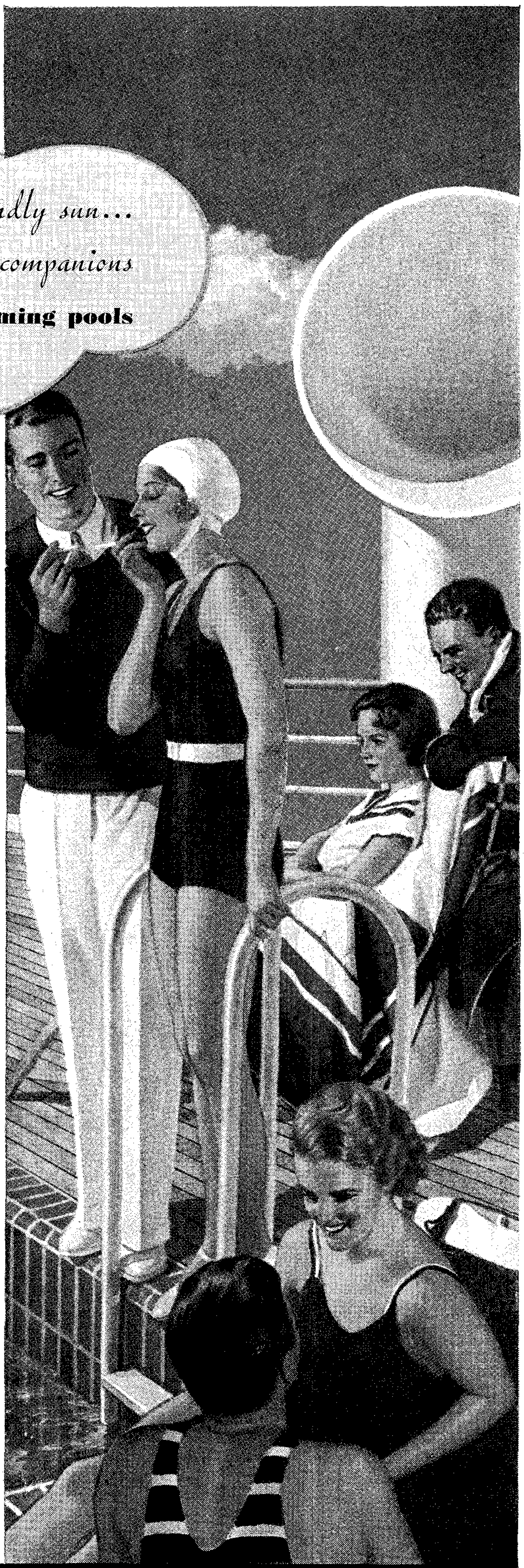
A slice of tender, juicy, roast beef...and a foaming glass of full-bodied, healthful, appetizing

# JACOB RUPPERT'S BEER

· MELLOW · WITH · AGE ·

MEMBER BREWERS'
BOARD OF TRADE, INC.





Deep blue skies...a friendly sun...
cool, gentle breezes...gay companions
...and **two outdoor swimming pools**

*on the*

# BIGGEST SHIPS
*to and from*
# CALIFORNIA

Swimming at your favorite surf club—that's what it's like on a magnificent Panama Pacific liner! Two big pools built right in the deck—and all the service in the world right at your elbow!

To travel on one of these largest liners in intercoastal service is to have a round of grand times from start to finish. They are so very big—there's so much room for rest and play—that you can do whatever you please—whenever you please. Aboard them, at your very finger tips, you'll find all the comforts of your own home, all the luxuries of your favorite surf and country clubs. That's why you'll experience such decided pleasure—that's why travelers enjoy themselves on Panama Pacific liners and buy round trip tickets.

*S. S. Virginia, S. S. California, S. S. Pennsylvania,* over 33,000 tons. All outside cabins. Real beds—not berths—in all cabins. Air-conditioned dining salons. Exciting calls at Havana, Panama Canal, Balboa, Panama City, San Diego (Agua Caliente and Tia Juana in Mexico), Los Angeles, San Francisco. New reduced First Class fares from $185. Tourist Cabin from $120. Round trip, 25% reduction. Apply to your local agent.

## PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY   No. 1 Broadway, New York   Other offices in all principal cities

"Keeps You Keen!"

## Welcomed by all who live well and wisely

*The demand for more and more speed in sports calls for a finer and finer "edge" of physical condition. I find that a mild stimulant, like Pabst Blue Ribbon Ale, is a great preventive of overtraining and staleness—and, incidentally, awfully easy to take, if you really know and appreciate what real ale flavor should be.*

Ellsworth Vines Jr.

Keenest of sportsmen, cleanest of athletes, Ellsworth Vines knows how to live both delightfully and successfully. He knows that Blue Ribbon Ale is a smart drink in more ways than one.

Familiar of gracious homes and famous restaurants abroad and in America, Vines knows the true flavor of genuine ale. So he welcomed Blue Ribbon, the great ale that is making new friends every day.

At your first glass, you too will recognize that here at last is real ale flavor at its best. For Blue Ribbon copies no other ale ever brewed, yet delightfully retains every traditional ale characteristic that has made this mellow drink a world favorite for centuries.

Here is no "crossbreed," but genuine ale. So-called ales made in the same fermenting and storage rooms with beer are usually neither true ale nor true beer, but "crossbreeds." Made in a plant built for that purpose, Blue Ribbon is Genuine Ale.

Full strength as well as full flavor, with a rich body, a delicate bouquet, a tang like October, it's just the drink for autumn days. There's good health in every glass.

Try it today. In bottles, everywhere. On draught in leading clubs, hotels, restaurants. And for your family and guests, it's a "serve" as outstanding as Vines'. Order a case for home use.

*Hear Ben Bernie, "the old maestro," on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday night. NBC Red Network.*

PABST
MILWAUKEE
BLUE RIBBON ALE
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
Genuine
ALE
PABST

# BLUE RIBBON

# Genuine ALE

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

THERE'S A BRAND NEW GRAND NEW TASTE IN TOWN